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THE METHODIST REVIEW

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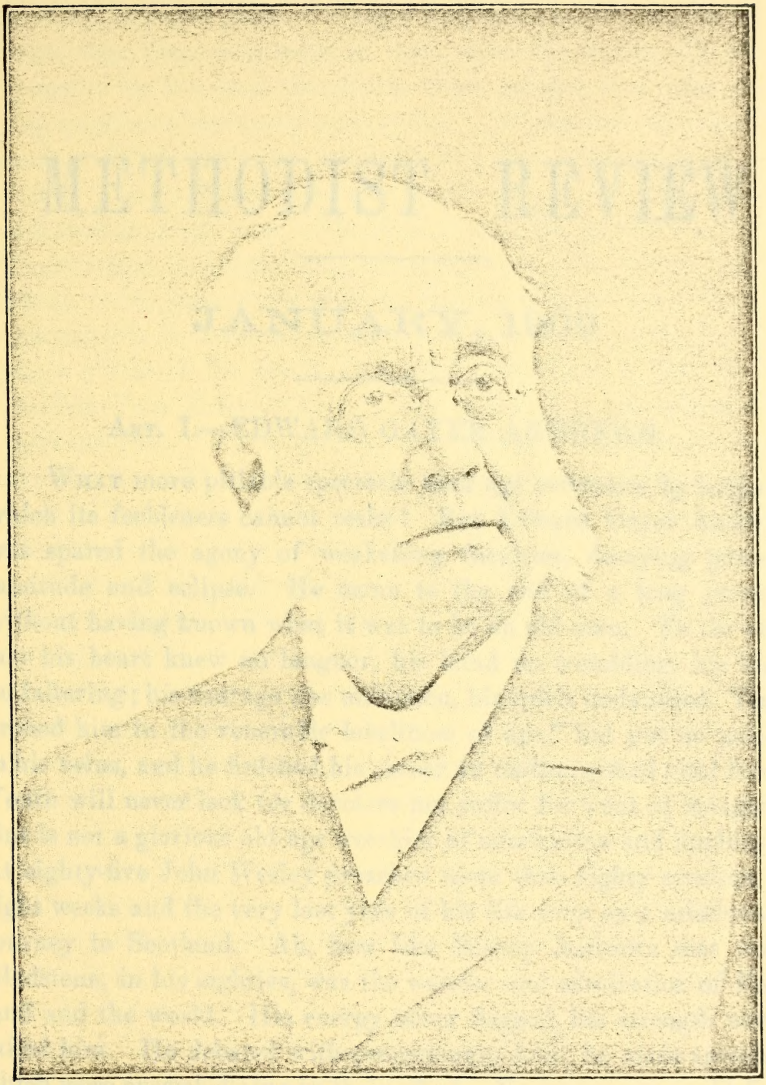

Edward G. Andrew.

METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1909

Art. I.—EDWARD GAYER ANDREWS.

What more pitiable spectacle than age overtaken by tempests which its feebleness cannot resist! But Edward Gayer Andrews was spared the agony of weakening faculties, decaying powers, lassitude and eclipse. He came to the end of a long journey without having known what it was to be an old man. To the very last his heart knew no languor, his hand no trembling, his knee no faltering; his courage was unbroken, his spirit undaunted. Time "robed him in the venerable loveliness of age," but put no poison in his veins, and he finished his career an undiminished vital force. Youth will never lack for devotees nor suffer for want of eulogists. But is not a glorious old age worthier of admiration and applause? At eighty-five John Wesley preached more than eighty sermons in eight weeks and the very last year of his life went on a missionary journey to Scotland. Ah, how like Bishop Andrews that was! Gladstone, in his eighties, was the wonder and admiration of England and the world. His energy never flagged, his strength never failed him. He debated with consummate skill; he made speeches which were overwhelming in their effect. No emergency could find him unprepared, no demand could be made upon his extraordinary versatility that he did not promptly honor. And all this may be said with equal amaze and truth of Bishop Andrews. He was never more active, never more vigorous, never more effective, never more desired than during those last splendid years of his long life.

As his years increased the wonder of men at his abilities and

accomplishments grew. "What a wonderful man!" was the expression most frequently used of him, especially during the last ten years of his life; and the oftener it was uttered with what deepening tenderness the words were spoken! He was indeed a wonderful man. Methodism has produced but few as great in so many ways. Two weeks before his death one of the church papers adorned its front page with his picture; "the best-loved and most trusted man in Methodism," it styled him. The tributes after his death to his superlative goodness and his diversified abilities were remarkable in their universality and in their expression of affection. "One of the best-known clergymen in the world," declared a New York daily. "One of the world's greatest ecclesiastics," said another. "To Methodists he occupied a position of such influence as to be considered almost the *primate* of their church," said still another. "A great bishop, as great as any man who ever filled the office," wrote one of his colleagues. "One of Methodism's great leaders," telegraphed a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. "Holy in motive, vigorous in mental strength, alert in service, unsparing in effort, his bishopric will be recognized by historians as among the greatest," was the expressed conviction of one who is himself a historian. "One could scarcely wish to be more universally esteemed, to be more useful, to be more efficient, to touch the core of things more vitally, to reach the very rim of the world in personal influence more completely than has been his privilege," was the sympathetic testimony of a friend who knew him well. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, one of the greatest pastor-preachers the metropolis has ever known, whose acquaintance with Bishop Andrews began in 1845, when the latter was a student at Wesleyan, said: "During my long life of four score and six years I have been well acquainted with a large number of your bishops, from the venerable Elijah Hedding onward, and with some of them intimately, but not one of them has ever surpassed my dear Brother Andrews in winsome courtesy, clear-eyed sagacity, sound wisdom, and most fervid zeal for everything true and holy." The evidences of personal sorrow, greater even than the sense of denominational loss, at his demise were world-wide and spontaneous. Memorial services were held in many places, and

the tributes spoken by men who knew and loved him were expressive of far more than ordinary feeling. There was no false note of sympathy or grief struck—it was all genuine. Preachers' meetings in all the great centers, many educational institutions, numerous churches and church organizations, as well as groups of missionaries in widely separated fields, placed upon their records some worthy statement of the esteem in which this wonderful man was held. And, besides all these more or less public testimonials to his greatness and goodness, in multitudes of quiet homes throughout the land there were thousands of preachers, and others who had seen him and heard him and been helped by him, who blessed God for this generous and beneficent life.

Bishop Andrews was always grateful that his boyhood days had been spent in the open, under the unobscured sky, with the beautiful Deerfield hills in the near distance, and closer yet the Mohawk winding its way through the loveliest valley of the Empire State. The region, too, was rich in traditions and in historical annals. Fort Stanwix was not far away, and the battle of Oriskany, which Horatio Seymour ranked as the decisive battle of the Revolution, had been fought in 1777 only a few miles from his birthplace. There were current stirring tales of Indian warfare, of Jesuit priests whose zeal and devotion made their labors a part of American history, and of New England and old England missionaries, among the latter one, Rev. William Andrews, who bore as his credentials a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury and who spent several years among the Mohawks and Oneidas. There is no evidence that he was related to the progenitors of Bishop Andrews though it is not at all improbable, as the parents of the latter and his ancestors were of English stock; a fact to which Bishop Andrews referred with pride in his address to the British Wesleyan Conference at Birmingham, in 1894, when he said: "I can profess no indifference to the Isles of the Sea. I am indeed no alien here. In my blood flows only the blood of Englishmen." His father, George Andrews, the son of Nathaniel Andrews and Jerusha Sage, had been born in Berlin, Connecticut, in 1793, and in 1816 had married Polly Walker, of Jamestown, New York. They settled in the town of New Hartford, Oneida

County, New York, near the Burrstone Cotton Factory, of which he was superintendent, now Upper New York Mills, and there August 7, 1825, Edward G. Andrews was born. He was the fifth of eleven children, three of whom still survive, one of these being Judge Charles Andrews, late chief justice of the Court of Appeals. The home training of Bishop Andrews was largely directed by his mother, his father being a silent but strong man. His mother was demonstrative, gifted in prayer, of firm will and active conscience, most sympathetic, and giving much of her time to visitation of the poor and others in distress. The stories which are told of her devotion to the sick and afflicted are many and touching. Once, when living in Troy, a severe epidemic of cholera swept over the city, and without thought of peril she went among the sufferers, scattering blessings of help and cheer everywhere. She was wise in counsel, sagacious, with high ideals of righteousness, and with an experience of personal religion that was both satisfying to herself and beneficent in its results to others. The religious influences of the home were positive and sane, and at ten years of age Edward G. Andrews was ready to join the church. Bishop Andrews had many of his mother's traits. From her he must in some large measure have acquired his great-heartedness and his unwearied purpose to help everybody. And how people turned to him for aid of every sort all his life! They came with empty hands and returned satisfied from his largess of bounty; they came ignorant and went away wise; they came faint and famished and returned with joy and gladness; they came with a weight of guilt and departed to sin no more. Multitudes will forever bless the name of Polly Andrews, for her Edward, throughout his long and illustrious career, gave himself to a suffering and needy world as she did, and with a lavishness which increased rather than diminished with the years.

Christmas, 1901, Bishop Andrews presented to Cazenovia Seminary a picture of himself, which now hangs among those of other distinguished graduates on the wall of one of the buildings of that honored school. This institution enjoys the distinction of having given instruction to four of the bishops of the church, Peck, Bowman, Newman, and Andrews, but of all its graduates with no

one of them have its relations been closer or more vital than with the last named. He was there as a student, later as a teacher, and still later as principal. He was likewise deeply interested in and actively connected with Wesleyan University from the day he matriculated as a student there in 1844. Wilbur Fisk, the first president of Wesleyan, had died in 1838, and two years before Edward Andrews came to the college Stephen Olin, twice elected, entered upon the duties of that important office. Among the young collegian's associates were Gilbert Haven, Fales Newhall, Oliver March, Daniel Steele, John M. VanVleck, A. B. Hyde, and Francis T. Garrettson, a grandnephew of Freeborn Garrettson; and in his class such eminent men as Joseph E. King, Orange Judd, Benjamin Pillsbury, and Alexander Winchell. It is told of Bishop Andrews that he was a diligent, earnest, thoughtful, and conscientious student, giving himself without stint then, as he always did, to all his tasks and winning the thorough approval of his instructors. He had joined the church, as I have said, when he was ten years of age, but while in college he came into a more vital religious experience, and in his sophomore year he was licensed to preach. He graduated in August, 1847, and having decided some time before to enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he returned immediately to his home to "supply" under the presiding elder on the Morrisville Circuit of the old Oneida Conference. The following year he was received on trial at Owego, New York, Bishop Janes ordaining him a deacon and appointing him to Hamilton and Leesville, the former place being the seat of what is now known as Colgate University. Here he remained for two years, to be followed by one who also was destined to an election to the general superintendency, John P. Newman. Bishop Andrews's next appointment was to the historic village of Cooperstown, where James Fenimore Cooper, one of the most brilliant of America's novelists, was still living, and where again the young minister came under the influence of the romance and tragedy of early American frontier life. And it was not without its effect both upon his imagination and his work. When he was stationed at Stockbridge his voice began to give him trouble, and acting upon the advice of Bishops Simpson and Janes he

accepted a position as teacher in Cazenovia Seminary, where he had been a student a decade before. This was in 1854, and he entered at once upon the work of education with characteristic thoroughness and vigor and with contagious enthusiasm, believing then, as he always did, in the necessity and value of the church school, and in view of the persistent attempts to secularize our denominational schools, and in some instances even to repudiate the mother which gave them birth, I could wish that his address in 1873, at the inauguration of Charles H. Fowler as president of Northwestern University, might be read by those who have any question as to the place of the Christian college and school in the scheme of education. The next year Bishop Andrews became the president of Mansfield Female College, in Ohio, but returned in 1856 to Cazenovia Seminary, this time as its principal, as successor to Dr. Henry Bannister, who had been elected to the chair of exegetical theology in Garrett Biblical Institute. He came into immediate favor as a public speaker, being called upon to address various teachers' institutes and other assemblies, to which he spoke on such themes as "Education and the Educator," "The Characteristics of the Successful Teacher," and kindred subjects. Cazenovia had a high reputation when he went there in 1856; it was still more famous when he left eight years later.

Throughout his life he was consistently interested in education and in educational institutions. He was a trustee and officer of Wesleyan University and Drew Theological Seminary, and for years was president of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was in constant demand as a college preacher—he preached at Vassar, Wellesley, Cornell, Brown—and as a speaker on important college occasions. In what Methodist college or school has his voice not been heard? Neither educators nor students ever wearied of listening to him; he had always a word so modern yet so devout, so intense yet so tender, with such prophetic sweep of vision and yet so simple withal, that college men and women heard him always unto edification. His counsel was sought as to the educational problems of the denomination and of the nation, and what a sagacious counselor in these and other matters he was! America's problem of the "foreigner"

caused him deep anxiety. He gave much thought also to the education of the American Indian, attending numerous conferences at Lake Mohonk and elsewhere. He was even more deeply interested in the American Negro, holding that the work of the Freedmen's Aid Society of our church was the attempt of a great nation, or at least a considerable part of a great people, to do an act of justice imperatively obligatory upon us as a people, and that self-interest, if no worthier motive, ought to impel us to the work. Like Saint Francis he was the brother of every man.

He not only loved humanity but he loved books. He was ever the student. It was his custom to read from his Greek Testament every day. Few books were published, not excepting fiction, upon which he could not speak with knowledge. During his last illness he had the morning papers read to him regularly, for, as he said, "I must not get behind," and he never did get behind. He was a cautious yet courageous thinker, singularly tolerant, broad and thorough in his scholarship but never pedantic, of the widest reading and the ripest culture, free from self-will and self-conceit. He was not a controversialist, nor was there anything of the iconoclast about him. He could never handle the beliefs of any man roughly. Yet how open-minded he was to the very last! The windows of this royal mind looked to the east. His address at the semicentennial of Garrett Biblical Institute in 1906, published in the Review that same year, on "The Pastor and His Bible," was perhaps the most remarkable of the utterances of his latest years, indicating as it did his position as to modern views of the Bible and modern methods of Bible study. Genesee College, now Syracuse University, gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Wesleyan University and Allegheny College that of Doctor of Laws.

Bishop Andrews returned to the pastorate at the earliest possible moment. When it was found that his voice could stand the strain of regular preaching he was transferred to the New York East Conference and stationed at Stamford, Connecticut, to which place he moved with his family in 1864. In 1851 he had married Susan M. Hotchkiss, of Cheshire, Connecticut, and together they were, in the good providence of God, to journey fifty-six years.

And what blessedly happy years they were! His successive charges in this Conference were the historic Sands Street Church, Saint John's, and Seventh Avenue, all in Brooklyn. In these several pastorates he established and maintained a reputation for pastoral fidelity, for strong friendships, and for superior preaching ability in an age of such effective preachers as Foster, McClintock, Simpson, Beecher, and Storrs; nor did he suffer in comparison with the best. His ideals of preaching were high. He always held that men who were called to the sacred vocation of the ministry were called to *preach*. I do not know whether he excelled in mathematics when he was in college, but it would seem so, all his mental processes were so exact, and the sentences and paragraphs of his sermons were so faultlessly put together. His sermons were finished products, yet he seldom wrote them out in full. Writing was always irksome to him. He almost invariably prepared his sermons walking about the room and talking aloud. Very few manuscript sermons are to be found among his papers. The outlines which he wrote, however, were full and precise. They gave every evidence of the most logical arrangement and the utmost completeness. Nothing was left to chance. Orderliness was the law of his life, and herein was much of his power as a preacher. Though he knew how to kindle the emotions, there was a marked self-restraint in his utterances. He never relied upon rhetoric alone, or chiefly, to accomplish his purpose. He laid hold of certain first principles of evangelical truth, the great doctrines of Christian theology, and by a simple, clear statement of them, welding them together with invincible logic, giving them life out of his own warm heart, and accrediting them with his own personal character, thus compelled a hearing, rather than by intermittent flashes of brilliancy or overwhelming periods. It was more the eloquence of power which he displayed than the power of eloquence.

Nature had been gracious to him. His native endowments were much beyond the ordinary. Well born and well bred, he was instinctively the cultured Christian gentleman always and he looked it every inch. Grace, too, had wrought a notable work in him. The charm of his life was a certain beauty of goodness which was an active principle in him, and which both

describes him and accounts in large measure for his success as a preacher. He was spiritual, but without pride or ostentation; he was even saintly, but without cant or sanctimoniousness. There is no persuasive power to holiness without holiness. This man could preach on the Holy Spirit, on purity of life, on conscience, or character, without a shock to the sensibilities or giving offense to the most heavenly-minded. Back of every utterance was the man. Everyone felt that there was a correspondence between him and his message. Whenever he spoke there were behind his words years of unsullied reputation, of unyielding fidelity to supreme ideals, of masterful use of natural and acquired resources, of conspicuous devotion to the history, traditions, principles, and teachings of that branch of the Christian Church to which he early vowed allegiance, and of noteworthy likeness to his Lord and Master. What a lover of souls he was! Separated unto the gospel as was the apostle to the Gentiles, like him his master passion was for the salvation of men, and throughout his long ministry he was never deflected from his high-born and heart-enthralling purpose, which purpose was seen in all his preaching. Methodism and evangelism have been well-nigh synonymous terms. The best Methodist preaching has always been born of an overmastering conviction and a joyous assurance of salvation through grace, and has been direct, intense. Goldsmith, who held that enthusiasm in religion was vulgar, and who denied to the Methodist preachers common sense, confesses that they, nevertheless, often, and justly, strangely affected their hearers, and asks, "What might not be the consequence did our bishops testify with the same fervor and entreat their hearers as well as argue!" But that is just what *our* bishop did. He preached with a peculiarly glowing ardor. One who heard him often says that on not infrequent occasions it seemed as though his heart was struggling to manifest itself visibly to his hearers. It was the immense voltage of his great gleaming heart which made his preaching so dynamic. There were other elements of power also. He was serious but never morbid; like Baxter, he always spoke as one who saw God and felt death at his back, but he never trafficked in anathemas nor arrogated to himself the right of final judgment of the souls of men. Lofty

in his sentiments and convincing in his statements, highly oratorical and in such moments overwhelming, with royal endowments of mind and heart, ever with an eye single to the glory of God, persistently through the many years the one thing to which he was called and ordained he did. His high calling in Christ Jesus was to persuade men to be reconciled to God, and, while he never made mawkish appeals to the sensibilities, his stately yet intense utterances stirred the great deeps of feeling and at his behest many turned unto Jehovah to walk in his ways.

The General Conference which met in Brooklyn in 1872 decided to elect eight bishops, four bishops, Thompson, Kingsley, Clark and Baker, having died during the quadrennium, leaving only five, no one of whom had been less than twenty years in the episcopal office, to do the increasingly heavy work of the church. The elections began on Tuesday, May 21, and on the first ballot Thomas Bowman, William L. Harris, and Randolph S. Foster were elected. That same afternoon on the second ballot Isaac W. Wiley was chosen, and the following morning, May 22, Edward G. Andrews and Gilbert Haven received a majority of the votes cast. Two days later he was consecrated a general superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his presenters being Henry Bannister, his predecessor at Cazenovia Seminary, and the beloved Albert S. Hunt, of his own Conference, the New York East. Bishop Simpson consecrated him. He immediately entered upon his duties, choosing Des Moines, Iowa, as his episcopal residence. In 1880 he was assigned to Washington and in 1888 to New York.

Bishop Andrews's career in the episcopal office is without a parallel in the history of the church. It was unusually long, longer than that of Asbury, of McKendree, of Waugh, of Hedding. For almost thirty-six years he performed the onerous duties of a general superintendent; for, while it is true that the General Conference in 1904 placed him upon the retired list, he was even more abundant in labors, if possible, during the nearly four years which he lived after this formal retirement. Where is there a more remarkable record? He attended all the Conferences which were assigned him except one, a number greater than any other bishop in the long and honorable list has presided

over; he held Conferences in every state and territory, and visited all our foreign mission fields except two; he preached on Sunday morning at every Conference which he held save one, when he had a serious cold, but at that Conference he ordained, as at all the others; from May, 1872, to November, 1907, he attended every meeting of the Board of Bishops and of the General Missionary Committee except when abroad on official duties; for many years he was secretary of the Board of Bishops, and four times, by direction of the General Conference, he edited the Book of Discipline. The biographer of Lacordaire says that at heart Lacordaire was always a priest. It has seemed to many as if Bishop Andrews must always have been a bishop. From the very first he presided with dignity and splendid balance. His knowledge of parliamentary rules and the laws of the church and their interpretation was always remarkable, but this knowledge came not without the most painstaking effort. He made a critical study of the rules and practices of the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives, and even of the usages of the British Parliament, besides consulting with the leading parliamentarians of America. The result was that he became one of the greatest masters of assemblies that the Methodist Church has produced. As a presiding officer he was considerate yet firm, without affectation yet masterful, urbane yet unyielding, tenacious of the rights of the church but full of Christian gentleness. He was without arrogance, never used irony or sarcasm, or by a sharp repartee gave hurt to a stumbling debater or an unfortunate interrogator. The memory of his graciousness, his unaffected kindness and unfailing courtesy as president of many Conferences will ever be precious to thousands of Methodist preachers. The duties of the episcopal office never rested lightly upon him. Always giving most scrupulous attention to its multitudinous details, with a perfect genius for doing things well, with conspicuous administrative gifts, no man ever lived who put more conscience into his work. Never impatient of details, possessed of a balanced judgment, painstaking but never petty, suave but never familiar, lucid in statement but never garrulous, having a perfect knowledge of men and a rare singleness of purpose, during the thirty-two years of his general

superintendency no apology was ever needed for any unworthy administrative act or word.

His addresses to the young preachers were a feature of every Conference at which he presided. He felt the responsibility and made most careful preparation. He spoke on such themes as "Paul the Model Minister," "The Ministry of the New Testament," "The Servant of Jesus Christ," "The Ideal Minister," and "Qualities of a Successful Minister." Sir Walter Scott once said: "Author as I am, I wish good people would recollect that I began with being a gentleman." Bishop Andrews emphasized the importance of etiquette, personal appearance, and all details that maintain the dignity of the ministry. He urged upon those who came into the ministry of the church the importance of taking heed to themselves—to the body, to the mind and to the heart—and especially to the doctrine, its substance and the manner of presenting it; to be instant in season and out of it in the announcement of truth, publicly, privately, in the Sunday school and in the home; to declare the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ with fidelity and with the unction of a personal and joyous experience. On one occasion he said with great solemnity to a class of young men: "Do not stoop to preach the small things that have no bearing on the central truths of salvation. Preach the great fundamental truths of Christianity, and, above all, get religion, not doctrine." It was evident that this good man had reached the center and dwelt there victoriously, having come into a conscious, blessed relation of sonship, in which holy fellowship men deal with such eternal facts as faith, love, life, hope, peace, and mercy. These they must experience, these they must teach. He was more positive of the joys of the religious life than he was dogmatic in the statement of theological knowledge; more fixed in his belief in the goodness of God and salvation through the atoning death of Jesus Christ than tenacious of formulated enunciations of dogmas. Methodism has not had a more reverent, a more candid, a more judicial, a safer teacher, or one with a firmer grasp through a living faith on the essential Christian verities. And what greater ecclesiastical statesman has the Methodist Episcopal Church known? No man, in this generation at least, has had a more con-

vincing vision of the church marching on to ever-widening victory, or declared his sure confidence in the ever-increasing world-triumphs of the gospel with a more buoyant spirit or a more glowing optimism. His interest in the evangelization of the world was neither perfunctory nor ephemeral. As a pastor he saw that this great task of the Church of Jesus Christ had its rightful place in all the worship and work of his people. After his election to the episcopate he accepted with eagerness the assignment in 1876 to visit Europe and Asia, and during his absence he organized Conferences in Sweden, Norway, and India. In 1881 he administered the missions in Mexico, and eight years later he studied at close range the whitening fields of China, Korea, and Japan. Some of his most effective missionary addresses were made after this tour to the Far East. Always imbued with the spirit of missionary enterprise, with ever-increasing first-hand knowledge of the needs of our work in foreign lands and of the almost illimitable opportunities, he became more and more possessed by the missionary idea, and never did he speak more burning words than on numerous missionary occasions during the last years of his life. His address at the opening of the First General Missionary Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Cleveland, Ohio, in October, 1902, and of which he was chairman, was characterized by all who heard it as a masterpiece of effective religious speech. For many years he was an officer of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, and no member of that important board was more faithful in attendance upon all its meetings. His last official act was to preside at a meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, November 26, 1907. Who that was present that day will ever forget the lovable, gracious, superb man who sat in the president's chair?—so interested, so eager, so accurate in the statement of the questions, with the golden glow of the "day of the Lord" already upon his countenance, and with the compelling, jubilant cry upon his lips, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region of the shadow of death light is sprung up."

Naturally Bishop Andrews was requisitioned for many important occasions, and some of his most noteworthy deliverances were made at such times. At the Centennial Conference of the Metho-

dist Episcopal Church, held in Baltimore in 1884, he was chairman of the Executive Committee and delivered the address of welcome in the First Church, the lineal successor of Lovely Lane Chapel, in which the Christmas Conference of 1784 assembled. It was in his best vein. Ten years later he went to England as a fraternal messenger to the British Wesleyan Conference, which met that year in Birmingham. Chancellor Runyon, the other representative, then the distinguished ambassador to Germany, was unable to be present, and upon Bishop Andrews devolved the task of alone representing his church. A Methodist Episcopal bishop is always handicapped in some measure when he appears before an English audience. On their own statement, an Englishman feels that "there is a certain peculiarity about an American bishop which no one can readily define." As one critic said, with evident astonishment, "They do not convey the impression of ecclesiastical arrogance." Most certainly they do not. How foreign such a spirit was to Bishop Andrews! We are not surprised that they found him, as he stood before them, "a simple, unadorned gentleman, rich in spiritual and intellectual sympathy; not only grave but reverent, as dignified and serious as men burdened with such tremendous responsibilities should be," but also "cheerful, agreeable, brotherly." Concerning his address the Methodist Recorder said editorially: "Bishop Andrews, who has won golden opinions since his coming among us by his bearing and public deliverances, gave an address marked by great ability, full of valuable information, thoroughly up-to-date, dealing with topics of vast importance not to America alone but to the whole of Christendom, set forth with an eloquence which touched all hearts." In 1891, the one hundredth anniversary of Wesley's death, and in 1903, the bicentenary of his birth, he made numerous addresses on John Wesley, always a favorite theme with him. The most notable of these was the one which he delivered in Carnegie Hall, entitled "Then and Now: A.D. 1703-1903." It was a memorable occasion. The religious press united in declaring that no greater Methodist gathering had ever been assembled in the metropolis. The large hall was packed to its utmost capacity and the enthusiasm was unusual. The president of the United States was present to speak on "The

Pioneer Preachers of Methodism." James R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse University, followed with an address on "The Gospel of John Wesley." Bishop Andrews was the last speaker, and for a masterly grasp of two centuries, for breadth of vision, for dramatic contrast between the days of the fathers and the present, for an unmatched summary of the influence of Methodism, and for stirring oratory at an hour when all his hearers had been wearied by excessive emotion and successive climaxes of enthusiasm, his address must rank among the greatest of that historic year, in every respect worthy of himself, his church, and his theme.

But the occasion which brought to him the greatest fame, and mention of which was made by practically every newspaper throughout the United States in connection with the announcement of his death, was the eulogy which he pronounced at the funeral of President McKinley. The test of a man is an emergency. Summoned unexpectedly, while presiding over an Ohio Conference, to the nation's capital, traveling rapidly by night, without opportunity for preparation, arriving in Washington with a margin of only ten minutes before the funeral procession started, Bishop Andrews delivered an oration which will stand comparison with Bishop Simpson's eulogy of the immortal Lincoln, spoken at the open grave of his friend in Springfield, or with Bishop Newman's discourse at Mount McGregor in 1885 at the funeral of President Grant, or with any similar deliverance of any age. It was stately and magnificent, as befitted the occasion—for he was speaking to the world with America's capital as a sounding board—yet characteristically simple and human. The editor of the Christian Advocate said: "When it was announced that Bishop Andrews had been selected to deliver the address at Washington universal Methodism was at ease, for when did he say the thing that ought not to be said or omit that which should be said, and when was his spirit out of tune with a solemn, a spiritual, or a sympathetic occasion or theme? As it had been from the beginning of his public life, so was it when he spoke for the church and the state at the bier of the president."

For many years Bishop Andrews was considered as belonging not alone to Methodism, but also to Protestant Christianity. His residence in New York gave him a position of national fame and

influence. The presidency of the Twentieth Century Thank-Offering Commission, and his earnest appeals in connection with that great movement, increased his fame. The leaders of all denominations esteemed him and sought his counsel. He had a place on important committees of citizens of New York appointed by the civic authorities, one, for example, to show courtesies to a distinguished foreign guest, another to collect and collate all facts bearing upon the liquor problem. He was Methodism's chosen representative in many interdenominational organizations, at notable gatherings of other Christian bodies, and for coöperation with adherents of other communions in the molding of public sentiment on such burning social questions as divorce, child labor, and poverty, and whatsoever the task committed to him he reflected credit upon the denomination.

Mr. Gladstone's wife once said to John Morley that whoever wrote the life of the great Englishman would need to remember that Gladstone had two sides, one impetuous, impatient, irrestrainable, able to dismiss all but the great central aim, able to put aside what was weakening or disturbing, and that he had achieved this self-mastery and had succeeded in the struggle ever since he was twenty-four by incessant wrestling in prayer—prayer that had been abundantly answered. There were not two sides to Bishop Andrews. He was a master of himself at all times, and, as Nardi said of Savonarola, "he always remained equal to himself." This was partly temperamental, and in some degree the result of his life. Bishop Andrews, as well as Gladstone, prayed much and prayed successfully. But there was such an even balance of power, such a beautiful adjustment of personal qualities, such equipoise, as to suggest the most perfect self-control and, seemingly, without effort, like as flowers unfold or daylight returns. He was undoubtedly a Puritan, with a certain "Miltonic seriousness" observable in his character and in his work. In his presence ignoble thoughts could never be phrased, unbrotherly criticisms died upon the lips unspoken. Jealousy, envy, malice, rancor, and all their unholy kin hid themselves from his glistening goodness. Suspicion was utterly foreign to his nature. His perception was keyed to the best and noblest in every human

being. In the range and richness of his friendships, in his culture and gentleness, in his catholicity, in the lavish expenditure of his time and strength for the pleasure or help of others, he was like Dean Stanley. With him there was never any assumption of superiority, either superior wisdom or superior goodness. Like Emerson, he always gave the impression that he thought everyone was every whit as good as he was. His rarely beautiful deference was the flower of a rarely beautiful humility of soul, which gave to his life an inexpressible charm. The Christian preacher who has stood with his Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration, and has knelt by his side in Gethsemane, and walked with him to Calvary, and who has been commissioned by him to lay his hand in the sacrament of baptism upon the heads of innocent children, to lift the chalice of his memorial blood to the lips of kneeling penitent sinners, to preach the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven to impenitent, unresponsive, dying men, how can he feel otherwise than with Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things!" Yet some ministers of God have been known to become proud, arrogant, haughty, imperious, self-centered, and self-sufficient. But Bishop Andrews was not of this number. Like Moses, he wist not that he had a shining face, and he always remembered, with Fletcher of Madeley, that "the life of God consists not in high knowledge but profound meekness, holy simplicity, and ardent love to God," and one could not be in his presence the smallest fraction of time without being conscious of his innate humility.

When the General Conference met in Chicago, in 1900, it was feared that some of the bishops who had grown old and feeble must be retired. And now and then the suggestion of such a possibility for Bishop Andrews was heard, although in his case there were no indications of diminishing strength. But he was seventy-five years of age and had been in the episcopal office for twenty-eight years; yet when he read the episcopal address, a remarkable production, which he had chiefly written, and which became the basis of nearly all the legislation of that Conference, and read it with such sustained strength and effectiveness, the question of his retirement at that General Conference was settled beyond a peradventure. But four years later the question was

again mooted and with a more ominous menace, for he was now seventy-nine, and before another quadrennium ended he would be eighty-three. The likelihood of a vote adverse to his continuance as an effective bishop was undoubtedly a distinct shock to him. He had not regarded such action as probable. Indeed, he had been assured by influential leaders that in their opinion no such step would be taken, and he had accepted their statements as representing the attitude of the church. Unquestionably, if his name had been the only one under consideration he would not have been retired, he was still so vigorous and so active. And therein was the tragedy of it all, it seemed to some. There were those who were impatient with him because he did not voluntarily retire, as did Bishop Merrill, but the cases were in no wise parallel. Moreover, Bishop Andrews was justified in his invariable reply to such an intimation, that, the church having chosen him to the activities of the episcopate, it was for the church to determine when the relations should be modified or changed. When it became evident to him what the action of the General Conference would be he made no moan—though, as he said to me late one night after a long walk far out from the glare and noise of Los Angeles, in one of those most infrequent moments of self-revelation, "There has been a struggle and I have won the victory"—but with head erect and spirit unbroken, the crown of unquestioned leadership still upon his brow and undying love for the church surging in his great heart, he returned to his home to labor on without rest until God should call him. And how he did toil!—as if to forget, it seemed to some of us. There may have been, too, just a hint of a challenge. Why not? Noneffective? He would give the church a chance to judge. And with a sure confidence in his strength, even exulting in it, he accepted invitations for service near and far. Now he journeys to Fargo, North Dakota, to speak in the interest of missions, and now to Boston. The turn of a page in his diary shows him in Lincoln, Nebraska, and yet another page in Birmingham, Alabama. It bewilders one to follow him. There is no week not crowded full of engagements—meetings of committees, dedications, public dinners, and addresses. Almost every Sunday he preaches, often these last months on the "Parable of

the Talents." Freely he had received, freely he gave. Unto the very end he traded faithfully and successfully with his Master's "goods." And then came the long journey to the Pacific coast, the Bishops' Meeting at Spokane, the General Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions at Seattle, and of Home Missions and Church Extension at Portland, sermons or addresses, or both, at every place, veneration and affection for him evidenced wherever he appeared, a touching farewell to his colleagues and brethren as he turned his face once more to the East, a family reunion in Minneapolis, a visit with his brother at Syracuse, a last sermon at Little Falls, New York, the sacred joys of his home for a few days, then sickness—almost the first one in sixty years—the anxious forebodings of friends, and then sorrow that we "should see his face no more." When Tennyson was fourteen Byron died, and, hearing of it, in grief he carved on a rock near the old rectory at Somersby: "Byron is dead." Seventy years later, when Tennyson's son visited the old home, he looked in vain for the inscription. The storms had effaced the words. The friends of Bishop Andrews do not in any such childish fashion make record of their affliction and loneliness, for he believed, and they believe, that death is forever swallowed up in victory.

Ezra Squier Tipple

Art. II.—VALUE OF THE HELLENIC SPIRIT IN AMERICAN LIFE[1]

In a country unique as ours, so extraordinary in its political structure, so new and yet so prosperous, so vast in resources and so numerous and diversified in population; a country brimful of energy, of willfulness, of mental power, and almost riotous in its display of wealth, there is always imminent the temptation to forget our origins. Like the ancient Athenians, we are prone to adorn our hair with golden grasshoppers to indicate that we are *autochthonoi,* offspring of the ground we tread, which ground in turn we boast of as though it were the thought of our brains and the work of our hands. Such a mood is indeed a relic of primitive conditions, of early struggles, when bread was earned literally in the sweat of the laborer's face and safety by perpetual watching for devouring beast and ruthless savage; a mood saturated at first with melancholy, but, as triumph succeeded triumph, changing to one of jubilant exaltation: "We have conquered the sea and its storms, we have conquered the wilderness, its wildcats and panthers, its bears, its wolves, its malarious swamps and poisonous plants, its savage denizens and its cruel winters. We have bored into the mountains, digging from their depths the metals along which we drive our locomotives or speed our messages, and from which we construct the frames for buildings that house our workers by the thousand. The harvester has displaced the sickle and the cradle; instead of the wheat stacks and the rude barns of the pioneer giant elevators store the corn from which the world is fed; instead of the spinning wheel and the homespun raiment of the log cabin our wives and daughters rejoice in purple and fine linen and silks and laces." For, unfortunately, we have nothing to remind us of an ancient glory: no ruins like those of Rome to reproach us if we become degenerate, no abiding structures like Giotto's Campanile or Westminster Abbey to abase our pride, no literature like that of Athens to restrain admiration of the un-

[1] Address before Ohio Wesleyan University Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, February 20, 1908.

worthy; all that we have we seem to have created, for it is all so new. But it is not really new. It seems so only. We are not *autochthonoi,* offspring of the ground we tread; we are Europeans—in physical and in mental structure, in language, in literature, in science, in law, in morals, in religion, while the future only can determine whether we are a superior or an inferior type of European. Naturally, and properly enough, we believe ourselves superior both to our contemporary kindred and to our ancestors. Potentially we are, no doubt, and certainly we ought to be; but we have yet to prove ourselves superior. To do this we must reverence the fountains of our being, sing less noisily songs of self-laudation, and display less proudly the grasshoppers in our hair, as if we were not the descendants of Europeans but the indigenous offspring of American soil. Our ancestors brought hither their European selves; they brought with them also some fragments, at least, of Old World wealth. Their schools were not of their own invention, nor was their religion. They wrote books because Jews and Greeks and Romans had written books of old, and they founded colleges because there were colleges in England and in Holland, in Germany and Italy. John Harvard's contribution from his library was more than a gift of books, it was a golden chain binding New England and the New World to the culture of the ages.

This and much more crowded to my mind directly I consented to address the Ohio Wesleyan Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, for these three great letters are not mystic nor occult symbols; they contain a very obvious meaning. Pronounce them audibly and boldly, and lo! the gods and heroes, the poets and philosophers, the soldiers and statesmen of ancient Hellas form instantly in luminous procession, bearing aloft the banners that guide the intellectual progress of mankind. Accordingly, it seemed to me that I could offer you no more fitting theme than the significance of Greek culture for our American civilization. Be warned, however, at the outset. The contributions of earlier races to Hellenic culture I shall neither deny nor consider. Just as little does it enter into my plan to compare with this intellectual radiance of Greece, the stream of religious influence that flowed from Palestine, nor the organizing energy of Rome that welded the Medi-

terranean peoples into a single empire, nor the overriding strength of our Teutonic ancestors. The modern world is the product of many factors, of which these four are chief. Hellenic culture is not the sole creator of it, and I fear it is by no means the mightiest. Indeed, I am going to plead for more of Hellenic spirit in its purity, because this seems to me a very present need of our age, especially here in America.

First, then, let me point to the chief achievement of the Greek people, considered as a whole, namely, their glorious language—the language of Homer, of Plato, and of the New Testament. I am raising no such trivial inquiry as, Shall we study—or, How much shall we study Greek in our colleges? but quite a different question: Shall we reverence exact and lucid and beautiful dictions? Shall we speak and write nobly, making of discourse a splendor and a joy, or shall we darken counsel with vulgar or technical slang, with the jargon of thieves and toughs, with sentences destitute of those cunning joinings for which the Greeks invented their expressive particles? Shall our statements be ferociously indicative or ferociously imperative, with never a mood to suggest the possibility of error or the value of intellectual humility? The brutal willfulness, the overriding and unscrupulous energy of the early Teuton spoiled his syntax; he scorned the period, he iterated and alliterated, he seized words and phrases and hurled them at his listener, too often without reflection and without selection; speech was for him the expression of an impulse rather than of thought and the readiest word served his purpose. The revival of learning first taught our forefathers a finer use of words, but we are lapsing into the old barbarism. Our newspapers abound in scraps. Our lecturers talk staccato; our humorists write slang. Words no longer signify, they only "spell"; things "go without saying." "Psychological moments" abound and you are summoned haughtily to detect the "psychology of every situation," while every vulgar joker insists on "handing you a lemon." That there can be wit without vulgarity or emphasis without profanity are antiquated superstitions. I remember a question put to me by one of your former professors, the lamented Dr. Williams. "Where," he asked me, "did you learn to write English?" "In the Greek class-

room," was my reply. It was a flagrant offense to offer a mean and incoherent translation of the lines of Sophocles or the prose of Plato to the rare scholar that made Athens live before our eyes. Every particle had its force, every mood its shade of feeling, every tense its particular instant, every verb its range of meaning, and every adjective its definite quality. I learned to respect the language of Shakespeare and Bacon by matching it against the language of Æschylus and Aristotle; I learned to rely confidently upon the resources of English pure and undefiled, and to explore its original genius, by determining to render into my mother tongue the finest, the sublimest forms of ancient thought. The wrong word became to me no better than a lie, an unjointed paragraph the evidence of disordered thinking, and a heap of scrappy sentences the outpouring of an intellectual ragbag, while a pompous procession of uncouth polysyllables revived in me the visions of a parading circus with its whole menagerie on show and all its trumpets blaring. No literature like that of Athens could have developed among a people without reverence for their language; indeed, the people made the language before the poets made the literature, and when the people corrupted the language the poets disappeared—fortunately for Europe and America, not until the standard of style had been fixed for future ages. Through Virgil it was handed on to Dante; through the poets and humanists of the Renaissance it determined the preaching of John Colet, the prose of Roger Ascham and the verse of Edmund Spenser; it shaped the speech of Philip Melanchthon and through him smoothed the rugged German of Luther's Bible; it reappeared in the splendor and precision of the controversial prose of Galileo and Pascal as in the nineteenth century it shone again resplendent in the poetry of Leopardi and of Walter Savage Landor, when

> Through the trumpet of a child of Rome
> Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece.

It conquered and tamed the early extravagance of Goethe, and it challenged Robert Browning to the transparent radiance of the nobler portions of the Ring and the Book.

All this and more was conscious influence, but, if I may hazard

an adjective that I dislike, this reverence of the Greek for perfect diction has become the subliminal genius of all great European literature, of writers so remote in method as the Norwegian Ibsen and the Italian Carducci, and every failure of it, as so frequently in Heine and in Victor Hugo, mars the splendor with indelible spots.

Diction, however, may be exact and lucid, nay, even radiant, and yet lack strength and permanent beauty. But Greek diction, the diction of Greek poets, Greek philosophers, Greek historians, Greek statesmen, Greek orators, abounded in vigor and in charm. Its strength, like the majesty of the Parthenon, lay in its severity and self-restraint, in its confident appeal to a quick and sure intelligence, in its scorn of cheap exuberance, in its daring inventiveness of winged words and illustrations, while its beauty charmed the ear with melodious and sonorous sentences and charmed the eye of the mind with pictures of things done and things hoped for and of the sublime regions where the invisible forces weave forever the tapestry of human destiny. Matthew Arnold, in contrasting the Hellenic with the Hebrew spirit, depicts the Greek intelligence as playing freely about its object. Play indeed it was, but very serious, very solemn play; no merry dance around the mysteries of suffering and of fate, but a free intelligence scrutinizing bravely the woe and the wickedness of men and women, demanding of fate her secrets, and wrestling with the gods before submitting to their mandates. Landor alone, of later English poets, seized and recorded in lines of severe and serene beauty this aspect of the Greek mind. His poem of Agamemnon and Iphigeneia seems like sculpture made alive—and yet not all alive. The maiden speaks, but the father's silence, never breaking into words, strikes deeper still. Both have measured in that instant the vastness of their misery and both have wrestled with the gods in vain, but invincibly. The imagination easily chisels out the pictures while one reads:

> Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
> At Aulis, and when all beside the king
> Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:
> "O father! I am young and very happy,
> I do not think the pious Calchas heard

Distinctly what the goddess spake. Old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might he not also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropped down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
"O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer; then with sighs:
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipped brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
"O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them; and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without

> One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
> Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
> The fillet of the priest and calm, cold eyes.
> Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried:
> "O father! grieve no more; the ships can sail."

Behold the courage of the Greek mind; its unflinching scrutiny and measurement of inevitable calamity; behold, too, the courage of the Greek soul, never finer than in the Greek maiden, the courage that struggled against invincible fate, while conquering heartbreak and rising in queenly majesty to the embrace of death. We Anglo-Saxons, with all our boasted bravery, are intellectual cravens with our shallow optimism. We fear to look the truth in the face; we fear to look calamity or death in the face. Ostrich-like, we bury our heads in delusions; we call our flatterers optimists, we denounce disclosure, we rage at the inevitable. If a great dramatist appears to show vice her own features and virtue her own image, we scold and deny and distort, or we laud and magnify extravagantly. Tranquil appreciation, calm comparison of poetry and reality, solemn recognition of the facts of life and the eternal laws to which the maiden Antigone appealed and to which she affirmed the gods themselves were subject—all this is foreign to our Teutonic willfulness.

Thus far I have spoken of literature only; of its language, its style, its substance, but always of the spirit in each. I am making no plea for the study of the language or even the literature of Greece. I am only urging the cultivation of the spirit that made the earlier Greek literature sublime and weighty; a spirit that would make us, as it made Athens, worthy of the richest fruits of human thought; a spirit that would deliver us from the plagues of fiction showered upon us ceaselessly from our colossal printing plants like insects that perish with a summer's sun; a spirit that would soon banish from our clubrooms the chattering charlatans who give us predigested literary nourishment; a spirit that would bring us far greater blessings, for it would inspire poets and prophets, creators of character and interpreters of life; it would develop, too, a critical mind, serenely wise and serenely jubilant in its appreciation of the good, serenely just and serenely implac-

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able in its condemnation of the bad. Consider next some other revelations of Hellenic culture. First of all, its attitude toward what Bacon called this Universal Frame. What the Greeks may have derived from foreign sources none may tell, but the great German from whom I learned the history of philosophy used to say: "The Greeks had this advantage: they were the *first* in philosophy." And, strictly speaking, this is true. Note, however, the humility of the term, remembering that the Greek *sophia* corresponded nearly to our term "science": they were merely lovers of science, not scientists. In these days of multitudinous "ologies," when the bungler in any field of inquiry prattles glibly of his science, and when the greenest hypotheses in psychology or in sociology, or even in history, are foisted upon us as the ascertained results of scientific investigation, the humility of the early Greek thinkers might give us pause. It was, however, a humility combined with daring intellectual intrepidity. From the days of Thales of Miletus to the days of Plotinus and of Origen, Greek thinkers sought with undaunted minds to solve the riddle of the universe; they were unwearied in their ingenuity of explanation, indefatigable in their reasonings, and merciless in their extermination of detected falsehood. Nor were they speculative exclusively. I never hear mention of the distances of the fixed stars but I think of Thales and his isosceles triangle. I never am out at sea but I think of the same great Milesian geometer bisecting the circle of the horizon and drawing in his imagination figures in the starry hemisphere above his boat. Galileo searched the heavens with his telescope, but Galileo did not invent geometry or discover specific gravity. Where, indeed, were Copernicus or Kepler or Galileo or Newton without the Greek geometers?—without Thales and Pythagoras and Euclid and Archimedes? The Greeks, as Zeller told us, the Greeks were first; first in the notion that the universe contained its own secret, first in the development of the geometry that was to track the secret to its hiding place; first, too, in the blending of observation and reflection—that led them, indeed, to many false conclusions, but that has led their disciples to all that we may properly endow with the magnificent name of science. Nor was there any failure on their part to see that man and society were

also subjects of scientific investigation; the demand of Socrates that man should "know himself" contains the germ not only of all ethics but of all political and social science. And his dissuasion from studies that could throw no light on the problems that come home to men's business and bosoms should be repeated in every generation. Of what avail to know the distances of planet from planet, and not to know the distance from health to disease? Of what avail to trace out canals upon the planet Mars, and not to know how to furnish pure water to the multitudes of our great cities? Of what avail to verify the date of an ancient eclipse, yet to stand helpless in the presence of popular unreason and incompetence in high places? Were Socrates alive today, he might perhaps escape the hemlock, but he would hardly escape calumny. If he had been teaching in New York, he would certainly be blamed for the hypocrisy that he unmasked and for the incompetence that he detected, and he would be summoned to defend himself before his fellow-citizens for not worshiping the gods that the city of Manhattan worships. And just as certainly would he make the old reply: "Treat me as your benefactor and not as a public enemy." But that is not the main point. The Hellenic spirit, of which Socrates and Plato and Aristotle were the first representatives, counted it an urgent business of science to solve the problem of humanity, other knowledge having value only as it furnishes help for the welfare and progress of mankind. They shrank neither from criticism nor unwelcome conclusions. They abounded in errors, for they were pioneers. They blazed the first paths through the cosmic wilderness and often went astray. But few among the moderns have the courage to challenge truth, as they did, to show her awful features. Few among the moderns risk obloquy where they risked banishment and death. Fewer yet can meet denunciation and derision with the unruffled soul of the great Athenian, appealing calmly to the judgment of succeeding generations. Now, precisely this our civilization requires for its salvation and its betterment. Scientific inquiry must be intrepid and also imperturbable. Nothing could be more pitiful, because nothing is more cowardly, than the whining of an investigator, wincing at the touch of criticism and bemoaning his sufferings for

the truth, unless, indeed, it were the brutal criticism inflicted by men that argue with a scalping knife. "Be bold, and always bold," cried Danton. Unfortunately, boldness was translated into ferocity. Be bold, and always bold, but temper your boldness with the peace and patience of God—such is wisdom's instruction to her children. Be bold but be magnanimous. Intrepidity gives wings to science; candor is the pure air through which she mounts. Scale the heights boldly that lead to God, who is eternal truth, and ask to see his face. Thus only can you hope to see the trailing of his glory as he passes by the cleft in which he hides the earnest seeker. But trample not upon the weakest comrade who seeks the same splendor. Retreat from no foe, be he man or devil, that should bar your way. Devil, I say deliberately, for Goethe's jest is bitter truth: *Zweifel,* the German word for "doubt," is their only rhyme for *Teufel,* the word we have softened into "devil." For worse than any contradiction of men are the blinding and freezing fogs of doubt that envelop the thinker often in his upward climb, from out whose gloom malignant voices taunt him, crying: "Truth—you can never reach it. Posterity, humanity, society—what are they that you should perish for them?"

I plead for the imperturbability, the tranquillity, of the divine intelligence so finely expressed in Aristotle's description of God as moving all things, himself unmoved. Leave Berserker rage to the Gods of Valhalla; let us seek rather the quiet, steady mental energy that quails before no problem and succumbs to no difficulty, that fears no ridicule, and pursues its course unswerving as a planet guided by eternal energy, and especially let us seek it in our study of political and social science. For here the Berserker rage of the Teuton makes often havoc of our intelligence. To be sure, the political and social problems of Athens and of Greece had no such magnitude and complexity as those of our country and of our age, while, small as they were, even Athens failed to solve them. Solon and Aristides and Demosthenes were not equal to their emergencies; neither did the political thought of Plato and of Aristotle make plain the causes of their failure or point out clearly to posterity the principles of social welfare, of political stability, of civic progress. But such thinkers as Greek statesmen grappled

bravely and sanely with dangerous situations. Never a statesman wiser, more courageous, more unselfish than Solon, never a ruler who spoke more frankly to his fellow-citizens than Pericles when urging them to incur the perils of a war with Sparta, never an orator organized so desperate and so ideal a resistance as that of Demosthenes to Macedonian tyranny. And happy indeed is the nation whose political thinkers approach the problems of their time in the spirit and with the genius of the nobler Athenians. What may be our fate no prophet can foretell. We have passed already the limit of time fixed by some framers of our constitution for the duration of the Union, yet with all our faults the blood of the people is still pure. If, though, the worst should be in store for our children; if this glorious Union, this new roof, as our fathers called it, is to come crashing down upon the multitudes that it has hitherto protected; if the history of this free people is to end in the calamities that selfishness and incompetence have invariably provoked, let no member of Phi Beta Kappa have guilt upon his soul. In the spirit of the nobler Greek sages and Greek statesmen let the members of this society think and labor without haste and without rest to the bitter end, hoping against hope to rescue the republic from disaster and the people from the ruin of their liberties, lifting their hands to God, even in the hour of defeat, to protest their innocence of the monstrous crime against mankind. It would ill become us, though, to portend disaster; stupendous indeed is the American commonwealth, a thing unparalleled in human annals, a spectacle for the nations until the end of time. But our glory is not our mountains filled with gold or our prairies waving with golden harvests; our men, from Franklin and Washington to Lincoln and Grant—these have been our glory. Nor will I fail in frankness now: when a citizen of this great state, the successor of Virginia as the mother of presidents, leaves a position of dignity and quiet to assume the burdens and perils of an untried and strange protectorate, risking life and health and reputation in the colossal job, when, having succeeded in that enterprise, he pacifies a dangerous agitation in the island made forever memorable by American valor and American good faith; when as administrator he develops indefatigable industry and rare

sagacity, and when in all his public utterances he speaks without concealment, without cowardice, and with the tranquil earnestness of a responsible citizen confronting momentous issues and dealing with the destinies of millions, then, whether he becomes chief magistrate or not, let the intelligent men of all parties yield him admiration and the reverence that the citizens of a free commonwealth owe to one who combines executive ability and high ambitions with integrity and candor and devotion to the public welfare. For such a patriot is not unworthy of a place in the same sentence with Solon the Wise and Aristides the Just.

The political ruin of Athens began when her statesmen perished and her tyrants flourished, when her patriots were maligned that her plunderers might escape, when a brazen-mouthed demagogue like Cleon the tanner could be lifted into power, or a brilliant self-seeker like Alcibiades could become a popular idol; the political ruin of Athens was complete when in a great crisis her ablest citizens failed to stand together and her orators were corrupted by the Macedonian gold. The intellectual ruin of Athens began when her poets pandered to the sensual crowd and her philosophers were condemned to death or exile; and it was completed when her famous teachers advertised their readiness to support with equal energy the affirmative or the negative of any proposition.

And now a final and, perhaps, of all the weightiest word. The New Testament, divine though it be, is a Greek book. The Greek language has come to us laden with much precious freight, but this is the chiefest treasure. The first preachers of Jesus and the resurrection challenged the best brain of the ancient civilization; at Antioch and Alexandria they won their greatest triumphs and founded their greatest schools. I speak with deference of the historians who insist that the Greek theologians were speculative and the Latin practical, for these historians are my masters, but follow them I cannot. The Greek idea of salvation was to my mind not only just as practical but far nobler than the Latin; for it included freedom and knowledge—freedom from the bondage of the flesh, from the evil of the world, and freedom, too, from error and from falsehood. It was the Roman, and not the Greek, who converted the church into a *salvatorium,* into an institute of insurance

against eternal woe. Redemption from the baser nature, the subjugation of the body to the soul, was the core of Plato's ethical teaching; it reappeared in the great Christian thinkers; it is sorely needed here and now. For we are where the Salome of Richard Strauss with its sensual intoxications marks our highest reach of musical achievement, where high living and mean thinking count their slaves by the thousand, where our books of entertainment drip with poisonous insinuations, and where the lust of the flesh and pride of life make havoc of home and of city. The problem of evil, furthermore, challenged the minds of these Greek Christians; they could not solve it, but they did not evade it; they did not fool themselves by arguing that evil was, after all, a kind of good. They knew that pain hurts, that cruelty and hatred are neither mercy nor love, that disease is not a source of health or happiness, that sin is not the road to righteousness. The world to them looked clumsy or malign; at any rate, it needed mending. They perceived, dimly enough, to be sure, that if they could discover the cause of evil, they might engage successfully in its extermination, if haply they could combine into a goodly company of witnesses a phalanx of brotherhood against it. Unfortunately, for them and for us, they failed and the law of the members conquered the law of the mind. A like disaster befell them as seekers for the truth. They measured the problems that the person of Jesus had forced upon thinking men in all their magnitude and meaning. They saw that it made a difference, wide as the diameter of the celestial sphere, whether Jesus of Nazareth was a Galilean peasant merely, who mistook his own heart-beats for the throbbings of the infinite, or was indeed the Son of a living God, clothed with supreme authority. They saw, too, that to ascribe to him a functional humanity, to make his manhood incomplete, reduced the incarnation to a dream. They were not blind to the difficulties of the problems that they stated, though often blinded by the rush of angry feelings and of selfish motives. It is their glory to have grasped the issue firmly, while it is their shame to have sacrificed not only the nobler Greek traditions but the power and the dignity of Christ, for which they contended, in disgraceful and disastrous quarrels.

The lesson is obvious, and it has been repeated in every epoch and in every field of scientific inquiry: science does not live by intellect alone; it thrives only in the atmosphere of peace, and candor, and brotherly kindness, and perfect truthfulness. Science has been indeed slow to learn the lesson; the nobler sciences, the moral sciences, strange to say, have been the greatest laggards; yet upon these nobler sciences, upon the discovery of the truth about men and society, about God and the world, depend the welfare and the progress of humanity. And the scholars of America, citizens as they are of a vast democracy composed of elements easily excited and often lashed to dangerous fury, can render no better service to state or to church than to be tranquil. Stripped of the delusion that clear and steady thinking is possible in the white heat of passion, let them be like the beacon lights that stream across the stormy seas, serene but unwearied guides to safety and to progress.

Charles J. Little

Art. III.—METHODIST MEN OF MARK

There is a book, well known in newspaper offices and libraries, called Who's Who in America, which undertakes—with a fair degree of success, considering the immense difficulties involved—to give the names of those living Americans who have achieved the largest measure of distinction in their various lines of labor. The latest edition, issued early in 1908, furnishes brief, trustworthy sketches of 16,395 who, in the judgment of the editors, have gained more than local celebrity. The volume is a wonderful mine of biographical information available for many purposes. For one thing, it may be used to increase the mutual acquaintance of special classes engaged in the same work but prevented by distance from personal contact. The great Methodist family, for example, ought to know each other better. Conferences and conventions help not a little, but many cannot attend. Those in the same section know one another, but the continent is wide and a larger survey is needed. So we have thought it good to attempt something of the sort in these pages. The enumeration must be, of course, to a certain extent defective. It is confined to the names in the book, and for omissions or inclusions there the writer of this article is in no way responsible. He is, perhaps, in a way responsible for the failure to find all the Methodists who are mentioned, but he can only say in excuse for inevitable lapses in this direction that he has taken very great pains, laying hold of all the resources within his reach and getting help from authorities in various centers. Some laymen, doubtless, have not been caught in his dragnet, for their denominational affiliation is by no means always given and he has had to rely on other means of knowledge. But the result of his researches he is quite confident will be found substantially correct and filled with points of interest to many.

One matter that early attracted his attention, for Who's Who has been employed by other writers to throw light on this subject, was the degree and source of the education enjoyed by those Methodists who have become sufficiently known to find a place here. Facts brought out in other quarters would predispose one to expect that

nearly all named would owe their rank in large part to the training gained in institutions of learning. And such is the case. Of our 32 bishops the record stands as follows: college graduates, 26; theological school graduates, 11; at college only, 16; at theological school only, 2; at both college and school, 9; at neither, 4. There are 171 itinerant ministers or members of Annual Conferences whose names appear on these pages. We find that of these 123 graduated at Methodist colleges and 29 at non-Methodist colleges, making 152 college men; 7 graduated at theological schools only, and of 12 others there is either no record in the matter or it is plainly stated that they had only academic training. In a very large number of cases, between 70 and 80, or nearly fifty per cent, extensive post-graduate advantages were enjoyed, mostly in theological schools of this country, but also quite largely in European universities. Of the latter Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, Bonn, Gottingen, Tubingen, Zurich, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and Rome are especially mentioned. Schools of theology in this country were utilized in the following order: Boston, 25; Drew, 17; Garrett, 15; Gammon, 2; Andover, 1; Yale, 1; Nast, 1; New Brunswick, 1. The college graduates owe their allegiance as follows: Wesleyan University, 38; Ohio Wesleyan, 14; Northwestern, 12; Syracuse (including Genesee and Troy), 11; De Pauw, 9; Dickinson, 5; Allegheny, 4; Boston University College of Liberal Arts, 4; Lawrence, 3; Iowa Wesleyan, 3; New Orleans, 3; Mount Union, 2; Cornell, 2; Illinois Wesleyan, 2; Hamline, 2; and eight others 1 each. The following non-Methodist institutions educated 29: Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, Bowdoin, Princeton, Union, Hamilton, Pennsylvania, New York, City of New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Miami, Scio, Kalamazoo, Farmers, Straight, Philomath, Brookville, Wittenburg, Otterbein, Victoria, Acadia. When it comes to the 197 laymen whose names we have recognized as Methodists, or who have so declared themselves, the results are not quite so satisfactory, but we find no less than 90 who have received their education at our own colleges and 53 at others, while between 20 and 30 of these have taken post-graduate work at such institutions as Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Boston, Yale, Chicago, and many of the foreign institutions already mentioned, together with

London, Edinburgh and Strasburg. A few also have taken their training in law schools and agricultural schools without the college course, while many have stopped with the academies and high schools. Our Methodist colleges which come in most prominently here are: Wesleyan, 25; De Pauw, 15; Ohio Wesleyan, 9; Northwestern, 6; Cornell, 5; Boston University College of Liberal Arts, 3; Dickinson, 5; Syracuse, 4; Iowa Wesleyan, 3. Combining, now, these three lists—episcopal, ministerial, and lay—we reach the following results (counting only those that have as many as three): Wesleyan University, 67; Ohio Wesleyan, 26; De Pauw, 24; Northwestern, 19; Syracuse, 15; Dickinson, 12; Allegheny, 8; Cornell, 8; Boston University College, 7; Iowa Wesleyan, 6; Lawrence, 5; Mount Union, 5; Albion, 4; Illinois Wesleyan, 3; New Orleans, 3. In other words, these fifteen institutions have educated 212 of the 400 eminent Methodists under consideration, or 53 per cent.

Another interesting question is, what states or sections of country have been the birthplaces of these people who are contributing just now so considerably to the good of the nation. When the total names in the big book are canvassed it appears that New England bears off the palm, though the book, being a western one, edited and published at Chicago, is not likely to favor New England unduly. The figures furnished show that, while the proportion of notables to the whole population is one in 4,654, the proportion in New England is one to 1,630; in other words, while New England has only seven per cent of the population (census of 1900) it has 21 per cent of those having national celebrity. New York has one in 2,570, Pennsylvania one in 3,715, Ohio one in 3,719. Does anything like this proportion hold good in Methodism? It could hardly be expected, since Methodism was introduced into this section so much later than into some other parts of the country, and has had here such a very hard struggle while in other sections it has swept the field in completest triumph. This, however, is the outcome of our calculation, combining, as before, episcopal, ministerial, and lay records: Massachusetts, 29; Vermont, 12; Maine, 11; Connecticut, 9; New Hampshire, 5, or 66 for New England. New York, 80; Pennsylvania, 31; New Jersey, 18; Maryland, 2;

Delaware, 2; District of Columbia, 1, or 134 for the middle states. Ohio, 53; Indiana, 27; Illinois, 22; Michigan, 7; Wisconsin, 7; Iowa, 5; Minnesota, 1; South Dakota, 1, or 123 for the West. Virginia, 5; West Virginia, 4; Kentucky, 3; Louisiana, 3; Alabama, 3; Missouri, 3; Tennessee, 2, or 23 for the South. Oregon contributes 1 and California 1, and 43 are from foreign countries, distributed as follows: Canada, 17; England, 10; Germany, 4; Ireland, 3; Scotland and Wales, 2 each; Switzerland, Denmark, India, West Indies, and British Honduras, 1 each. In nine cases no place of birth is given. By this it will be seen that New York state takes the lead, as from its great Methodist population would be natural, with Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts coming after. But when the percentage of names to the percentage of Methodist membership is considered it will be seen that New England is very far ahead. According to the 1908 Year Book the Methodist membership is 3,303,221. In the six New England Conferences are 116,803; adding to this a due allowance for those members in western New England that belong to other Conferences, we may fairly reckon New England Methodism at 150,000 which is four and one half per cent of the grand total. But the 66 names make sixteen and one half per cent of the 400, or nearly four times what the numbers would warrant, which is even a little better than the 21 per cent against 7 of the entire names in the book. This is a showing that could hardly have been looked for, and may well give a mite of encouragement to the sorely-pressed New England Methodists who in some comparisons with other sections of the country are made to suffer. Of the 72 bishops from the beginning until now, twenty, or nearly 28 per cent, have been closely connected with New England either by birth, education, or long continued labors, and a goodly proportion of the rest were from New England stock. Taking the bishops of the present time, we discover that no less than 7, or nearly one fourth of them, were born in foreign countries, six in the southern states, eight in the western, 9 in the middle, and 2 in New England. Of the ministers 63 were born in the middle states, 45 in the western, 28 in New England, 7 in the South, and 22 in foreign countries. Of the laymen 70 came from the West, 62 from the middle states,

36 from New England, 9 from the South, and 13 from foreign countries.

Among the ministers it will be a matter of no little concern to know which Conferences stand at the head in the number of names furnished. Only 60, out of nearly three times that number, come in at all, and 38 of the 60 supply only 1 or 2 apiece. The ranking is this: New England, 15; New York East, 15; Troy, 8; Rock River, 8; Cincinnati, 8; New York, 6; Newark, 6; Ohio, 5; Colorado, 5; Baltimore, 4; Philadelphia, 4; Central New York, 4. The following have 3 each: New England Southern, Wyoming, East Ohio, North Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Detroit, Northwest Indiana, North Minnesota. The following 15 have 2 each: Maine, Genesee, Kentucky, Washington, Kansas, California, Southern California, Des Moines, Upper Iowa, Wisconsin, Holston, Central Illinois, Minnesota, Erie, Saint Louis German. The following 23 have 1 each: Burma Mission, Philippine Island Mission, North China, Norwegian and Danish, Puget Sound, Michigan, Little Rock, Arkansas, Dakota, Northern New York, New Hampshire, Vermont, East Maine, North Nebraska, Atlanta, Louisiana, Delaware, Central Pennsylvania, Nebraska, South Kansas, Saint Louis, Southwest Kansas, Pittsburg. No special comments need here be made, except to note that some of the very largest Conferences numerically are represented either by 1 or 2 or by none at all, even as the bishops have all come from a very small number of the Conferences, nearly all in the East. The calculation was made for the beginning of 1908, when Who's Who was issued.

Of the 197 laymen catalogued, a very large number, some 80, are or have been connected with educational institutions. Here come in Presidents A. W. Harris, of the Northwestern; E. J. James, of Illinois; James E. Harlan, of Cornell; J. R. Harker, of Illinois Woman's College; Samuel Dickie, of Albion; C. E. Shelton, of Simpson; T. W. Roach, of Kansas Wesleyan; W. H. Scott, of Ohio State University; A. A. Johnson, of Fort Worth and Wyoming State; W. H. Crogman, of Clark; McKendree H. Chamberlain, of McKendree; C. W. Super, of Cincinnati Wesleyan; Horace Ellis, of Vincennes; W. F. Yocum, of Fort Wayne; W. W. Par-

sons, of Indiana State Normal; Henry W. Rogers, formerly president Northwestern, now dean of Yale Law School; Daniel Bonbright, once acting president of Northwestern, now professor; T. F. Holgate, once acting president of Northwestern, now dean of its College of Liberal Arts; S. A. Lattimore, once acting president of the University of Rochester; A. L. Mason, dean of De Pauw University Law School; Melville M. Bigelow, dean of Boston University Law School; F. R. Dyer, dean of Ohio State Normal School and superintendent of schools for Cincinnati; A. F. Nightingale, superintendent of schools for Cook County, Illinois; F. D. Boynton, superintendent of schools, Ithaca; and the following professors: John M. Van Vleck, for over fifty years at Wesleyan; C. T. Winchester, H. W. Conn, W. E. Mead, Oscar Kuhns, K. P. Harrington, all of Wesleyan; W. M. Warren, M. L. Perrin, J. B. Coit, T. B. Lindsay, D. L. Sharp, all of Boston University College of Liberal Arts; H. S. Carhart, George A. Coe, J. A. James, J. F. Hatfield, U. S. Grant, W. D. Scott, G. O. Curme, J. S. Clark, W. S. Hall, I. N. Danforth, all of Northwestern; George F. Comfort, H. A. Teck, and C. W. Hargitt, of Syracuse; T. N. Carver, of Harvard; E. B. Van Vleck, of Wisconsin; George E. Vincent, dean of the faculties of art, literature, and science in the University of Chicago; A. H. Thorndike and E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia; I. F. Russell, of New York University; Richard Parsons, professor of Greek at Ohio Wesleyan for thirty-three years; J. H. Morgan, of Dickinson; G. H. Blakeslee, of Clark College; C. C. Bragdon, for thirty-four years at the head of Lasell Seminary; H. S. White, of Vassar; E. G. Conklin, of Princeton; M. P. Hatfield, of the University of Illinois; R. A. Armstrong, of West Virginia University; Delos Fall, of Albion, and superintendent of schools for Michigan; R. S. Copeland, of Michigan; G. L. Scherger, of Armour Institute of Technology; F. B. Mumford, University of Missouri; B. H. Ripton, twenty-three years at Union; W. N. Stearns, of North Dakota; T. H. Eckfeldt, of Saint Andrews, Concord, Massachusetts; John E. James, M.D., of the Hahnemann Medical School, Philadelphia; L. B. Bangs, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical School; Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, Miss Mary H. Norris, all deans of the Woman's

College, Northwestern; Mrs. Martha McClellan Brown, of Cincinnati Wesleyan College; Mrs. Louise R. Stowell, of the University of Michigan; Miss L. M. Hodgkins, of Wellesley; Miss Catherine J. Chamberlayne, formerly of Lasell, Wilbraham, and Cincinnati Wesleyan, now preceptress of a school for girls in the Fenway, Boston. Thirty or more have gained distinction in politics, and hold, or have held, positions of more or less eminence in national, state, or city governments, where they have done credit to their church while at the same time serving well their country. Here is the list, headed by Vice-President Fairbanks. Has there been any other Methodist in this office? We do not recall any. Of United States senators we have at present four, namely: A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana; J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa; J. B. Foraker, of Ohio; and W. P. Dillingham, of Vermont, besides Warner Miller, of New York, in other days. Of Methodist members of Congress, past and present, there are ten. George W. Faris, of Indiana, has been in three Congresses, the fifty-fourth, fifty-fifth, and fifty-sixth, and was chairman of the Committee on Manufactures in two of them. William R. Warnock represented the Eighth Ohio District for four years, and has been since 1906 United States pension agent at Columbus. Frank Plumley, just elected from Vermont, has been chief judge for the court of claims in the state, and served as umpire for Great Britain and Holland in the Venezuela imbroglio, is also lecturer on international law in the Norwich University. Mark L. De Motte, who represented the Tenth Indiana District in the Forty-seventh Congress, has been for thirty years dean of the North Indiana Law School. James E. Watson has represented the Sixth Indiana District since 1895, and has been president of the State Epworth League. John H. Baker, of Indiana, was a member of Congress for six years and district judge for ten. C. L. Henry, of Indiana, was member of Congress for four years, is now president and general manager of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Traction Company. Eben W. Martin, of Deadwood, South Dakota, was Congressman at large for six years. John E. Andrus, of Yonkers, New York, manufacturing chemist and philanthropist, is completing a four years' term in Congress. Warner Miller, paper manufacturer, was in Congress thirty years ago.

Of governors there are and have been nine who counted themselves Methodists, and did honor to the name: John L. Bates, of Massachusetts; John H. Mickey, of Nebraska; Richards Yates, of Illinois; W. T. Durbin and J. F. Hanly, of Indiana; E. C. Stokes and Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey; E. W. Hoch, of Kansas; Leslie M. Shaw, banker, was secretary of the United States treasury, as well as governor of Iowa for two terms. Melville W. Miller, journalist and editor, was assistant secretary of the interior for two years. W. H. Berry, consulting engineer, is treasurer of the state of Pennsylvania. A. J. Sampson, lawyer of Arizona, is envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Ecuador, the first person for over sixty years living in a territory to receive an office of this grade. Bird S. Coler, banker, was controller of New York city, and Democratic candidate for governor of the state, and is now President of the Borough of Brooklyn. Frank Moss, lawyer, was president of the Board of Police, New York city, counsel to the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and active in various legislative and municipal investigations. Humphrys H. C. Miller, lawyer, was mayor of Evanston, and Brand Whitlock, lawyer, mayor of Toledo. Francis G. Monnett has been Attorney General of Ohio.

Of United States consuls we have three: Carlton B. Hurst, in Saxony; John K. Gowdy, at Paris; and Fleming D. Cheshire, who has been consul general at large for China, during the past two years; previous to that he was consul general at Mukden, and has been in the consular and diplomatic service at various Chinese ports for over thirty years. Here, perhaps, should come in the still more remarkable career of John C. Ferguson, who may be reckoned either as minister or layman—more suitably the former, since he was a member of the New England Conference when Who's Who was issued, and for twenty-one years previously, but has just located. He went out as a missionary in 1898, and was president of the Nanking University till 1897, then of the Nanyang Government College at Shanghai for five years; since then he has been in the employ of the Chinese government as secretary of the ministry of commerce, chief secretary of the Railway Administration, foreign adviser to the viceroys of Nanking and Wucheng, member

of the Chinese commission to revise treaties with the United States and Japan, and has been sent several times by the Chinese government on special missions to the United States. Very many of these political officeholders, 17, were lawyers. Some 23 more of this profession have a place in our list, including Charles B. Lore, chief justice of Delaware; John Wesley Lacy, chief justice supreme court of Wyoming; F. E. Baker, judge supreme court, Indiana, and more recently judge United States circuit court; Alexander Dowling, associate justice supreme court, Indiana; S. M. Weaver, judge supreme court, Iowa; H. C. McWhorter, judge supreme court of appeals, West Virginia; Hiram S. Sibley, judge of circuit court, Ohio; Oliver H. Horton, judge of circuit court, Illinois; T. F. Shepard, circuit judge, Michigan; Charles Z. Lincoln, of Albany, legal adviser to various governors of New York; A. S. Moore, United States district judge for Alaska; Martin M. Jonson, and S. M. Coon, district attorneys; Eugene W. Chafin, prohibition candidate for president of the United States; James A. Fowler, Republican candidate for governor of Tennessee; Austin Bierbower, legal practitioner in Chicago for over twenty years; John Farson, also president of a street railway company, James F. Rusling, and a few others.

It is rather remarkable that, besides Dr. James, of Philadelphia, already mentioned, and Drs. Bangs, Hatfield, and Danforth, who are also professors, only two other Methodist medical men are mentioned. One is Dr. Henry O. Marcy, of Boston, who conducts a private hospital for the treatment of surgical diseases. The other is Dr. William P. Spratling, medical superintendent of the Craig colony for epileptics at Sonyea, New York, the first institution of its kind to be built in the world.

There is one musical conductor, Tali Esen Morgan, a Welshman, a very active prohibitionist, and in charge of music at Ocean Grove for twenty years. Other specialists of note are John R. Mott, Young Men's Christian Association official; E. W. Halford, private secretary to President Harrison, and paymaster in the United States army; E. R. Graham, publisher; Sam Walter Foss, poet, and in charge of the Public Library, Somerville, Massachusetts; Hugh M. Smith, deputy commissioner and editor for the

United States bureau of fisheries; Alfred C. True, director of experiment stations in the United States department of agriculture; Mrs. C. C. Fairbanks, president-general of the D. A. R.; Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster, daughter of a Methodist minister in the New England Conference, lawyer, temperance worker, and Republican campaign orator; Mrs. Harriet C. McCabe, first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, editor of Woman's Home Missions for twenty years; Miss Alice M. Guernsey also editor of the Woman's Home Missionary Society; Mrs. Angelia F. T. Newman, first woman delegate to the General Conference, and prominent in temperance and mission work; Miss Martha Van Marter, present editor of Woman's Home Missions. Other editors are H. K. Carroll, for twenty-two years with The Independent, more recently a secretary of the Missionary Society; James R. Joy, of the Christian Advocate; T. L. Flood, founder and for many years editor of The Chautauquan; Eugene Thwing, editor-in-chief and business manager of The Circle magazine; Frank C. Bray, editor of The Chautauquan; Samuel Merwin, associate editor of Success; D. D. Thompson, of the Northwestern; B. T. Titus, of the Northern; and George B. Lockwood, editor of the Marion Evening Chronicle.

Of Methodist women 23 names appear. We have already indicated the special work of 13. The other 10 are authors: Miss L. Gray Noble, of Wilbraham; Mrs. Nora Ardelia Roe, of Worcester; Miss Mary Allette Ayer, of Haverhill; Miss Frances Bent Dillingham, of Auburndale; Mrs. Mary Sparkes Wheeler, of Ocean Grove; Mrs. Charlotte F. Wilder, of Manhattan; Miss Mary Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey; Miss Mary A. Lathbury, of East Orange, New Jersey; Mrs. Sarah J. Brigham, also of East Orange; Mrs. Frances Jane Van Alstyne, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who under the name of Fanny Crosby has written more than 6,000 hymns which have greatly blessed the world.

Business positions do not figure so largely in our volume as those which are political, educational, and literary. There seem to be only a score or so of Methodists in this line of effort who have found a record here. First comes the venerable William Deering, of Evanston, eighty-two years old, long engaged in manufacturing

harvesters. John D. Archbold is vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. Frank A. Arter, of Cleveland, was long in the oil business. E. T. Burrowes, of Portland, Maine, is president of the largest wire screen factory in the world, and has taken out many patents, one for railway car curtains which he manufactures. E. O. Fisk is at the head of an extensive Teachers' Agency firm. Louis Klopsch, journalist, has been proprietor of The Christian Herald for the last sixteen years, raising and distributing in that time over $3,300,000 in international charity. William H. Gold, of Redwood Falls, Minnesota, is president of several banks. So is Hugh Dougherty, of Indianapolis. F. T. McWhirter is president of the People's State Bank in the same capital. John A. M. Adair is president of the First National Bank of Portland, Indiana. Charles H. Stowell, of Lowell, is general manager and treasurer of the J. C. Ayer Company, formerly professor in Michigan University. Charles A. Carlisle is manufacturer of carriages at South Bend. Charles Wesley Chadwick is a wood engraver in New York, and S. R. Badgeley a church architect in Cleveland. John E. Searles was president of the Tennessee Northern Railway Company. John C. Stubbs is vice-president of the Southern Pacific; B. D. Caldwell is vice-president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; E. D. Easton is president of the American Graphophone Company; N. W. Harris and John W. Vroom are bankers. Winship E. Scarritt is a broker, and Henry Floy a consulting engineer.

There should be some mention of the war record made by these Methodist laymen. Eighteen names appear on the list as figuring more or less prominently. James F. Rusling, who became a colonel, was brevetted brigadier-general "for faithful and meritorious services during the war." Governor Murphy served three years in the army of the Potomac, being a first lieutenant. Senator Miller was lieutenant in a cavalry regiment, and was taken prisoner at Winchester. Francis Asbury Smith served two years as second lieutenant. J. W. Vrooman took part in both attacks by the navy on Fort Fisher. Governor Durbin, besides serving in the Union army in the sixties, was colonel of an Indiana regiment in the Spanish-American war. H. C. McWhirter was captain in the

Union army; T. L. Flood as lieutenant fought at Antietam and Chancellorsville; A. J. Sampson became a captain; so did M. L. DeMotte; Dr. Marcy was an army surgeon, and became medical director of Florida in 1864; Governor Mickey served with an Iowa regiment; Hugh Dougherty was taken prisoner at Stone River; John K. Gowdy served in the cavalry for three years under Sherman and others; Jonah F. R. Leonard was with Jim Lane in the Kansas war for a free state, and served through the Civil War till 1865, being wounded at Vicksburg; he was nominated for president of the United States in 1900 by the United Christian party. C. C. Bragdon, J. E. Harlan, and James M. Gray also fought. It is a little singular that the number of Methodist ministers who saw service is larger than the number of laymen. Twenty names appear on this list. John B. Van Petten was in command of a regiment for over two years, commanded a brigade at Port Hudson, and became brevet brigadier-general. D. R. Lowell became major as well as chaplain; D. C. Knowles, J. B. Young, T. N. Boyle and W. C. Sawyer were captains. S. L. Gracey, now for many years consul at Foochow, was three years in the army of the Potomac. H. A. Gobin, T. C. Iliff, and A. J. Palmer were also three years in the army, the latter being for nine months a Confederate prisoner. Eli McClish served under Sherman two years. Henry Wheeler had a chaplaincy in a cavalry regiment. F. D. Blakeslee served in the quarter-master's department from 1863 to 1865. G. P. Mains was in the navy under Admiral Porter. Orville James Nave has been a chaplain in the United States Army for twenty-three years. B. W. Baker received many wounds in many battles during his four years' service. John F. Spence was an officer in the army from 1862 to 1865. Lewis Curts, James H. Potts and H. H. Lowry helped to defend their country.

In politics ministerial entries are not many. H. A. Buchtel is governor of Colorado. Ernest Lyon has been minister resident and consul-general of the United States at Monrovia for the last five years. E. D. W. Huntley was chaplain of the United States senate for four years. J. D. Botkin was a Congressman-at-large from Kansas on the Populist ticket in 1896; he was Prohibition

candidate for governor of Kansas in 1888. A. B. Leonard, E. L. Eaton, and S. C. Swallow have been Prohibition candidates for governor in Ohio, Wisconsin, and Pennsylvania.

Turning now to the educational record of the 171 ministers, we find a formidable list of presidents and chancellors, deans, and professors numbering about 100. Joseph E. King has been president of Fort Edward Collegiate Institute for fifty-four years. Jabez Brooks has been professor of Greek at the University of Wisconsin for thirty-nine years, and was connected with Hamline University, most of the time as president, for fifteen years previously; he began to teach in 1850. William Fletcher King was president of Cornell College for forty-three years. William F. Warren has been connected with Boston University and the Theological Seminary which preceded it, most of the time as president, forty-two years. Ammi B. Hyde has taught nearly all the time, at Cazenovia, Allegheny, and Denver, since his graduation from Wesleyan in 1846. H. A. Buttz has been professor and president at Drew for forty years. W. N. Rice has been professor at Wesleyan for forty-one years, and is now acting president. W. C. Sawyer, now professor in the University of the Pacific, has taught for thirty-eight years. Herbert F. Fisk has been forty years at the Northwestern University, beginning to teach in 1855. John P. D. John has been thirty-five years teaching, serving as president of Brookville College, Moores Hill College, and De Pauw University. C. J. Little has been thirty-four years an educator, at Dickinson, Syracuse, and Evanston. H. C. Sheldon has been professor at Boston University for thirty-three years, B. P. Bowne for thirty-two. Besides these thirteen veterans we have not noted any who have been over thirty years in the class room. Other presidents, in addition to those already mentioned, are W. E. Huntington, of Boston; B. P. Raymond, of Wesleyan; George E. Reed, of Dickinson; W. H. Crawford, of Allegheny; J. R. Day and Daniel Steele, of Syracuse; Herbert Welch, of Ohio Wesleyan; H. A. Buchtel, of Denver; Samuel Plantz, of Lawrence; also E. D. W. Huntley and C. W. Gallagher, of the same; J. A. Kummler, W. H. Wilder, F. L. Barnes, and E. M. Smith, of Illinois Wesleyan; DeWitt C. Huntington and Isaac Crook, of Nebraska Wesleyan;

John W. Hancher, C. L. Stafford, F. D. Blakeslee, and J. T. McFarland, of Iowa Wesleyan; Thomas Nicholson, of Dakota Wesleyan; L. H. Murlin, of Baker; F. S. Hoyt and George Whitaker, of Willamette; W. A. Shanklin and T. J. Bassett, of Upper Iowa; J. H. Race, J. F. Spence, and R. J. Cooke, of Grant; A. B. Riker, of Mount Union; Albert E. Smith, of Ohio Northern; G. H. Bridgman, of Hamline; H. A. Gobin, of De Pauw; J. F. Goucher, of the Woman's College, Baltimore; C. W. Winchester, of Taylor; G. F. Bovard, of Southern California; G. P. Benton, of Miami; G. B. Rogers, of Baldwin; F. H. Knight, of New Orleans; William Fielder, of Fort Worth; Eli McClish, of the University of the Pacific; E. L. Parks, of Simpson; A. B. Storms, of Iowa State College; W. P. Thirkield, of Howard University; G. B. Addicks, of Central Wesleyan; J. M. Cox, of Philander Smith; Frederick Muntz, of German College; E. M. Randall, of Puget Sound; A. E. P. Albert, of Gilbert; J. W. E. Bowen, of Gammon; B. W. Baker, of Chaddock; and W. K. Brown, of Cincinnati Wesleyan Woman's College. Of principals in seminaries and professors at colleges we note the following: M. D. Buell, H. G. Mitchell, C. W. Rishell, J. M. Barker, A. C. Knudson, L. T. Townsend, G. K. Morris, and Foy Spencer Baldwin at Boston; O. A. Curtis, C. T. Sitterly, J. A. Faulkner, R. W. Rogers, E. S. Tipple, and S. G. Ayers at Drew; M. S. Terry, C. M. Stuart, and Charles Horswell at Evanston; C. M. Cobern at Allegheny; Edwin Post at De Pauw; W. W. Davies, of Ohio Wesleyan; Alba C. Piersel, of Iowa Wesleyan; J. B. Van Petten, of Claverack; J. F. L. Raschen, of Lafayette; J. H. Pillsbury, of Smith; D. C. Knowles, of Tilton; W. F. Berry, of Kents Hill; C. W. McCormick, of Hackettstown; H. L. Durfee, of Poultney. W. L. Davidson has been secretary of the American University for ten years and superintendent of instruction at fifteen Chautauqua Assemblies. B. B. Loomis was for some years president of the Round Lake Summer Institute and director of the Ocean Grove Assembly.

Engaged in works of charity and reform, including missions and such like, a goodly list emerges. Purley A. Baker is national superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America; and prominent in the same line are H. A. Durfee and Carl L. Eltzholtz. J.

L. Hurlbut was for twenty-one years in the Sunday school work, to which D. G. Downey has now been called. George V. Morris has been president of the Lexington Associated Charities for the last two years. Jacob E. Price devotes himself just now to bringing the Oppenheimer treatment for alcoholism within reach of the poor. F. H. Knight is superintendent of the New England Home for Little Wanderers at Boston. In publishing and disseminating Methodist literature Homer Eaton has been employed nineteen years; G. P. Mains and H. C. Jennings, twelve years each; Lewis Curts, for eight years. In promoting missions A. B. Leonard has been occupied twenty years, A. J. Palmer was four years a missionary secretary, and S. O. Benton has been in the mission office for six years. H. C. Stuntz, who has recently taken up these duties, had previously a record of nine years in India and six in the Philippine Islands. Seven others have been engaged in the foreign field, including J. C. Ferguson already referred to. H. A. Buchtel was for a little time in Bulgaria, J. M. Barker in Mexico, D. M. Tompkins as a teacher in Nynee Tal and Mussoorie, India. James Mudge was ten years in Lucknow, India, Julius Smith eighteen years in Burma, H. H. Lowry has been forty-one years in China, where he is now president of Pekin University. Connected with home and city missions we have the names of T. C. Iliff, so long in Utah and the Rocky Mountain regions, chairman of the allied Christian forces which opposed Brigham H. Roberts as polygamous Congressman from Utah; George Elliott and A. G. Kynett; F. M. North, for sixteen years corresponding secretary of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. M. C. B. Mason has given himself for seventeen years to the work of the Freedmen's Aid Society. E. M. Randall is superintending the work among the Methodist young people. W. I. Haven is organizing Bible distribution as corresponding secretary of the American Bible Society. Addis Albro has been general secretary of the American Reform Association for ten years. E. M. Mills as secretary pushed to successful completion the great Twentieth Century Thank Offering Fund, and is now field secretary of the Board of Education. James E. Gilbert for several years gave himself to promoting the spiritual culture of the church. J. P. Brush-

ingham was secretary of the Commission on Aggressive Evangelism.

Eighteen names appear on the roll of Methodist editors: the three with the longest terms of service being J. H. Potts, who has been connected with the Michigan Christian Advocate for thirty-one years; J. M. Buckley, for twenty-eight years in charge of the Christian Advocate at New York, and Charles Parkhurst, for twenty years in command of Zion's Herald. Then follow W. V. Kelley, of the Review; S. J. Herben, of the Epworth Herald; C. B. Spencer, of the Central; Levi Gilbert, of the Western; J. B. Young, formerly of the Central; F. S. Hoyt, editor of the Western twelve years; J. T. McFarland, of the Sunday School Journal; R. J. Cooke, book editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church; F. D. Bovard, of the California Christian Advocate; F. Muntz, of the Haus und Herd; C. F. Eltzholtz, of the Norwegian and Danish paper; C. M. Stuart, assistant editor of the Northwestern for ten years; E. Robb Zaring, assistant editor of the Western now; A. E. P. Albert, formerly of the Southwestern Christian Advocate; S. C. Swallow, of the Pennsylvania Methodist. Closely allied to the editorial work is the writing of books. In the list of authors a considerable proportion of all the 400 names with which we are dealing appear, although in some cases it is only a single volume or a few pamphlets published locally that furnish the foundation for the title. We cannot undertake for reasons of space to give them all, nor would it serve any useful purpose. Fifty of the laymen have dabbled more or less in printer's ink, issuing in many cases schoolbooks or other such technical publications. Sam Walter Foss and Fanny Crosby are preëminently the poets. Among the prose writers C. T. Winchester, George A. Coe, Oscar Kuhns, H. K. Carroll, D. L. Sharp, Austin Bierbower, L. H. Larrabee, and T. N. Carver have probably done the best work. Among the 80 ministers who have written it is more difficult to select a few. Without repeating the names of the editors, many of whom have sent out excellent books, it may suffice to mention the following: L. A. Banks has put forth fifty volumes, mostly sermons; L. T. Townsend has nearly thirty to his credit, beginning with Credo forty years ago; Borden P. Bowne has issued a dozen or

so, many of them exceedingly weighty; M. S. Terry has about the same number, chiefly in the expository line; H. C. Sheldon has favored the church with some very solid volumes of history, as well as a system of doctrine; Daniel Steele's devotional works will long keep his memory green; W. H. Meredith has written most admirably of Methodist history; J. Wesley Johnson and E. J. Haynes have shone in the realm of fiction; S. M. Dick won the Shearman prize of $250 given by the American Economic Association in 1891 for the best essay on state and local taxation of personal property in the United States. In addition to these ten we can do no more than name briefly these 24 who have given to the public volumes of high value: R. W. Rogers, O. A. Curtis, C. W. Rishell, H. G. Mitchell, W. N. Rice, W. F. Warren, D. W. C. Huntington, J. L. Hurlbut, O. J. Nave, Henry Wheeler, C. M. Cobern, Bostwick Hawley, James E. Gilbert, Samuel Plantz, C. M. Stuart, E. S. Tipple, J. M. Barker, W. F. Sheridan, C. J. Little, C. E. Little, H. A. Buttz, Isaac Crook, A. H. Tuttle, F. J. McConnell. None of the above have given themselves entirely to the literary life. Indeed, it can be said that very few out of the hundreds here canvassed have confined themselves strictly to any single line of labor. There are scarcely any unmixed careers. Nearly all the educators have either preached a little (perhaps much) or have published something. A very large proportion of the pastors have obtained their celebrity from their pen work or their official positions. From the principles on which Who's Who is made up not many who have been simply pastors can find recognition in its pages. Among those who come nearest to this description are Charles E. Locke, who won national distinction by his conduct of McKinley's funeral while pastor at Buffalo; Hugh Johnston, of the Metropolitan Church, Washington; C. L. Goodell, Henry Ostrom the evangelist, C. B. Mitchell, L. H. Dorchester, W. P. Odell, E. B. Patterson, and a few others.

Only six of our colored brethren find a place in the list: Presidents Bowen, Crogman, Cox, and Albert, Bishop Scott, and Secretary Mason. There are only four couples, so far as we have noticed: Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks; Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Stowell, of Lowell; Dr. and Mrs. W. Kennedy Brown, of Cincin-

nati; Dr. and Mrs. Henry Wheeler, of Ocean Grove. The palm of age is taken by Bostwick Hawley, who is ninety-four, the oldest living alumnus of Wesleyan. Next comes Francis Southack Hoyt, who is eighty-six; Joseph E. King and Jabez Brooks, eighty-five; A. B. Hyde, eighty-three, and J. B. Van Petten, eighty-one.

Noting the laymen in the last three General Conferences who appear in Who's Who, we find that there were 32 in 1900, 14 in 1904, 6 of these repeated from 1900, and 20 in 1908, 3 of whom were repeated from 1900, and 2 from 1904. Eight of those who were elected in 1900 and appeared in the book then have dropped out of the present edition through death or other causes, so that there are at present 47 names of General Conference laymen in the volume. The number of the ministers is far greater.

A comparison between the Methodist names in this book and those pertaining to other branches of the Christian Church discloses about 275 names of Presbyterians (ministers and laymen), and almost exactly the same number of Congregationalists. As all the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church are inserted, that brings their numbers up pretty close to these other two. Only about a hundred Baptists were discernible. Nor were there many Roman Catholics or Lutherans aside from the bishops. Of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 41 ministers (including the bishops) together with laymen appeared to be all. The other Methodists yielded the following record: African M. E., 14; A. M. E. Zion, 5; Free Methodist, 5; Methodist Protestant, 4; United Brethren, 13; United Evangelical, 4; Evangelical Association, 2; 47 in all.

James Mudge

Art. IV.—THE PREACHER AND GOOD ENGLISH

Of all the countless callings that meet the approval of the present day there is no one that requires so large a measure in the man who follows it as the ministry of the gospel. He has, presumably, deliberately chosen this highest office in completest harmony with the will of God. He deals directly with the human soul, and the infinite variety of human life demands of him the richest and most expressive capacity. Other men are given the opportunity and development of marvelous segments in faithful lifework, but the minister of the gospel may possess the perfect round. No other sphere of action can so thoroughly supply the essential elements for the "full stature of the man in Christ Jesus," and men who fail in the ministry do so very largely for two reasons: they do not themselves sufficiently realize this fundamental fact, and, on the other hand, the people who keep them in their service do not sufficiently realize the genius and the dignity of the ministerial office. Both sides, hampered and bound by the constantly besetting superficial considerations, lose sight of the heart of the matter, but there is no doubt of the very sincere desire for the apprehension—the taking hold—of the inherent truth of the subject. And if we may define from time to time just what the human shepherd of the sheep should be, if we may pause and look a little, and together, upon the symmetrical ideal, that will help us by so much more, in faith as well as knowledge.

It is coming to be understood in all classes and professions that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is never a garment to be put on and taken off at will, never a pedestal or projection for self-glorification, but that it is the best possible development in every way of the distinctive, individual character for the fullest foliation and the richest fruitage, that every calling is a sacred calling, and that the successful Christian must be, first, last, and all the time, a robust and efficient citizen of this world if he establish his right to the life to come. And little by little in all this varied process comes the true meaning of the countless passages

in God's Word which illuminate the interdependence of the soul and body.

> For the soul is not the body, and the breath is not the flute;
> Both together make the music: either marred and all is mute.

A finer conception of our social conditions and propensions is gained. We distinguish more carefully between physical and spiritual values, and define more clearly the functions of the conscience and the will. With the new theology which has caused us so much concern arrives a new psychology which, in its fresh application of irrevocable law, is giving us a master word in our jangle of doubt and fear. And in this larger, juster estimate of the requirements of the Christian life the minister is expected to stand head and shoulders above the people in a thoroughly modern and aggressive way, leading them unswervingly through the portentous day and making no camp by night that is not also the place of peace and rest. He must know the medium through which the very least, the very greatest, and the many mediocre strive. He must know the use of all the countless tools with which they toil, and, above all, he must have a precise and practical unison with his own instruments as they inspire and regulate and express his own inherent power. We accomplish wonderful things in the grace of God with the meagerest equipment, but—also in the grace of God—that is the most efficient minister, in the boundless sense of the beautiful word, who takes his special endowment sternly and sacredly in hand and cultivates its every slightest faculty to the greatest possible perfection. And because he is fundamentally the preacher, because he touches life at every conceivable point through the vital and creative word, setting forth the *Logos* made flesh to dwell with men, he cannot overestimate the importance of the English that he uses as the definite vehicle of his gift of speech. The most astounding thing in the day of judgment may be the interminable array of "idle words," the poor, miserable, slouchy, slangy, empty, decrepit, worn-out words, that mark our progress through this preparatory world, and our strangest revelation the overwhelming perception of our unpardonable treachery to our mother tongue! And no really manly man who claims his divine heritage will excuse himself for such defec-

tion on the ground that the mechanism of our language is such a tremendous matter. It is indeed, like the human entity, fearfully and wonderfully made. Its various twists and turns and inexplicable formations, its arbitrary moods and tenses, its cases and numbers, its autocratic conjunctions and pronouns, all knotted and snarled in, apparently, the most despotic and unreasonable way, are enough to fill us with despair. And the difficulty is very much greater if the early training has been deficient and one is bound by the meager years. To such a one, despite the promise of the Most High God, there are many hours of the bitterest defeat before he gains the victory, many years of sore infliction upon his people before he wins his great reward. But "all one's life may be a music if we strike the keys aright," and the clue to this labyrinth is within our hands if we but reach in the right direction. Rudyard Kipling said in regard to his wonderful Jungle Book: "When I once found the Law of the Jungle the rest was easy." And in spelling and grammar and rhetoric, and every other human difficulty, he voices the secret of every human attainment in that splendid lyric, "O hear the call—good hunting, all, who obey the Jungle Law." And in the second book of Jungle Stories he strikes the keynote still more emphatically in the detailed definition,

> Now these are the laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they,
> But the head and the hoof of the law—and the haunch and the hump—is,
> Obey.

And so it really does not matter so much what the preacher's chances have been. Some men go through college and retain habits of speech that, in the last analysis, more greatly offend the ignorant than the cultured soul, since his especial commission is to the "little ones," the weak and needy and school-forgotten ones, to whom the pastor at the head of his church stands for very nearly all it is possible for them to receive in the way of educational advantage. On the other hand, there are men—of different fiber, indeed—who out of the slenderest resources somehow acquire a purity and precision of expression in adequate keeping with all the varied demands of their high calling, rejoicing in the aspiration of the more fortunate of their parishioners, and blessedly respond-

ing to the inspiration of the very least of them. The matter of training in some thoroughly effective sort cannot be eliminated. It is absolutely essential. But the finest school is absolutely worthless unless it gives the student that mastery of himself that insures the mastery of his tools, and the school of life is the place of death unless it develops and directs the consecrated will. The habitual use of accurate English is the result of learning once for all its fundamental rules, and so fixing them by application that the "one right word" in the moment's requirement becomes a matter of second nature. In order to do this the work must be as much a part of us as the good red blood in our veins, and there must be, no matter what our rate of progress, no stoppage in any of its functions. The entire consciousness must be saturated with the finest, simplest, most efficient exposition, and we must constantly make our increasing acquirement the crystal glass for crystal thought. And as a painter never grows weary of mixing his multitude of colors that he may portray what to him is the meaning of life, as the sculptor knows every possible advantage of chisel and stone, as the architect brings his frozen music in this latter day out of pulleys and derricks and steel and cement, as the musician touches trembling strings or vibrant keys for the palace of the soul, so the preacher, working in the art of arts, has his endless fascination and reward in the best of all instruments, the rarest of all mediums—the magic and the marvel of the wingèd word. John Ruskin is right when he says, "The greatest thing the soul ever does in this world is to see something clearly and to tell it in a plain way." And when the vision of the Christ is the central figure in all that he beholds, or should behold, how this general truth is glorified in its particular relation, what a supreme delight in setting it forth in some consonant fashion!

In this conception of the great commission—and he should have no other—the preacher is intensely concerned with all the elements that enter into such deliverance. In the work of acquiring any adequate diction he has naturally developed some sort of style that may be very good as far as it goes, but for the complete mastery of his medium he can only be satisfied with the very best manner that lies within his possibilities. The message is supreme,

but he who prates about opening his mouth for God to fill it, rejecting the means that God has given him, announces himself as a blind leader of the blind, a travesty upon the heavenly Father's confidence and love. Words are given in special inspiration when the life has been held in faithful tutelage. The cup of cold water does not come from a shallow wayside pool but from the deep wells which we have dug down to the living rock and kept clear and free. And so, once more, we are ready to define a few simple laws that are essential to the various phases of the minister's fullest expression. He is not only the pulpiteer, and the possible writer of essays and books; he is the teacher and guide in study and speech, and the prompter, in all his relations with the people about him, of Christian edification—the steady upbuilding of the efficient workman of whom the Lord is not ashamed. He must, then, without any shadow of turning, adhere to the narrow way that leads to every fortress of spiritual life. If he would see a thing clearly, he must grasp irrevocably the principle of perception. Whether a theme comes to him as a mere suggestion, or seems to be at its very birth well-nigh complete, he must test it over and over again, this way and that, in the light of God's Word and the ministry of the Holy Spirit, until he is absolutely certain that what he sees is right and true and inalienably his own. Other men may have a very different point of view. The vast majority may entirely ignore his effort to give forth his precious possession. But he can look into the face of the eternal verities with every fiber of his being and know that the truth doth make him free. Many times and seasons may pass before he reaches the moment of sufficient utterance. He may need to make profound inquiries, to absorb from a thousand sources the elements of dominant power, to search for models and direction among the sacred writers, to drink at the fountain of the classics or the wellsprings of the day—all this with the close touch of nature, and human nature, and the strength of meditation and prayer—and when all things are ready for the shaping of his idea how sincere is his word; how lovely, and honest, and simply blended! What easy balance and rare proportion, what precision and virility, what splendid life and action mark the telling of what he has come so worthily to behold!

He does not give us chalk and water for the sincere milk of the Word. He does not feed us predigested food when we are able to assimilate strong meat. This rule of sincerity demands that he shall "buy the truth and sell it not," and he is ready to pay the price of fundamental sacrifice and restraint. He cannot juggle with his skill, though all the world should press about him to applaud the while he kept his painted balls and gleaming knives up in the air. Nor can he belittle for a moment any phase of art that in its aptitude he has a perfect right to use. Some of our greatest masters have shown us the power and place of the court jester and the simple fool, but what a crass performance it would be if a Shakespeare or a Hugo should elect, himself, to put on the cap and the bells. The possession of these two qualifications—the open vision and its inherent honesty—usually insures the third great essential of the thoroughly good style; the fine force of a deeply rooted, widespreading simplicity. But its full power, like every other masterly quality, only comes through careful cultivation. It means the constant rejection of words and phrases, and whole paragraphs and pages, that often in the first seizure of thought seem fine and strong and captivating. It means a continual vigilance in the work of composition, making every slightest detail as effective as possible in itself, and contributing its exact measure to the logical conclusion. It means forever seeking the closest, clearest, plainest, most insistent, and convincing form for the ideas to be sent forth, and never being satisfied until we can say, with the Creator of the universe, "It is very good," and with all this it means as well—the utmost distinction in any worthy work, in any transcendent character—the splendid ease of a perfect machine, the fullness of joy in adapting prescribed means to the largest ends, the marvelous climax and unity that binds into harmonious exposition a multitude of diverse and changing qualities. And this trinity of requirements is closely overlapped and intertwined with a fourth important element, the law of variety. In the way of material the resources are infinite. The preacher has the whole universe of God from which to draw. God himself, in every leaf, and twig, and stone, and star, in every human feature and expression, declares, day by day and through the pregnant

night, that no two things may be exactly alike. We may produce many things of the same kind, but if we would "find our own law, and stand or fall by it," we must learn in every fresh conception, in every slightest effort toward adequate utterance, the myriad ways in which we can declare our message to the world. Twentieth century humanity is like the old Athenian product, ever seeking after something new, and living water is most welcome out of virgin powers. The preacher appeals to the emotions, to the reason, and to the conscience; he is the orator, the logician, and the great awakener; and for every phase of this triple advantage he has a hundred forms from which to select the special structure for the special need, a hundred opportunities for the most effective invention and arrangement. There is no possible excuse for vain repetition, however apt and appropriate the thing in itself may be, and there is no possible remission for the artistic sin of running every sort of theme into the same familiar mold, no matter how good the particular fashion. The style is the man. How the heart leaps up when we recognize the word of some beloved master in a strange environment! Yet we well know that the style of such a quality has come to its especial distinction not only because "the vine has struck a fiber" but because it reaches out in every direction with every tiny tendril as well as vigorous root and pliant branch.

> We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

How barren and poor the painter would be without the quality of rich diversity!

And, finally, when all these dominant requirements have been properly considered in all their changing relations and interwoven meanings, when the thought receives its ultimate expression it must be tested for the breath of life. No matter what our skill may be in construction and polish; no matter if our medium is as strong as Carlyle's, as flexible as Macaulay's, and as finished as Matthew Arnold's; no matter if we speak with the tongues of angels, if our production is not charged with the vital spark, is not permeated through and through with the life-giving power, we have somehow

failed at some important stage of our development. Perhaps we have been deceived by some psychological mirage; perhaps we have been led astray by some cadence or rhythm or figure of speech; perhaps we have said the very thing we meant not to say; perhaps we need to cast the entire creation aside and shape our thought from the very first again into the effect we desire at the last. Such a man as Emerson

> Hung his verses in the wind,
> Time and tide their faults to find,

and

> When all were winnowed through
> Five lines lasted sound and true:
> Five were smelted in a pot
> Than the South more fierce and hot.
> These the siroc could not melt;
> Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
> And the meaning was more white
> Than July's meridian night.
> Sunshine cannot bleach the snow
> Or unmake what poets know.
> Have you eyes to find the five
> Which five hundred did survive?

Then shall not the distinctively Christian expositor be ready for such salutary heroism? In the examination of himself and his processes he may pass over, if he will, the entire treasury of our matchless English literature for teaching and comparison and logical judgment. The Word of God is replete with artistic law, and its inherent penalty and reward. It is no mere coincidence that the perfect round of divine revelation was given to mankind in such language as could be rendered into every living tongue, and, best of all, into such accurate and vivid English. One cannot conceive a more flexible and comprehensive vehicle than our own especial heritage, and it is the Bible that is most truly "the well of English undefiled." It is no accident that every fundamental element of the rarest rhetoric is found in this transcendent book; that every possible value of the human word is found in this marvelous interpretation of the life that now is, this sacred assurance of the life to be. History or pastoral, oration or prophecy, proverb

or parable or poetry, discourse or essay or general epistle, whatever the form of the divine message and whatever the circumstances of the messenger, there it stands, the perfection of crystalline strength and beauty, to which nothing may be added, from which nothing can be taken away, throbbing with creative power, and holding up for all the ages the mission of the Christ. Can we imagine for a moment what the Bible would be had these writers sometimes been possessed of the demon of "bad grammar," or the disease of theatrical mannerism, or the selfish display of superficial skill? Can we fancy for an instant what our literature and our life would be did they not flow from a source so absolutely pure and free? Who shall extol the spirit of the Most High and then ignore the methods he has chosen to body forth his gracious power?

We have drawn a wide circle and there can be but one reply: The kingdom of good English, like the kingdom of heaven, is within you. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you," ye shall ask what ye are inclined to and it shall be generated for you.

Florence L. Snow.

Art. V.—EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY IN NATURE

"If a man die, shall he live again?" asked the stricken emir of Uz, three or four millenaries gone by. His friends, however sincere their wish to relieve his griefs, could frame no reply to his question nor could he himself give it a clear response; but musing in self-communion, he uttered the words, echoed, after his time, from the hearts and minds of myriads of human beings: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change—not my extinction but my change—come"—words which hold the essence of every concept of the ongoing of our personalities after death that has been formulated by the mind of man. That ongoing of our organism is hardly a subject provable by logic. Whittier said truly that it is impossible to climb to heaven by a syllogism; and no method of induction nor of deduction can be used to prove the continued existence of the spirit after death. Simply to look steadfastly up into the depths of the envelope enfolding our earth is more suggestive to most minds of things beyond this present being than could be any words arrayed for the proving of such things. Such reason as can be advanced for the belief in them lies in its history, its universality, the suggestions of it in nature; in the early unfoldings of a series of spontaneous suggestion, so to speak, of nearly all primitive peoples, and in its unfoldings in Hebraic and Christian thought developed through six millenaries.

In respect to matter, or of the origin of things material, we are referred to a conscious Mind made evident to the senses only by the medium of its materialized thought. Matter is defined as an elementary substance, not divisible by chemical analysis, or a combination of such substances acted upon by the force which manifests itself interchangeably as light, heat, or electricity. What elementary matter is, more than the mere mention of it, we know not, and are not likely to know. In its combinations it is a varied, delightful, somber mystery, composing and encompassing us—an entity essential to the present grade of existence. All things evident to the senses are inexplicable, hence wonderful. The

adjectives "strange," "marvelous," are among the most common in use, for the reason that they are applicable to everything that we see or hear or touch, applicable also to all the inner experiences of all things animate. But, if matter is a materialized thought of the Supreme Mind, the inference that it is an ever-enduring materialized thought appears to be reasonable, for we cannot conceive of that Mind as capriciously destroying what it has made—framing and annihilating, as one may see a lad making a kite and destroying it when he ceases to care for it. It has been capable of proof, by metaphysical analysis, that matter is explicable only as a result of force; that is, of an energy resultant from a power voluntarily exercised by a conscious Personality. Any other description of matter has thus far failed of recognition from the studious and the reverent.[1] The elemental forms of matter evade analysis. The physicist can merely give them a name—atom, monad, or the like. All he knows is that "in the beginning," hardly calculable in its remoteness of time, the Divine Spirit put into form one of its first thoughts for the creating of this world.[2]

After six millenaries of philosophy and of the spiritual development it is difficult, to say the least, to accept such an explanation of the making and maintenance of the universe, though the explanation have been never so ingeniously brought out. We believe with a will and with a "heart"; that is, with perception, determination, and love. Our belief, germinant with the present time cycle, has been duly unfolded during the centuries of the cycle, nor is it too much to say that it has ever had the allegiance of a majority of the reverent and the righteous in the past and in the present: hence when we hear a spiritual man read the twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse, for us average minds, religiously educated, to

[1] Jos. John Murphy, Introduction to a Scientific Basis of Faith. Macmillan, London, 1873.

[2] Haeckel and his disciples, intoxicated by the vast and varied pageant of the universe, to the study of which they have devoted their lives, have elaborated by laborious degrees a set of monads, self-acting, self-organized into a primal sun, itself self-acting and amenable to its own law. In the course of many eons other suns were thrown off from the original one, and human personalities emerged, graded from the dullest digger of clods to such beings as Aristotle, Homer, Socrates, Leibnitz, Gladstone, each and all composed of monads whose law and attributes of intelligence, will, judgment, affection, virtues, and vices, are to be considered as monad action, manifestations of primal, material energy. Ernest von Haeckel, Riddle of the Universe, *passim*. Translated by Jos. McCabe. Harper & Brothers, 1901. For a discussion of Haeckel's and other modern rationalistic theories, see Beliefs of Unbelief, by W. H. Fitchett, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York, 1908.

abandon our faith for a theory, a novelty, however garnished with fancy and learning it may be, is hardly possible. The character of Jesus is an enigma to the rationalist. He is a noble teacher, an enthusiast or, more accurately, he is a group of atoms which exerted great power over other groups of atoms. Haeckel has unearthed a Jewish tradition which avers that Pandarus, a Greek, was the father of Jesus. One has, then, to choose between the dead, buried, for a moment unearthed tradition, and the gospel which has been received as authentic and has sustained and vitalized millions on millions of the human segregations of atoms. Between the groups of atoms which work for good and those which work evil, one has ever to choose. Of such a system, *cui bono?* The inclusiveness of the Christian system, as contrasted with the exclusiveness of the materialist theory, is also to be considered. The one has to do with the things which are seen; the other includes with these the realm supersensible, with its hopes and aspirations. The one excludes all but the visible pageant of nature, and denies the validity of the portion of our being which has also been developed by graded growths through thousands of years.

Force has not yet been defined in terms scientific, but to the average mind it presents itself as stated above: a power put forth by a Person, human or more than human, upon things animate or inanimate, things evident or non-evident to the senses. It may be indirect, as it is perceived in the motions of the realm of nature, or it may be direct—"the tireless might of the Father."[1] The physicists hypothesize, as we know, a substance to which we give the name ether; impalpable, imponderable, elastic, in and above our atmosphere, filling all space, possessing great power of permeation, and of an apparently resistless quality. In the invisible ether lie the solar systems of the universe as the islands and continents of earth lie in the oceans. Folded about by the ether envelope, the universe is shown by spectrum analysis as a unity in substance, subject to one system of law. It shows also a round of serial processes similar to those observed in our realm of nature. A continuous future is indicated by all phenomena. Even the worlds outworn, "dead," seem to be waiting a renewal, or to suggest relations of themselves

[1] Clement of Alexandria. Clark, Ante-Nicene Library, vol. ii, p. 392.

to the systems to which they belong. By intermingling movement they are probably again to take part in the general scheme of life. There is advance produced by periodicities. In reality there are no disconnections in the links. Augustine hinted at this sixteen centuries ago when he wrote, "Nothing returns to nonexistence,"[1] and Heraclitus, a thousand years before Augustine, wrote: "Life is eternal flux. Being is ever becoming."[2] "Nature's changes are all exchanges."[3] Matter, then, being indestructible, its informing animus, the feeling that beams in a smile, the purity that shines in the candid eyes of a maiden, the manliness that is expressed in the high bearing of the young man, these must equal in duration the substance which invests them. It is hardly comprehensible that the thoughtfulness and love which found expression in a letter long put by and cherished should be less enduring than the paper and ink of the letter itself. We perceive that an animated entity exists in nature in successive forms, of which the first and the last are widely contrasted. An eagle is first a cell, or aggregation of cells, within an egg shell. It grows to gaze on the sun and to float above the clouds, to fall in swift security to levy tribute on lesser creatures of its kind in the period of its strength and power. Egg existence, with its sequent grades of life, implies a persistence, a going onward, ever new conditions, and in changed forms. Aristotle, Newton, La Place, and all lesser intelligences existed individually as cells before birth, and passed through the subsequent developments of our mortal term. A future is signified in such phenomena, and a hint of the resurrection. "We all are changed by still degrees." We perceive, then, in the world of nature, as a whole, change of form and phase, serial rounds, and "ever-becoming" in continuity[4], permanence of substance, that is, indestructibility, our planet with all it produces may perish as

[1] Migne, Opera Omnia, vol. i, chapter vii. 1350.

[2] This noble but obscure philosopher held to an ether whose purest form is soul or spirit. The senses perceive the phenomena of nature, but the senses need direction from the inner wisdom, which recognizes, as they cannot, the laws of the universe. The mind, soul, spirit, is immortal. Here, in brief, is the summary of the later contention between the material evolutionists and the Christian philosophers, Henry Drummond and others, opposed to them. Johnson's Cyclopædia Art., "Heraclitus." 1873.

[3] Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Physical Basis of Immortality, chapter iii, p. 57. Putnams, 1876.

[4] Recurrence, periodicity, and advance characterize all the geologic periods. Story of the Earth and Man, Sir John Dawson. New York, Harpers, 1887, p. 178.

such in some distant eon, when the sun has burned himself out. The future of a dead planet is not as yet clearly known, but if it remain dead, it will disintegrate, will fall in fragments through space, and will lodge upon some sphere or spheres where it will again pass through the metamorphoses of the previous time cycle. What we know of the amount of heat liberated in the universe justifies the conclusion that the universe is ever perpetuating itself. Three thousand years ago the Psalmist wrote: "The heavens . . . shall wax old; . . . as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed." The late representative Agnostic of England held to a belief in immortality as inferred from the persistence, the constancy, of nature.[1] This small planet, then, our home for a span of years, is running its course. It is at present in its period of approaching maturity, and will enter on its period of decay; but it is not to lose its place and entity among the starry hosts; the

> Wheels of splendor,
> Whirled ever in their orbits,
> Along the Godlight, by his quickening touch.

With the Morning Star it sings:

> I wind in orbits smooth and white,
> With that intense rapidity!
> Around, around,
> I wind and interwind,
> While all the heavens about me spin!
> Stars, planets, suns, and moons dilating broad,
> Then flash together in a single sun,
> And wind and wind in one;
> And as they wind, I wind—around, around,
> In a great fire I almost take for God![2]

The modes of transition, the behavior in certain conditions of crystals, for example, is one of the myriad wonders of the

[1] The sidereal heavens show a continually recurring birth, growth, and death; a periodic succession of the following cosmo-genetic conditions: (1) the forming of a germ world from incandescent gases; (2) its condensing into a rotating mass of apparently liquid fire; (3) the casting off at the equator zone of rings which round themselves into planet spheres; (4) the forming of a sun whose planets revolve around it, each at a given distance; (5) the falling of frozen moons from the planets, and the falling of dead planets back upon the suns; (6) the collision of two spent suns; (7) by the falls and collisions heat is generated, raising nebulæ again to incandescence, and renewing thus the cycle of the life of sun and planet. Haeckel, Riddle, etc., pp. 372–3.

[2] E. B. Browning, Drama of Exile. "Song of the Morning Star" (adapted).

natural world. "Crystals are alive," say those who study them. Invisible particles, globulites in compact groups, united as if directed by an intelligent purpose—the Earth-spirit of the ancient Greeks; the spirit that stirs to life in her products and offspring.[1] These globulites combine in a thousand varied figures of accurate proportions, complex models of elaboration and symmetry. If the crystal structures are injured the globulites in due time direct themselves toward a rebuilding of it. Cycle after cycle may elapse ere the renewed crystal emerges from its wreckage, re-formed, reflecting the light of the upper regions, when it is brought out of the depths, the lower parts of the earth in which the long process is curiously wrought. What is more, the globulites form themselves after one fashion in the interior and after another fashion on the exterior in related lines of direction. Carbon, crystallizing into diamonds, assumes a form derived from the cube quartz, and takes the shape of a six-sided prism. Each crystallizing substance adheres to its particular form, or set of forms. With the exception of crystals, minerals are amorphous. In such activities, crystals simulate the well-directed energy of living organisms. It would seem that a storage of force so persistently active must proceed from a Force of power and duration far beyond our capacity to perceive. So, too, certain botanists are of opinion that one or more species of vegetable organism shows little, if any, evidence of a principle of inherent decay. In the preserving cold of the arctic regions are lichens, lowly growths, whose term of life is measured at eighty years and upward. In arctic and subarctic latitudes the pine tree matures at five hundred and thirty years of age. The English cemetery yew lifts its pointed top unimpaired after a thousand years' growth, and certain of our California Sequoia Gigantea were two thousand years old when the Son of Mary was born in Bethlehem. One of the trees, still living and vigorous, is believed to be eight thousand years old. Noticeable among the lower animate organisms is the "potentially immortal" Protozoön Heterometer, of the order Infusoria, which multiplies by fission, in some species lateral, in others longitudinal. The

[1] For a modern restatement of this concept, see Mrs. Browning's Drama of Exile, *passim*: spirits of organic and inorganic nature; spirits of the earth and of the waters; of the trees and of the flowers; of the beasts and of the birds.

multiplication is rapid, the original protozoön remaining ever fresh and vigorous.[1] These protozoa are devoured as food by organisms of a higher order, but apparently are not otherwise subject to death. The earth itself was an entity, a solid mass, if we may trust the averments of certain physicists, something like fourteen millions of years gone by,[2] and the stone trap of our earth crust is believed by accredited geologists to be two million years old. Such extensions of time lead the thought to endless sequence of it, that is, into eternity, and eternity, according to the generally accepted way of thinking, must be linked with life, and eternal life is immortality. Time, we have to remember, is a series of fractions, measurements of a portion of eternity.

Among the congeries of mysteries and marvels evident in the realm in which we are set is there anything more inscrutable, though clearly the result of a series of intentions or thoughts, than the many thousand fringed, gemlike atolls of the southern seas? Scattered over an equatorial belt some eighteen hundred miles wide, they lie in coronets, oval, annular, horseshoe, stirrup, or shuttle shape, some of them with curvilinear outlying additions, placed like a setting of pearls around a diamond; in one instance linked like the links of a chain which is hung from a peg, in other instances decorative groups of reefs whose foundations rest on the earth floor of the ocean. They who first beheld these garlands of verdure laid by a viewless Hand upon the opalescent seas, with what emotions of awe and astonishment, with what a sense or artistic design, of cosmic beauty, were they moved! Darwin, and after him John Murray, attempted an explanation of their upbuilding by the labors of the coral polyps—tiny creatures, some of invisible dimensions—but neither those eminent men nor any others have as yet discovered the secret of their structure. Why should polyps lay their foundations on the rims of possible submarine crater crests when elsewhere they shape long, projecting reefs like that great barrier which girds for

[1] For some evidence of the indestructibility of blood fibrin, see Intimations of Eternal Life, by Caroline Leighton. Lee & Shepard, 1891, pp. 36–38.

[2] The four geologic periods—the primary, secondary, tertiary, post-tertiary or quaternary—according to the reckoning of certain geologists amount to forty-eight million years. The estimates of the earth's age vary from fifteen million to two hundred and seventy million years. Haeckel, Riddle, etc., p. 270.

eleven hundred miles the northeastern coast of Australia? How is it that the seaward faces of their works slope invariably at a given angle, and that the line of direction of all reefs and atolls, as first laid on the sea floor, is continued ten feet, more or less, above the hightide level of the sea surface? How is it that the foundation craters, if such there be, are curvilinear? How explain the deposits from the central fires being laid in such fashion, as from the cup of a huge candle? The polyp structures are two hundred thousand years in building,[1] and to these we must add a third hundred thousand for rendering them incomparably beautiful homes for human kind, and for the "half souls," gentle leaping creatures and birds of brilliant plumage. After all this prolonged toil, this embodying of creative thought, is the human personality, the final work of the Creator, to perish for all time, leaving less trace of itself than the polyp has left—extinguished as the flame of a candle is extinguished when it is blown upon? The archetypal Artist bestows, as we know, on the lowliest of his work the utmost of finish. As a response to our æsthetic perception, what variety of invention, what lavishness of form and color has he set in array in the Utile cum Dulce; *cum lauto, praeclaro, gratoque!* It would appear that he tints and tones for his pleasure as well as for ours. Curious sands, stones, gems, subterranean mosses, insects, plumage gorgeous and variegated, are placed beneath the earth, on the floors of ocean, in desert wastes and forest solitudes, scattered like sketches and pictures awaiting a collector and a gallery for exhibition. Under the lens

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[1] The coral polyp appears in the Silurian Age, Paleozoic Period; and is outranked in priority only by the Crustacea and the Protozoa. These last are nearly, if not quite, coeval with limestone; and this occurs in the Lawrentian strata of the Eozoic Period, the foundation of the earth crust. We thoughtlessly use the earth surface, little recking how much of its substance and shaping we owe to our humble kindred the Protozoa and the Diatoms, whose labors have given the name Cretacean to the latest period of the Mesozoic Age, and who have laid the vast chalk foundations of the five great continents. The chalk beds of south England attain in places to a thickness of a thousand feet. Deposits of this material extend from Ireland to the Crimea, a length of one thousand one hundred and forty miles; and from southern France to Sweden, eight hundred and forty miles. Such deposits are extensive also in Asia, Africa, and the two Americas. (Story of the Earth and Man, Sir John Dawson. Harpers; 1887, p. 226.) It is to these lowly creatures with the coral polyps that we owe the configuration of perhaps a fourth or a third of our earth surface, and of the sea floors. Their deposits are found in the Alps, the Himalayas, the Andes, and on many lesser ranges. For a probable hundred million of years they have been coworkers, so to speak, with the divine Architect, overlaying and decorating the floors and earth surfaces of our planet.

of the microscope minute organisms, soft as the egg of a shad roe, show fifteen geometric planes, each overlaying the other in singular complexity of arrangement. The wonders revealed by the microscope are scarcely less than those of the sidereal heavens as revealed by other lenses. The wings of certain moths and butterflies, for example, under a powerful microscope, show forty-two million—at least we are instructed to accept this number—of brilliantly tinted scales to the square inch. If the scales number not above one million, there would seem, to persons not accustomed to microscope work, abundant reason for doubting the statement; but if such largeness of labor, such expenditure of thought, is lavished, as if for very pleasure, without effort, on creatures whose glimmer of consciousness lasts but for a summer, what beauty of body, mind, and soul, may not belong to us, who are the final result of the cosmic purpose as related to this earth; us in whom the creative Wisdom has its delight; us who, being made a little lower than the angels, are crowned with honor!

What has been designated as the glad or sportive activity, the "play impulse," of the Divine Energy is noticeable in certain merry little creatures such as the rabbit, the squirrel, the paroquet, whose gaiety is a condition rather than a mood.[1] Such were

> Bold to add
> A word to God's, and when his work was full,
> To "Very good," responded "Very glad."

Notwithstanding the somber side of nature, inclusive of its sentient life, we can with difficulty escape from the impression that all such life was made for happiness; still less can we, or would we, put by the hopes that all such life may attain to happiness in some future when we who are human shall accord ourselves with the divine, and when what appears discordant in the visible realms shall be adjusted and explained.

Noticeable among the remarkable works of the present period is Ernest von Haeckel's Art Forms in Nature[2] (Kunst Formen

[1] We may include also the young of nearly all creatures.

[2] The collection is an abridgment from fifty volumes, containing three thousand plates; the pictorial record of the sea harvest gathered by the scientific expedition of the Challenger in 1872–6, in southern seas. The larger work contains some thirty thousand examples of organisms hidden in the ocean, most of them unknown to man till the above date.

in Die Natur), a serial collection of some ninety plates illustrating the lower forms of life, more especially of sea life. They represent in all upward of a thousand sea creatures of surpassing variety, symmetry, and complexity, all so inwrought and overlaid with plane upon plane of outlines, angles, whorls, curvilinear forms, bud designs, stars, rays, lances, placed at precise angles the one from the other that he who scans the plates is bewildered at the exhibition collected at the end of millenaries and cycles for his instruction and edification.[1] There is no decorative art, whether textile or of metal, stone, gems, wood, leather, or lace, that has not been copied, wittingly unwittingly, from these divine creations. Many of these latter, semisolid, gelatinous, or shell-inclosed, retain wavelike contours. All the shell forms retain the crimpled or longer wave outline, and the sea tints, iridescent, identical with the hues of the prism and the spectrum. Among the smaller fungi are designs suggestive of bulbs for electric lights Species of the medusæ show shields crossed and striated with spear heads, disks fringed with a dense serpentine coil. Similar to these are the Ophiodæ, serpentine star forms, imitating in coils the more developed ophidian creatures. In these, or next to these, and in the presentation of bats, we perceive an initial of the idea of beauty. The earliest reptiles of land and sea have no hint of it, but the slightly advanced suggest it, mingled with the grotesque, the horrid, in some instances even with the hideous. Beauty has its development through many cycles. There are as yet, however, but few examples of absolute, complete beauty, though an approach to it has been presented in a few pictures and a few statues.[2] The Ammonitidæ, Echidnidæ, Diatomaceæ, Desmidiaceæ, in elaboration of decorative surfaces, would distract a designer of ornament in the precious metals, or the precious stones. The last two orders, and other unicellular ones among the Algæ, are packed by the

[1] The formative period of invertebrates may date back forty million years.

[2] In the human order the material must be flawless, clear, and even in color, quickened with intelligence, with love and spiritual perception; with these, refinement and purity in every plane of the skin surface; emanations of virtues and graces from the whole. Heinrich Hoffman's five portfolios illustrative of the life of Jesus in Palestine, for an approach to absolute human beauty, are equaled only—if equaled they are—by the Transfiguration, the Sistine Madonna, one Madonna by Fra Bartolomeo, and one or two compositions by Francia and Palma. Other ideals remain beckoning before us, approachable, but unattainable.

million in each cubic inch of their deposits. A species of Radioliria the size of a grain of sand is fashioned in a polygonal crystal form of several planes, the whole spiked with fifteen delicate, elaborated lances. Hydroids that would barely cover a pencil point are shaped like a flowering Hyacinth, Bryozoa, moss organisms, vegetable in form but possessing a degree of capacity for motion, show web and lace decoration indescribable save in a copy. The silicious sponges are balloon-shaped in a dozen variations, and are lavishly furnished with curled tendrils. No exhibition of hand work could surpass, hardly could it favorably compare with, that of the thousand lovely little creatures who have lived their happy, hidden lives far beneath the waters, eon after eon, through perhaps a hundred million years, known only, till of late, to Intelligences superior to us, whose home is in a realm beyond our seeing. The Cysteoidea, bottle-shaped creatures, with streamers, tassels, or fringes, as the case may be, suggest various forms of decorative Oriental flasks and lanterns, but richer in decoration than any fabrication of human hands. Certain of the Rotatoria suggest vases filled with fernlike, feathery sprays, or a polygonal pagoda. The Bryozoa, tiny moss creatures, suggest tiles and mosaics. Among a dozen other orders we mention a species of Siphonophoræ shaped like an India truncated turret, decorated with fruits, and draped with close-curled tendrils, the whole supported by a spiral vine, and all so lavish, a mystery at once animal and vegetable, that one can but gaze upon it in mute amazement.

The nebulous trains of some comets are sixty million miles long. Light, traveling a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, is still on its way through the measureless heavens to our little earth from worlds created in some remote past. The nearest fixed star is twenty-one millions of miles distant from our sun. The leading English astronomer, Professor Kapleyn, calculates that the radium of the universe from its possible center is expressed by the figures eighteen with sixteen ciphers appended. From stars of the sixth magnitude light has been traveling toward our earth from a thousand and forty-two to two thousand seven hundred years; two thousand years are required for the transmission of light to us from the most distant star yet discovered,

a star which shows itself in the telescope merely as a faint glimmer, a dim spark, scarcely noticeable. More than this, it is told that the light of certain suns, still on its silent traject, requires two million years for its reaching our lenses. When, on some red letter day for astronomers, the rays from those spheres shall reach us new solar systems will be announced, and with lauds and pæans place will be accorded them on the sidereal charts. We, too, of the plain people in this period, like Kepler, may faintly think some of the thoughts of God. The discoveries made in the illimitable areas of the countless solar systems of the empyrean upper ether, the magnitude and brilliancy of the orbs, the inconceivable distances, the tremendous primordial primal forces, ceaseless in their outgoings and ongoings—no created mind lower than that of the seraph and the cherub, can take full cognizance of them. Through all the historic centuries,

> Thoughtful men have bent their spacious brows
> Upon the storm and strife seen everywhere,

tracing the elusive motions of the heart of a lost angel who vexes the spirits of all human kind, or to render the quest by another phrase, endeavoring to account for the somber aspects, the glooms, of nature and the defects of man. The earth itself, though in much of its fashioning fitted for the home of man, is as yet but partially so fitted, and for but a partially developed humanity. It has many waste places, abominations of desolation, waiting for transformation. Venomous reptiles and ravenous beasts seek their prey. Many plants are poisonous to man and beast. Rent by convulsions, like Chronos of old, our trembling earth devours her children. The tornado, the cyclone, the simoon destroy the long-wrought, carefully devised work of men, and lay them lifeless in the dust. In our pains, our manifold griefs, neither earth, wave, nor sky is moved to sympathy. We lie down in the darkness and waken with the sunrise, wondering that the resplendent realm around us gives no sign of sharing in our sorrows, no lightening of the burden of our sins. None the less, in our normal hours, our periods of natural adjustment to our surroundings, we are elated by the pageant of earth, air, sea, and sky; the verdure brilliant with dew and gemmed with flowers of every hue is grateful

to our eyes. We are warmed with gratitude, remembering the nourishment provided day by day for all animate creatures, and we feel a power within us equal to the enduring of every calamity possible to this life, if so be that our hearts and minds shall be kept in unison with Him who "in wisdom" has made, or who, at least, has permitted the existence of things as they are, and as they are to be. The solemn silence of the hills, the sweet surprises of the woods, the forest aisles sheltering innocent winged creatures who in their flights and returns seem to be germ types of angelhood, the valley enfolding peaceful homes, lighten our cares, soften our griefs, and relieve us of ourselves. Happy are they who can abandon for a season the daily round and surrender themselves to restorative influences in bower or garden, by stream or cascade, in summer respite from their toil. Hill and mountain, vale and meadow, bower and stream, bear the sign manual of the cosmic Artist. The constancy of nature, in her recurring seasons and growths, gives us a sense of security, a confidence, gaiety, and buoyancy for the treading of our appointed paths. "Shall the orbit of the star be laid out, and the hip joint of the locust be so set that he can make music for himself through the sultry night, and the blows which fall on the soul of man fall haphazard, fortuitously?" The order and symmetry indicated in every specimen of the Kunst Formen is equally manifest in every object of the animate creation; equally, too, in every object—crystals, stones, snow, sand, etc.—of the inanimate creation. The universe has been made and is ruled over by a Mind of inviolate order, symmetry and beauty. We may safely apprehend the divine sufficiency in a system of things too vast for our comprehension, but which we, nevertheless, feel assured to be good. We are in an orderly universe with Infinite Perfection directing it. We can trust the sovereign Director.

Wm. H. S. Robinson.

Art. VI.—THE CORONATION OF HUNGER

A new dramatic literature, dramatic at least in spirit, is now occupying ground long preëmpted by Shakspeare. It has come silently, flaunting its standard. It is modern, yet on closer view it seems to have sprung from the far past into the midst of this generation. In its semblance of truth it is pretentious, and there is a sense in which its tragic ideal is superseding that of our bard of Avon. Sympathetic and powerful as is the portrayal of Œdipus and Antigone, their story has always held, until recently, a factor decidedly alien to the Christian consciousness. That element is fate. With us the key to the tragic always rests in personality. There is and can be no doom to human life apart from its own essential character. External force may bring a man misfortune, but his self-consciousness may in the midst of his pain save him from tragedy and, indeed, find for him on the very field of desolation an environment in which the sublime may be achieved. But with Œdipus there was no obliquity of moral will. His pathetic mishaps arrayed against him spiritual powers whose vengeful punishments were not penalty, never could be penalty. The forces to which he succumbed were not those of the moral world. In that world he intentionally did no wrong. The real hero defies such forces as overwhelmed the son of Laius. Hear Pascal: "Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies, and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him." On that ground Shakspeare stands. Richard III and Desdemona are not, with him, in the same category. The morally debauched king by his very villainy wrought his own undoing. Desdemona, on the other hand, shines in her lustrous purity while the Moor's hands are clinched upon her throat. Shakspeare, not Sophocles, has furnished us the standard of the tragic. But the old Fates are again among us. Life is again con-

ceived as the prey of the external. It is in the hands of circumstance. It is the plaything of whimsical but relentless forces. The place of personality, in its drama, has been reduced to the minimum. Destiny has been rechristened. Its name is not soul, nor will, it is legion of influences compacted in heredity and combined with environment. According to the program of Comte we are in the age of science, yet, verily, the grip of times mythological is upon us and the accent is elsewhere than upon the human. There is the vast cosmic order with its chill, there is the resistless pressure of the long past, there is the transient event loaded heavily against the individual—then, presto! his movements and his ends are as securely determined as were ever those of the Greek tragedy. Our great dramatist has proved untrue and has lost his claim to immortality. Now human consent is not asked. Human responsibility is not assumed. There is no righteous penalty, for the royal forces are the characterless ones of nature. Fiction in some of its developments sounds this as its gospel: "For this purpose are heredity and environment manifested, that they might destroy honor, truth, love, and righteousness." And it has come to pass that a school of scientists have adopted, with their own interpretation, the heartrending cry of Augustine: "Thou hast counseled a better course than thou hast permitted." But a new interpretation of life has not finality in the simple fact of its newness. A protest must submit itself to critical inquiry. The reaction may follow the immemorial custom of overemphasis, and, in consequence, necessitate another stating of the case. The point where those theories break is in their lack of inclusiveness. Neglected outlying facts insist on asserting themselves and wrecking any principle that failed to include them. Nothing can be winked out of reckoning. If the world is too large for our formulated system, we must revise and enlarge our conceptions. With this in mind we ask if current systems of thought have not omitted some factors. Sometimes the passion for orderliness leads scholars to exclude facts that require to be reckoned with. This is not a meager and grim world, easily classified, catalogued, and explained. There is opulence, copiousness everywhere. Such abundance greatly embarrasses life. It complicates its problems. Gov-

ernment, morality, religion, pure thought are at their wits' end. Russia has had periods of fitful peace, but never yet in comradeship with exuberance of national life. Puritanism as a historic movement or as a present temper is timid before the largeness and the throb of things. The Puritan has always lacked confidence in human nature, and has sought to save it by building fences around it, hedging it in from large areas of the beautiful and the pleasing. Life is not considered adequate to the stress of the too large and complex. It chooses the simple as the safe. It appears, however, that intellectualism has lost all fear, and is casting its net over all stars and enmeshing every fact of the cosmos. It does its comprehensive work under a spirit and form that may almost by styled "Russian monism." By very name it has unity. But what a unity! Under the fire and sword of its principle the peace attained is unholy, for it is the enforced wedlock of the sacred and the bestial. No, no! The laudable effort for unity and orderliness is never to be realized by impoverishing the world's rich variety. Leave the world as it is. Our friends, the scientific realists, have furnished too easy a solution of the problem of life. Heredity and environment cover a wide area but they omit a very important something. Shakspeare and Jesus, with their conception of personality, convince and grip us.

The very partialness of a theory dooms it. Malthus omitted something in his economic scheme for man. He prophesied ill for the workingman; he proved that the working classes would multiply up to the starvation point. Had man been just a man-animal, that might have been true, but he is a man-man, and it is false. Robert Louis Stevenson was invited to write a criticism of Lord Byron for the Encyclopedia Britannica. His manuscript was rejected on the ground that, while he had properly recounted the sensuous and gross in the poet, he had failed to credit him with the finer qualities of emotion and thought on which his fame would rest. Stevenson accepted the judgment with this musing: "How much easier it is to write of the feet of clay than of the head of gold!" With unutterable pain Romanes accepted a godless evolution until he discovered that it failed to account fully for just one fact—man. And we contend that the startlingly complex

phenomena involved in heroic moral personalities are not to be sacrificed for the sake of a superficial explanation. "Heredity" and "environment" are large words but they fail of completeness. Man is not explained in the mere enumeration of the forces that have played upon him. He is not a finished product. And this, not because the past has not been rich in the quantity and quality of its influences. It is owing to the very structure of his inner life.

> Man knows partly, but conceives beside,
> Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
> And in this striving, this converting air
> Into a solid he may grasp and use,
> Finds progress; man's distinctive mark alone,
> Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are,
> Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

He is in the making. His past may have been splendid, he may have "dented deep footprints in historic clay," yet no estimate that is final can ever be put upon him if it leaves out of reckoning his hopes, his prophetic hunger of soul, those appetencies that perpetuate in him the sublime audacity of the Hebrew who would climb to "the secret place of the Most High." Cells and history, then, do not, either singly or in combination, speak the "open sesame" before the mysteries of personality. There are two voices whose messages affect powerfully the destiny of man; one of them speaks from the past, the other is the cry of his own spirit unto the future. Strange it is that the future which we have not yet sighted is through our heart-yearning touching our characters with shaping fingers. The todays and the yesterdays have no monopoly in the building of life. Man is not pushed and thrust along by a past more than he is summoned by a future. To heredity and environment we must add a third force—that of hunger.

May we legitimately give such honor to one of the most delightful of sensations, that gentle and agreeable stimulus, that feeling linked with instinct and sometimes passing out into the agonizing, the terrible? Yet hunger is the necessary outfeeling, outlooking, outpressing of life in order to its maintenance and fulfillment. In some form it is in the lichen; in some, in the

archangel. Someone has painted this picture: "The face is lividly pale, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes—O, what an expression in the eyes! never to be forgotten by those who have once seen it! All the vitality of the body seems to be centered there in feverish brightness; the pupil is dilated, and the eye is fixed in a wild stare which is never veiled by the winking lids. How plainly it all says, 'I am hungry!'" Nor will we forget that this body that hungers is not mere flesh. It is a literature, an assembly of hints to life in still higher quality. And, verily, this primary sensation is found to belong to thought and love! The path of David Livingstone into the far and fatal wilds of Africa was not predetermined by heredity and environment. He knew no compulsion save that of the yearning hunger of love. Yesterdays and todays have no monopoly in building life. The tomorrows that contain the very resources that match our hunger summon and fulfill us. Paul's past could hardly keep pace with him while he ardently pressed on to know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering. Longfellow's "Excelsior" was not so much designed as a minute and carefully-drawn portrait of a youth with a banner as it was to signify the deep human impulse for progress and the vision of the ideal to be won. Its structure is half flimsy and its development is lacking in genuine movement; it is verse, not poetry, yet its message is true to the structure of the soul. It is haunting and will survive. Aristotle contended that man was unintelligible except as he was viewed in the light of his "end," his type toward which his potentialities pointed. The youth who climbs, and strives, and shouts his "Excelsior," is but giving the appetencies of his nature opportunity to claim their own. In that somewhat extravagant history of his dead and much-loved dog, Maeterlinck recounts in fascinating prose the speed with which the animal, packed with instincts, finished his education; and about one thing, interesting to us as fact, and as symbol of the eternal forever calling to our heads and hearts, he writes: "The dog glances at the sky which he is soon done with, for he finds it uninteresting, as there is no food in it." In meaningful contrast with that listen to these lines from Browning:

I crossed a moor with a name of its own,
And a certain use in the world, no doubt;
Yet a handbreadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about.
For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

That single feather, with its message from the far heights above him, probed his soul and kindled his aspirations more than the empty miles of ground upon which he might tread were capable of doing. *There* is a large part of the difference between the man and the dog. Evolution and modern psychology have been closing into gaps the wide gulfs that once separated them. Their permanent and infinitely significant difference lies in their hungers, which, translated into the vogue of philosophy, is their capacity to form ideals. So Plato was right in his contention that what one loves is of more importance than what one knows; what one wants to do, is interested in doing, than what one has done. And in so defining man it must be gratifying to the religious thinker to find his world of spirit, of the good and true, is not unrelated to that whole in specific portions of which other scholars are working. All, through hypothesis, hunger, and faith, are urging on in order to crown human life and this universal frame with rationality, to discover the satisfying food of human life. Spinoza lived upon six cents a day, declined a professorship that would have brought him $5,000 a year, ostracized himself from society, lived as a plain boarder in a humble home and worked himself to death at the age of forty-four—and all to find the principle on which this vast system of things could become a cosmos. It was a consuming intellectual craving. Roosevelt is not a mere piler up of work, a mere meddler in every interest between our coasts; he is lured by the agreeable vision of harmony in the lumpy and crude material of our industrial and political and social world, and he pants after this as the hart panteth after the water brook. It is not to be forgotten, then, that the prophetic outreaching of soul that appears to some to furnish the very font and source of religion is easily observable elsewhere than in the supposedly

mystical regions of faith. Drummond was wrong only in the title of his really great book. There is a closer kinship between the natural and the spiritual than has yet been found. The thirsting of the heart for God is, as one of the phenomena of life, freed from that isolation and uniqueness that subjects the field of religious inquiry and toil to special criticism. Man's spirit is crying for life as otherwheres it cries for truth. The rise of religion is not farther to seek than the rise of philosophy when this profound impulse of our nature, this soul-compelling force, is noted. Religion is not imposed upon life. No external authority has decreed it for man. It springs from his own nature and perfectly complements it; it is the soul's expression of its ideal. So it will be forever impossible to declare just how much the yearning heart has found and just how much is the gift of God outright; and it does not matter. The tunnels projected from opposite sides of the vast mountain range meet accurately somewhere under the peaks, and history demonstrates how accurately God's truth and grace in Christianity meet the cry of universal humanity. This genuine idealism, this heavenward working of life, warm but never swamping us in emotionalism, full of thought yet never losing itself in intellectuality, holds in it the crown and consummation of life. The ideal is the very engine of human progress, for in its presence the restlessness and discontent of hunger are upon man. His spirit grows because and in so far as it cannot be satisfied. The beasts are doomed to remain beasts because they are contented with their food and general conditions. It is man's glory never to know enough, never to be enough, never to do enough. The superb initiative is in himself. With Tennyson's dragonfly it was "an inner impulse rent the veil of his old husk," and with man it is the same. He is limited in his faculties but unlimited in his aspirations, undivine in power but divine in passionate outreaching. And herein is his interpretation.

The order of the universe reverses the explanation commonly offered in evolution. In the evolutionary method there is a persistent effort to compass and explain the larger in the less and in the still smaller in the decreasing series. The visible product is one thousand, but in some way this must be made to disappear in

nine hundred and ninety-nine, which in turn must be found in nine hundred and ninety-eight, and so on until the integer, one, is reached out of which the whole process was spun. This is explanation? The meaning of the universe is only found in its last work. The Romanticists were right in their conclusion that the world expresses itself intelligibly only in man. And man is understood only in the higher ranges of his desires. One Sunday evening an Atlantic voyager devoted himself to the study of a certain chapter in Darwin's Descent of Man. Dedicated to all truth but heavy of heart, he waded through that story of beginnings as conceived by the great scientist. He followed the long list down and grew to look upon very humble forms as his progenitors, upon his lungs as modified swim-bladders and upon the place of his origin as some tide-washed shore. He wrote: "I retired to rest, almost dismayed. The majestic industry, the massive patience, the colossal induction was not to be gainsaid. But as I lay awake in my cabin I heard presently the burst of an organ, and voices went over the star-lit sea in chants and hymns. The vast ship was rushing along twenty miles an hour and I could see through the little window of the porthole the water cut into white swaths of foam. What words were those? 'Lead, kindly Light!' 'There is a green hill far away.' Then I felt that the question is not what man may have been but what he is; not what he is like but what he can do; not what organisms have been employed in molding his body but what they have become." It is much for us that as a race we are an hungered.

Arthur W. Stalker

Art. VII.—FRENCH LIGHT ON THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS SITUATION

During a visit to France in July, 1908, I took occasion to interview representative men interested in religion to get their judgment of the causes, motives, effects, etc., of the recent disestablishment of the Roman Catholic Church, and of the general religious condition of the country. Though there was nothing private in the communications of those who kindly favored me with their views, I do not feel at liberty to publish their names, as I asked, in the first place, only for my own information and not for publication. But it has occurred to me that these authoritative testimonies ought not to be denied to a wider public. I accurately reproduce the substance of what my informants said.

Canon of a cathedral in a provincial city: "The state does nothing to support the church; they are absolutely separate. The former is actuated by animosity; it is *against* the church. The legislators are largely Freemasons and infidels. We must support ourselves, and the Catholics here are responding finely. In some places, as in Lyons, our people are very backward and worldly. The Pope forbade the formation of the worship associations, therefore we have not formed them. So we use our churches only by sufferance. The state simply allows us to go on. But we cannot tell when a change will come, as the state hates us. We are hoping for the best, and trust that God will bring good out of evil."

The Paris correspondent and agent of a leading foreign journal: "The movement for the separation of church and state was necessary and wholesome. Formerly the monastic orders and the church were against the state; the latter put a stop to that. Now the church can attend to its own affairs; therefore religion is more sought after, more people attend church, they give their means to support the church, and everything is healthier and better. Formerly the people held off because the state supported the church; now the people themselves support it. It is not true that the government is against the church or against Christianity; it is simply against

control of the state by the church. Of course there are individuals who are against religion. There are Freemason lodges here which have expunged all references to God from their rituals; but there are also lodges of Freemasons which have not, but are in communion with the lodges in England and America. The former kind of lodges are really political clubs."

Another correspondent: "Most of the educated Catholics are semi-infidels. The separation law is working well; it will benefit the church in the long run, and though the Pope has forbidden his followers to accept any terms, the government is allowing them to keep the churches, which now legally belong to the state (they had been built by kings, and so belong to the state, anyway). The inventory law was really for the church. For instance: the sexton or other ecclesiastical officer sold a church vase to some outside party; the government traced it and restored it to the church. Protestants and Jews accepted the separation law without question. Some Catholic priests live with women as their wives, and if they are faithful to them, it is allowed. An archbishop was actually married, and another in Africa was allowed to marry and live with his wife. [I cannot vouch for the truth of these statements, but only for the high character of the journalist who made them.] In matters of law for women, France moves slowly. They have no rights except as stated in the marriage contract. They cannot inherit a franc unless so stipulated. France is improving here, but it is slow work. A Frenchman married a woman in Canada, brought her to Paris, and then stole her trousseau and her money. She had no legal redress, even if she could have found him. There are thousands of licensed fallen girls and women in Paris, and many not licensed. They are allowed to solicit on the streets, but they do it politely and pass on. Do not think from this that Paris is more rotten than London, for it is not, nor than Berlin, where there are 80,000 prostitutes. The McAll Mission is the only agency which is doing anything on a large scale for French fallen girls. Other societies prevent, and provide help for girls out of work."

An educated liberal Roman Catholic layman: "Not over one tenth of Frenchmen are infidels. The great majority of French are Catholic, but in religion are indifferent. They do not go to

church but still are Catholic. The French government has deteriorated the last few years. It consists too much of irresponsible persons—lawyers without briefs, doctors without patients, etc. They have taken away the liberty of the church, have disestablished her, but not in the American sense. If they had separated church and state in the American sense, there would have been no objection. There are no monarchists in France. No one wants the Napoleonic regime back again. But the government is corrupt, sells itself for votes, and a change must come. It is supported by its numerous functionaries and employees. What about socialism in France? It also is corrupt; that is, the socialists do not do good work; they want short hours, big pay, and to control everything, which is absurd. Speaking of the separation law, it must be remembered that the history of France shows that the government has always wished to control everything, especially the church, it being believed that it was necessary to the state to do this. So now under this new law the church and its property are brought under a surveillance which to an American would seem intolerable. Will the liberal Catholics ever become Protestants? No."

A Protestant theological professor at the University of Paris: "To avoid greater evils, popular dissatisfaction, etc., the government allows the Catholic Church the use of the churches even though they have not organized the associations cultuelles, and are therefore technically outside the law. But the schools, manses, etc., have been taken from them, though in some cases relet. Since 1870 many of the Catholics, especially the clergy, have been against the republic, and the latter determined that they should not work against the state and yet receive the state's money. So they were disestablished, and also Protestant churches. The latter did not like the law very much, but accepted it, and everything goes on well. The new law has served to bind Catholics a little more closely to their church, but not in any deep, effectual way. Will there be any change in these relations, or any uprising? No. There may be administrative changes, but no change in the relation of the church to the state. Many Catholics are practically infidels, yet remain Catholics. Protestantism is not popular for historic reasons, dull service, Calvinistic theology, etc. It is not true,

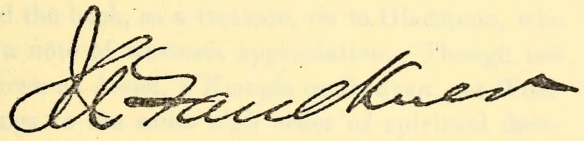
as so often asserted, that Catholics could not form associations cultuelles to suit themselves—that is, associations that would have favored their doctrine and discipline. The rights of the hierarchy were conserved. [A good deal of sawdust has been blown into the eyes of Englishmen and Americans by Catholic writers on this point. If the reader will refer to Sabatier, Disestablishment in France, New York, 1906, or his Open Letter to Cardinal Gibbons, Boston, 1908, he will find the facts.] Religious orders of nurses were allowed to remain. There is good family life in France. Of course Catholicism has encouraged immorality in a way, because it has taught that the church is the chief thing, and fidelity to her covers a multitude of sins. As to Protestantism, the Methodists, Baptists, Free Churches, etc., are doing a genuinely good work. They have not great success, but their work is excellent as far as it goes. As to the liberals and conservatives in the Reformed Church of France, these currents are intermingling. The old liberals are becoming more conservative, and there are many liberals among conservatives, especially in matters of biblical criticism. All who have studied this last subject are, as to that, liberal. [This is not true in Germany, where eminent scholars are still more or less conservative.] As to technical theology, the average Protestant is indifferent. Will Modernism have a future in the Catholic Church? No. I cannot see with Sabatier here. The Modernists will either leave or be silenced. They are excellent, pious people, but I see nothing for them in the church. Under Leo XIII Catholic students used to attend my lectures; they do so no longer, except one or two who timidly come in."

A French Wesleyan Methodist pastor: "There are some earnest and devout French Catholic clergy, others degenerated. Most Catholic laymen are practically unbelievers. The separation law was partly due to antireligious influence, but impartial as between Catholic and Protestant churches. There never will be a reaction against the present law; it will stand. Were the Catholics really disloyal toward the republic? Some, but not all. The Jesuits had educated many, especially among the aristocracy, and these were better Catholics than republicans. Catholicism in France cannot win the respect of its intelligent nominal adherents.

For instance, take the priests' attitude toward cleanliness. A Catholic girl came to us to live as a servant. We took her only on two or three conditions, of which this was one: that she must take a complete bath in warm water at least once a week. 'Impossible,' she said; 'my priest told me not to take a bath.' When she found that we were inexorable she said: 'I shall consent upon the condition that you never tell anyone in my native village.' If it were known there she would be banished for immodesty. Students in the priests' seminaries are not allowed to bathe all over during the four or five years of their course. After that they are assumed to be impervious to the appeal of the tub. The aristocratic girls in Catholic high schools are allowed to bathe once each year. Bathing is against modesty, but this much of a concession is made to cleanliness. This banning of the bath we have heard from various sources. Is it any wonder that intelligent Catholics cannot stand such religion? Their attitude may be seen in Sèailles, *Les Affirmations de la Conscience Moderne,* and in Anatole Lebras, *Le Pays des Pardonnier* [Brittany]. Some of these intelligent Catholics—even Sèailles himself—have been brought to a reasonable faith by conferences with able Protestants. One or two incidents will shed sidelight on the priests. A priest in the confessional box spoke loudly and angrily the penances which he imposed on a boy whose confession he was hearing. The next who went to the box was a woman who told the priest that he must not publish aloud his recriminations against her, as she did not want the people in the church to know what she might confess. The priest replied: 'The mother of that boy is deaf, and he is deafer still, and I have to halloo thus.' The woman said: 'That boy is mine, and he can hear perfectly, and so can I,' and she arose and left the church. Another priest told a woman who had lost a brutal, drunken husband that she ought to pay for some masses for the repose of his soul. 'He has gone,' said the woman, 'to the place where masses will do no good' (meaning hell). A few days after, the priest told her that he had been studying the matter in his books and found that even if her husband had gone to hell, a few masses would cool the flames. These are actual instances for whose accuracy we can certify. You cannot understand Catholicism in France and other

Latin countries from the conditions in America. A priest who came to us showed by his conversation and all his bearing that his education in the seminary had been most narrow, perverted, harsh. There are three synods of the Reformed Church in France," continued my courteous pastor—"the conservative, with its organ, *Foi et Vie;* the central, with its organ, *Revue Chrètienne,* and the liberal, with a weekly paper as its organ. Pastor Charles Wagner belongs to the last. Liberal sentiment is growing in Protestantism. The Catholic Modernist movement will not amount to much. It will be crushed. The priests who have come out and have formed associations cultuelles are not strong men and represent no general tendency. We Methodists have about forty native ministers in France, including the supernumeraries. The work is uphill. Last year we had a net loss of six members. France is Catholic, either convinced (about three millions) or nominal."

Thus my able and kind informants. I add no comments. but let their facts and judgments stand in their naked strength.



Art. VIII.—AN EXPLOSIVE QUAKER: JOHN WOOLMAN

Every denomination has its saints as really as Rome, though without canonization. John Woolman, an explosive Quaker, born in Northampton, New Jersey, in 1720, dying in York, England, in 1772, was one of the strong and uncalendared saints of the Society of Friends, a society particularly rich in inspiring biographies. He certainly was no ordinary man who, dwelling upon the heights of evangelical belief and life, could win the esteem of the drama-loving Charles Lamb. In the latter's essay on a Quaker Meeting he writes: "Get the Journal of John Woolman by Heart." William Ellery Channing, who also differed widely in belief from Woolman, pronounces Woolman's Journal "beyond comparison the purest and sweetest biography in the language." John Morley, to whom a copy of Whittier's Life of Woolman was sent, passed the book, as a treasure, on to Gladstone, who acknowledged it in a note of warmest appreciation. Though not so well or widely known as Assisi, à Kempis or Bunyan, yet Woolman distinctly belongs to the same high order of spiritual devotion and sweet human fellowship. In analyzing the various elements that entered into the formation of our national life ample recognition has been given to the work of the Puritan and of the Cavalier, while full justice, perhaps, has not been done to the work of the Quaker. William Penn, for instance, brought to the shores of America some very vital and wholesome mustard seeds of religious, political, and social truth, such as freedom of speech, freedom of religious views, good manners, and integrity in dealing with the natives. These seeds grew up and flourished, and had their effect in preparing the way for the Declaration of Independence. It is an interesting fact that a descendant of Penn's arrived at San Francisco, not a great while ago, from New Zealand, where, as governor of that country for seven years, he helped to put in force various legislative and humanitarian provisions which have made New Zealand one of the most advanced

communities in the world in dealing with social questions. John Woolman's influence on our national life can be traced no less distinctly.

One night Socrates dreamed that a white dove flew into his bosom and after nestling there flew abroad: the next day Plato entered his school and became one of his disciples. Such was the relation of Woolman to the poets Whittier and Lowell: they nestled in his bosom and flew abroad on wings of song with the living truths that throbbed in his heart. Whittier was, spiritually and intellectually, distinctly a child of Woolman. No other human being taught him so much or impressed him more. The notes of calm religious assurance, of human freedom, and of the sweet simplicity of life, so conspicuous in his poetry, he caught from Woolman. In his preface to the Journal, Whittier thus writes:

> From his little farm on the Rancocas he looked out with a mingled feeling of wonder and sorrow upon the hurry and unrest of the world, and especially was he pained to see luxury and extravagance overgrowing the early plainness and simplicity of his own religious Society. He regarded the merely rich man with unfeigned pity. With nothing of his scorn, he had all of Thoreau's commiseration for people who went about bowed down with the weight of broad acres and great houses on their backs.

Likewise Lowell in his Bigelow Papers has given immortal utterance to Woolman's teaching:

> Ez for war, I call it murder—
> There you hev it plain and flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my Testyment fer that.
>
> We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage.
> But John P.
> Robinson he
> Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Within his own spirit he was always calm and serene as a quiet summer evening, but unconsciously, by his life and teaching and activity, he helped lay the fuse for the most tremendous upheavals the world has known in the last century and a half. Truth is the most explosive thing in the world. A man in Indiana has recently discovered, or invented, a new explosive with an uplifting and dispersive power far beyond that of dynamite or gun cot-

ton. He calls it "Mitchellite." But truth is vastly more explosive than any chemical compound. When Martin Luther got hold of the truth, "the just shall live by faith," he lifted the whole world into a new orbit. That truth has been a mightier force in human history than the steam engine. The one deals with physical forces, the other with spiritual. That was a mighty dynamic in human affairs when Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds to the earth and introduced the era of electricity, but the Declaration of Independence, which he also signed, was a vastly greater dynamic force in human progress. Now, Woolman dealt at first-hand with eternal and epoch-making truths. He worked his way through to true and sound conclusions on certain great subjects and spent his life in the cause of their enthronement in human society. He added to his knowledge virtue, putting the full force of his manhood behind his convictions. Browning is right: the most interesting thing in this world is the history of a human soul. In no book do we find a more faithful history of a human soul than in this Journal of John Woolman. If he had been a recluse, he could not have been more frequent or fervent in communion with God; if he had been all the time among men, he could not have cared more assiduously for their good. His beneficence cannot be separated from his saintliness. In addition to the story of a true and beautiful soul—and a man's supreme achievement in life is himself—the Journal reveals Woolman's high endeavor in behalf of freedom, moderation, and justice. In relation to the first he aimed, even when as lonely as John the Baptist in the wilderness, at the total abolition of human slavery. In relation to the second, moderation, he aimed at the regulation of the individual life in reference to business, to property, and luxury. In relation to the third, justice, he aimed at a just wage to labor, a fair, brotherly, and sympathetic consideration of the toiler. The right of every human being to possess himself and direct himself, under proper moral, political, and social responsibility, the cruel passion for luxury and self-indulgence at any cost, and the just, fair rights of labor have been the storm centers of the last century and a half. Fortified iniquities, especially if they are profitable, are generally uplifted through explosions. Possibly this is one of the things Saint

Peter meant when he said that the old heavens and the old earth should go away with a great noise. Heavenly things, conceptions of spiritual things which are inadequate or false, earthly things, political institutions which rest upon a basis of falsehood and injustice—these go away with explosion, noise, and revolution. In this pathway of progress through conflict the clear, brave thinker is one of the first to lay the fuse. Such a man was John Woolman. He thought truly and profoundly and the leaven of his conviction worked widely and mightily.

Happily, we are past the point where any section of our country can incriminate another with reference to the curse of slavery. The truth is, North and South must go backward, like Shem and Japhet, mutually bearing the garment that hides the nakedness of a common ancestor. Woolman's testimony and agitation on the subject were among his own people in New England and in England, and especially in Rhode Island, where many Quakers—meek, silent, and devout saints—were deeply engaged in the slave trade on the coast of New Guinea, which was very profitable. It is said that many strangled serpents were found around the cradle of the infant Hercules. So this Christian Hercules, even in his youth, throttled the growing serpent of slavery. Curious enough, his conscience was first aroused by a white bondsman, a Scotchman, who had been brought over under indentures and who died from the effect of gross abuse and neglect. He soon became convinced that the system was wholly wrong and shook himself absolutely clear of it. He would not, even in writing a will, write the clause by which a slave passed from one owner to another. He was not easy in the home of a Quaker who held slaves unless he was a particularly kind and humane master. In such a case he bore his testimony with great sweetness. If he suspected oppression, he insisted on paying for his entertainment as he went about as an itinerant preacher. He gave up trading in sugar and molasses; in fact, gave up the use of them altogether, because of their relation to the slave labor of the West Indies. He cites, in justification of this, David's act in pouring out the water from the well by the gate of Bethlehem because it was the price of blood. He was so burdened for the enlightenment of his people upon

this subject that he made it the constant theme of testimony and conference in this country and in England. He was not a violent agitator, though he drew up a petition to the Legislature of Rhode Island on the subject, perhaps the first to be so drawn, nor did he condemn those who were kind to their slaves and who had not the light he had received. Nevertheless, he saw, even in that early day, the dark cloud hanging over the land. "The seeds of great calamity and desolation," he said, "are sown in it, and the result will be grievous to posterity." Within another century the explosion came. As to the second storm center, moderation, Woolman has much to teach. It has been the theme of poets and philosophers of all ages. "The golden mean" was the safe counsel of Aristotle, and Horace sings his sweetest lay in praise of it. For that matter, our own dramatist, Shakespeare, excels them all in proclaiming this gospel, in Troilus and Cressida:

> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
> And make a sop of all this solid globe.

Now, in these days we hear a great deal of the simple life. Charles Wagner came all the way from Paris to tell us about it. The truth is, the modern apostles of the simple life have not carried the chain a single link beyond Aristotle, Horace, or Shakespeare. The defect of the theory lies in its lack of a true ideal. There is one thing better than the simple life of wholesome self-restraint and judicious compromises, and that is the simplest life; as Woolman puts it, life under the light of the cross, realizing in all the ranges of our life the spirit and mind of Jesus Christ. The central truth of Woolman's life was the present lordship of Jesus Christ, and his one ideal the complete reorganization and direction of his life by his living, present, and mighty Lord.

The contrast between Woolman and Tolstoy is interesting also. There are many good things in Tolstoy's gospel: the dignity of labor, freedom from luxury and extravagance, sympathy, and brotherhood; all such things are good, but the defect of Tolstoy's

gospel lies in its lack of a true and sufficient dynamic. The new creation will never come by piecework; it must come, as Jesus teaches, by the inbreathing of a new spirit. At every point and moment of his life Woolman's aim was to be absolutely under the sway of spiritual ideals and spiritual forces. He was fully persuaded that only as Christ reigned on the earth, through the obedient lives of his followers, would all abuse and oppression come to an end. He aimed to permit Christ, through an enlightened conscience, to fix the limits of business, of property, of enjoyment, and of service. Obedience to spiritual conviction was the one thread upon which all the deeds of his life were strung, and this relieves them from eccentricity or vanity. Whatever tended to endanger his soul, or load his conscience, he declined. No act was of little conquence if its result might have any spiritual effect, nor would he receive profit from a transaction in which even his indirect action might do injustice.

He became troubled over the increase of his business, its profits grew far in excess of all his needs. Instead of finding delight in this it troubled him. He arranged to surrender a large part of his business to others and contented himself to work at his trade of a tailor, by which he had a sufficient income, that he might be free to give his testimony and service to suffering humanity. Becoming convinced that dyed garments ministered to pride and vanity, he determined to wear only garments of natural color. It so chanced that in that year white hats were ultra-fashionable, and so the conscientious Quaker came to the meetinghouse arrayed like a dandy. But he persisted and in a short time the fashion of the world passed away and his testimony was felt. Recently a letter on the curse of luxury was prepared and published by some of the most prominent men of England. It reads like a page from John Woolman's Journal, written more than a hundred years ago. The French Revolution, that broke out soon after Woolman's death, fulfilled his note of warning of the destructive evils of self-seeking and self-indulgence regardless of the cry of the oppressed. Indeed, it is said that some of the actors in that great drama were men who had become impressed and imbued while in America with Woolman's ideas of justice

and humanity. The truths the Quaker taught were elements in the great explosion.

No man ever walked this earth whose sympathy with its toilers was more intelligent, genuine, or tender than that of John Woolman. Like Moses of old, he went out from a position of ease and looked upon their labors, and this not as an academician, or modern kid-gloved student, that he might write about them, but that he might identify himself with them. To use his own words, he was mixed with his fellow-creatures in their misery and could not consider himself as a distinct and separate being. Holiness and humanity were the polar truths of his life. His constant aim was to love God supremely and his neighbor as himself, and his quick human sympathies enabled him to put himself in the place of the lowliest toiler. He steadily pleaded for a high ideal of distributive justice, for a fair and honest wage to labor, for proper consideration of the natural limit of human endurance, of the toiler's right to and need of leisure and recreation. He pointed out the connection between luxury and oppression and the menace in that direction. He saw that gross luxury is often the direct cause of poverty. To provide for it capital and labor are diverted from more wholesome, productive, and remunerative channels. Luxury often leads to cruelty in industrial relationships. The rich, the landlord, and the profitmaker become careless of the wrongs, suffering, and disablements of the workers. The exhausted toiler, from the very poverty of his inner life, from the hopelessness of his outer lot, falls into indifference or despair and becomes an easy victim of drunkenness and gross destructive pleasures. Woolman would begin the regulation of social disorders from within. "Universal love," he writes, "reconciles the mind to a life so plain that a little doth suffice to support it, a life of simplicity and sufficiency where the real comforts of well being are not lessened, while costly and cumbersome ways of living, involving unnecessary labor and entailing expenses that lead to covetousness and oppression, are spots on the leopard's skin, their beauty disguising the cruelty within." He foresaw and foretold the tumults that would arise from a reckless disregard of justice and humanity in the relation between capital and labor. "If," he says, "oppression be so hard to

bear that a wise man is made mad by it, we may reasonably expect that a series of it would alter the manners and behaviour of a whole people." On the fourth day of the first month in the year 1770 he wrote:

> I have seen in the light of the Lord that the day is approaching when the man that is most wise in human policy shall be the greatest fool, and the arm that is mighty to support injustice shall be broken to pieces. The enemies of righteousness shall make a terrible rattle and shall mightily torment one another, for He that is omnipotent is rising up to judgment and will plead the cause of the oppressed, and He commanded me to open the vision.

These words recall the thrilling lines of Julia Ward Howe in the "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

> Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
> He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
> He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword,
> His truth is marching on.

Let it be granted that Woolman was to some degree the victim of an overscrupulous conscience, that the world of art lay utterly beyond his horizon, that he never grasped the function of organized society in the service and progress of humanity, that he had but a scant conception of the dominant forces of the gospel in an opulent civilization; but it must be remembered that he lived in the twilight of the modern world and on the edge of a great wilderness. Nevertheless, after all abatement, this remains: the essential elements of a true, beautiful, and beneficent life he grasped with singular clearness.

When but a child, scarcely twelve years of age, he was greatly impressed with Saint John's description of the river of life and the peace, serenity, and joy of that land. He resolved to live for that high fellowship, and evermore he dwelt in spirit close to the river of life, by

> Siloa's brook, that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God.

He writes:

> I was early convinced that true religion consists in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator and learns to exercise true justice and goodness not only toward all men but toward the brute creation. I found no narrowness

respecting sects, or opinions, but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people in every society, who truly love God, were accepted by him. . . . Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated by the indwelling spirit.

Like Francis of Assisi, he entered into sympathy with all creatures. A block used to be pointed out which he had constructed that calves might be slaughtered with less cruelty. Observing that some cocks among the fowls on shipboard ceased to crow after they had passed out of the Delaware River, and that they crew no more until the shores of England were sighted, he thus writes:

In observing their dull appearance at sea and their puny sickness, I remembered the Fountain of goodness, who gave being to all creatures and whose love extends to caring for the sparrows. I believe where the love of God is verily perfected a tenderness toward all creatures made subject to us will be experienced, and a care felt in all of us that we do not lessen the sweetness of life in the animal creation.

Once on recovering from an illness he heard a melodious voice say: "John Woolman is dead; John Woolman is dead." Knowing that he was still in the flesh, he recognized it as a new call to a perfect consecration. Henceforth, like the apostle, he was crucified with Christ and knew no will but his. Where may one find a fairer ideal of daily life than this:

To walk with God in all our occupations, to keep a watchful eye towards the real objects of charity, to visit the poor in their lonesome dwelling places, to comfort those who through the dispensation of Divine Providence live in strait and painful circumstances in this life, and steadily to endeavor to honor God with our substance—this should be the aim of a rational and righteous soul. . . . I endeavor always to be inwardly acquainted with the languge of the true shepherd.

Here we have the deep, yet open, secret of gracious and beneficent life.

Naphtali Luccock.

Art. IX.—THE MISSIONARY MESSAGE OF ACTS

The epochs of history always happen at the fullness of the times. The complex preparation is completed and then the crisis comes to a head. The circumstances of the first century are an excellent illustration. In Greek philosophy there was found a spiritual interpretation of the universe; the exalted monotheism of the Hebrews had been made known through the Jewish synagogues, the language of Greece was in official use among the nations, the practical politics of Rome and its conception of universality helped to enlarge the Imperial Empire, and through its magnificent roads, "straight as an arrow," distant peoples were vitally kept near to the seat of power. But throughout the world there was a feeling that life was a disappointment and a failure. The lax morals, the subtle vices, the terrible remorse increased the funereal gloom. Paganism was conscious of its helplessness, Judaism was aware of its limits, and the human heart was yearning for relief. This was the situation when Jesus Christ issued his commission to the disciples to go forth and evangelize the world. How they carried it out is described in the book of Acts. As we follow this guide with our intelligent imagination we are impressed by the "free and spacious atmosphere" of the period. The Christian movement was marked by initiative and independence, originality and enthusiasm, intense activity and steady advance. The two notes of battle and buoyancy recur on every page of the record. Lest we unduly idealize we are reminded that the apostolic age had features common to our own. Success came through struggle. They were pressed by problems occasioned by the times of transition. There were difficulties incident to the spread of the cause. The leaders as well as the rank and file were men of like passions and prejudices with us. That great tragedy, the fall of Jerusalem, took place in the year A.D. 70. It was a fatal blow to the hopes and pretensions of Judaism. What relation had it to Christianity? It made more explicit the elements of freedom, universality, and divinity in the gospel. The book of Acts was written to illustrate this truth. Thus the author ac-

curately traces the development of the Christian Church, from its small beginnings in Jerusalem, as it spread throughout Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, even unto Rome. The closing scene introduces us to the apostle Paul diligently declaring the things concerning the Lord Jesus. This was about A.D. 59. So, then, the record deals with the work of nearly thirty years. What a short time, and yet what remarkable achievements were made! In spite of the organized opposition of Judaism and the inveterate interferences of paganism, Christianity was already securely intrenched in all the cities of any importance. It had become a power to be reckoned with. So healthy was the growth that it confidently took hostages from the future as it planned propaganda unto the uttermost part of the earth. The note of expectation which is struck in the opening sentence continues throughout and does not cease even with the last sentence, which, indeed, predicts an unlimited continuity of evangelistic effort and expansion. Every subsequent century in this apostolic succession is thus justified in adding chapters to the unfinished book of Acts.

It is a fact of great moment that the Christian Church was founded and organized by laymen. This partly explains the informal nature of the movement in its earlier stage. It is true that men with special training, like Saint Paul, joined it, but this was after the cause was well under way. The experience of salvation as a present reality kindled the fires of holy enthusiasm. Here was a living faith, and it spread abroad regardless of obstacles and impervious to opposition. Everyone who confessed the faith felt under obligation to proclaim it. Their mode of living, their fraternal intercourse with each other, their dealings with the outside world—in short, the general behavior of these Christian men and women made a positive impression. Through personal influence one believer produced another. It was not the public preaching so much as the private interviews with one and another that secured the desirable results. "We are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Spirit, whom God hath given to them that obey him" (5. 32). These words tersely emphasize the twofold pressure of the gospel appeal, and may well be called "the keynote of Acts." The names of the vast majority of actors

are unknown to us. Only a few are mentioned, and their appearance coincided with the turning of the tide in the direction of larger advance. Soon after the pentecostal outpouring the church was inclined to confine its efforts to Jerusalem and immediate vicinity; but the stoning of Stephen broke up this narrow groove. It became apparent that Judaism would not tolerate Stephen's type of believer in Jesus. This was vigorously shown in the bitter persecution which dispersed the Christians and which also awoke within them the missionary spirit. The work of Philip at Samaria was a specimen of similar efforts elsewhere. The conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch had a far-reaching issue which is not here traced. The conversion of Cornelius, the Roman centurion, is, however, considered in fuller detail because it was an earnest of the influx of the Gentile element into the church. Peter's eloquent plea for the open door was soon to be followed by an event of cardinal importance. Certain unknown disciples, who were scattered as far as Cyprus and Antioch, gave emphatic utterance to their devotion to the Lord Jesus. Their testimony caused such unprecedented success that in a few years Antioch became the center of Gentile Christianity, as Jerusalem was the center of Jewish Christianity. Meanwhile, in a different part of the world, another event of far-reaching moment had taken place. It was the conversion of Saul. Jerusalem and Antioch met in this great apostle of the church. He possessed the requisite qualifications to undertake the conquest of the Roman world for Christ. He was familiar with the teachings and practices of Judaism, possessed of wide culture and large sympathies, able to accept the new while retaining what was of permanent worth in the old, keen to appreciate the religious needs of the human race, strong in convictions and balanced in judgment, energetic in spirit yet constant in endurance. His theology was based upon a profound experience of freedom from the bondage of law and sin through faith in Christ. His conception of Christ as "the Creator of a new life of moral liberty" permitted him to offer the gospel on equal terms to men of every race and creed. Here, then, was an ideal missionary—without prejudice but with a passion for the salvation of humanity. The church at Antioch offered him the first opportunity to engage in

his great mission, which was to bear such abundant fruit in the near future. At this point in the narrative the attention of the reader is directed to the manifold and many-sided activities of Saint Paul and his companions. He was not the first apostle to the heathen, but he was the first to make the principle of a mission to the Gentiles a concern of vital importance to the very existence of the church. He did not secure this privilege for the Gentiles without encountering much opposition from the Jewish Christians, who always and everywhere insisted that there must be submission to the Mosaic ritual before there can be an admission into the church. This partisan spirit tended to paralyze evangelistic fervor. There would have been stagnation had it not been for the wise and insistent advocacy by Paul. He not only pleaded the claims of the Gentiles, he also furnished convincing proofs of men gloriously won for Christ from paganism.

An interest in missionary work is one of the marks of a progressive and aggressive church. What had happened in Antioch could be repeated in other Gentile cities. The Christians of Antioch were convinced of this, and gladly became a party in encouraging Paul to enter and occupy new fields for the Lord Jesus. The three great missionary journeys were all undertaken under the auspices of the church in Antioch. What signal tokens of success accompanied this work is vividly described by the sympathetic pen of Luke. On the first journey Paul and Barnabas visited Cyprus and certain cities of Asia Minor. At the notable conference in Jerusalem, to consider the rights and privileges of the Gentiles, Paul made report of this trip and convinced the leaders that the gospel of Christ alone is sufficient for salvation for all. The second journey covered more territory and the evangel was proclaimed also in the cities of Macedonia and Achaia. The third journey was to strengthen the churches already established. In this period an extended mission of over two years was conducted in Ephesus and neighborhood with stirring consequences. Including his imprisonments in Cæsarea and Rome, the Christian labors of Paul covered about twenty-five years. What a record it is of passion and privation, enthusiasm and endurance, consecration and conquest! Well might he say: "I have fought the good

fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." The experience of pentecost was a prophecy of the world-wide destiny of Christianity. Those peoples who heard in their own tongues the mighty works of God were representative of all humanity. At the close of the apostolic age, A.D. 100, Christianity had penetrated into Asia Minor as far as Galatia, and Bithynia and had entered the lands lying on the Mediterranean border from Syria to Italy. The outlook for further triumphs was most encouraging. This fact is all the more surprising when we remember that most of the leaders and all the rest were poorly equipped as regards intellectual, social and political advantages. It must be acknowledged that the gospel had the seeds of undreamed-of, innumerable harvests which were to ripen in the course of the centuries. It also propagated principles whose application created revolutionary results. With a courage that was captivating, a confidence in its privileges that was reassuring, a catholicity of sentiment that was all-comprehending, Christianity went forth on its career conquering and to conquer. Barriers of nationality were disregarded, worthy traits in heathen religions were generously accepted, and on this basis was builded the superstructure of Christian faith. While repudiating the exclusiveness of Judaism good use was made of its synagogues, where invariably the fulfillment of the Messianic hope was first announced. When it was rejected there they turned to the Gentiles. The Christians borrowed largely from the Old Testament. Indeed, the gospel of Christ cannot be understood apart from the Scriptures of the Jewish Church. But the practice of borrowing was not confined to Judaism. As Christianity hospitably incorporated most diverse nationalities, so it also appreciatively borrowed from many quarters. In thus doing it proclaimed itself to be the surest hope of human redemption. The cosmopolitan character of Christianity emphasized its missionary spirit. Because it borrowed from far and near it must not be inferred that it was an eclectic religion. This idea must be discarded when it is remembered that the line of separation between Christians and non-Christians was strictly observed. So much was this the case that the Christians were almost universally disliked. They were an object of suspicion by the state and were popularly

charged with lack of patriotism, hostility to other faiths, opposition to public amusements—which generally had the sanction of the pagan religions—a spirit of otherworldliness which bred fanaticism. They, nevertheless, practically wrested the scepter of success from the enemy.

No theory is adequate which endeavors to explain this movement without recognizing the Divine Presence. It was the consciousness of the influence and companionship of the risen Christ in their midst which gave an irresistible impetus to their efforts. His person was the center of this community, at once the watchword of its membership and the explanation of its valiant endeavors. It was their persistent faith in him as Saviour and Lord which alone can account for the marvelous missionary expansion of the primitive church. One who played an honorable part in that early time has suggested the secret of victory in words which are well worth pondering even today: "And who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

Oscar L. Joseph

Art. X.—MY FATHER'S BAYONET

The bare, white, ascetic walls of my student's cell are shocked by few ornaments. In the center of a great blank, above fifteen feet of friendly books, and looking fondly down on the back of my head as the original used to look years ago when her young Ulysses was struggling in the coils of two Unknown Quantities, either of which was insidious enough and mean enough to enthrall him, hangs the picture of a sweet-faced woman. Her hair has a suspicion of silver and her lips the hint of a smile. On the table before me, in the midst of an orderly chaos, unanswered letters, writing-pads, Shakespeare, The Deeds of Beowulf, The Japanese Three Graces, and all the paraphernalia of the pedant and the sedent—right in the moil of work, where she belongs, sits a little decisive Scotch head framed in a square of gold. The eyes—wonderful eyes, with spots of red like the speckled mountain trout of the Alleghenies—rest on me always. In them I catch a flash of fun, a veil of reproach, a mist of compassion. Besides these two attendants and the books which flank and hedge me about, the only noteworthy companion of my solitude dangles from the top of the brown walnut dresser—my father's bayonet! There it hangs—a trumpet of the Sixties. No profane hand has ever offended by polishing the rusty steel or furbishing the copper belt-plate. No attempt has been made to bring it into harmony with the new age. It has never been fraternized. Its message is as stern and uneuphemistic as in '65. The very sweat of the Wilderness still whitens the leather belt. The scars on the scabbard spell Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania as indubitably as they did forty years before Brander Matthews, and now, as I look at it for the thousandth time, my father's account of how it came into his possession creeps back out of boyhood recollections.

The Army of the Potomac had camped for the night in an auspicious vicinity and early in the morning "while it was yet night," my progenitor, then seventeen years old and unsurfeited by chickory and hardtack, began a series of commissary investigations at an outlying farm. Satisfied with the fine ham and yams,

my father, who was a connoisseur of millinery as well as of gastronomics, had climbed in an upper window (the inmates had all fled) to refresh himself with the sight of at least the *shell* of a woman. Foolishly, and unsoldierly, he left his gun below on the stoop. Only a minute and he was aroused from his soft revel in hoops and flounces by a yell from a passing soldier, and, looking out of the window, saw his regiment moving off. He slid hastily down a post and to his consternation found his gun—gone. (There must be Irish somewhere in the ancestry.) It was no time for vain regret and he started on the triple-quick after his regiment. Fortune favored him. His course lay past a persimmon tree with a soldier at the top and a gun at the bottom. Father grabbed the gun without breaking step and was soon lost in the moving column. The poor fellow who was treed kept yelling futilely in his chagrin: "Drop that gun, you son of a gun." I have since doubted if the soldier may not have assigned some other pedigree to the cheerful robber, because the repetition of the word "gun" in so short a sentence is rhetorically weak; but father was usually veracious and I repeat his exact words. Thus the bayonet came into the family—typical of plunder.

War must ever be lawless. It may be undertaken in order to enforce law, but it is in its nature and methods lawless. So must every change be. Inertia is the only condition conformable to the past—the one purely law-abiding attitude. Revolution and progress must be anarchic. You must have war if you would not have death. When you no longer hear the clash of principles be sure Beelzebub is lord and has bribed or gagged the voices of righteousness. There was war in the old heaven and there will be war in the new heaven, else it will not be worth inhabiting. A company where with one accord all are good would soon find it out, admit it, and tell each other about it—and then there would be the devil to pay. I do not prefer Lucifer and Moloch to Michael and Gabriel, but I do believe they will always be on deck and worthy of hostile steel. Voltaire it was who said: "If God did not exist, man would do well to invent him." I am inclined to think that if there is no devil, and some have hinted it darkly, man should make one for a spiritual buffer. He ought to be just "a

stuff to try the soul's strength on." I do not advocate any more devils, because, even if Satan himself has gone, he has left a numerous progeny of imps who are able to squeeze into smaller corners of the soul-hearth than their heroic father ever noticed. With the heightened complexions and increased complexities of society, temptations to hoodwink plain old Morality and suck the egg without a scratch on the shell, have become legion, and just in proportion has developed diabolical skill in performing. But man is spared the necessity of inventing Satan just because these little imps have remained. We do not need to go abroad to tilt; in our own rooms we may find enough exercise of this sort.

The bayonet has not been left so far behind. This relic not only reminds me of heroic struggles of a past age; it tells me I too must fight. It says life is hard; it warns me that ease invites sloth and sloth breeds death. Maybe it is because I am so "incurably Protestant," that my blood has been so charged with the "dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion," which makes me see a serpent behind so many roses of beauty and enjoyment; but, anyway, I think the bayonet speaks sooth. It has become a recent fashion to deride the old figure of the Christian life as a battle. It ought to be a triumphal procession with brass band and frequent stops for red lemonade and ice cream cones, from the moment the "soul is saved"—as if ever a soul was "saved" for good and all by a single prayer or a single act of repentance. Well, I remember what Christ said, "Not peace, but a sword." Life was not easy for Him. Socrates did not find life easy, nor Epictetus, nor Huss, nor Luther, nor Wesley, nor Carlyle, nor Lincoln. To the best of earth this has been no parade-ground, but a battlefield. Be suspicious of the offer of serenity in this life. You may be getting mere spiritual morphine. The man who lays down his arms and lets somebody else or something else—some God or some church—fight for him, the while he reposes in irresponsible comitoseness, has not won the fight but has deserted the cause and forfeited his hope of everlasting reward. We need another Carlyle with his "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" The cantankerousness and dyspepsia could be endured for the sake of the *moral awareness*.

"Oh," I hear, "but you are making the good life unhappy and discouraging people from following it." Good! They ought to be scared away that follow for the loaves and fishes. Survival of the fittest reigns in the spiritual world, too. Happiness? What's happiness? Did anybody ever die to win happiness? If so, I wonder if they found it. The man who loses his life in saving another's because of the pleasure he has in doing good—well, that man is looking inward and he had better *look out!*

"But you make yourself actually unhappy by your continual ferment of conviction."

Be it so. I would rather grow tired than be always ennuyé; I would rather have the idea of something better that I do not have, and be unhappy for the want of it, than be contented with the lower thing that comes if we merely keep step and follow safe leaders.

Then may the sweat of forced marches and the blood of battle remain on the old bayonet! There is no time to make clean and pretty. After polishing our faith and scouring our religion we might fear to tamper with life because of the taint of skepticism so apt to strike in, and so draw them from their sheaths only in the sanctity of the church and surrounded by the brethren. I prefer to let the microbes do their worst on the steel of the sword of the spirit. They cannot injure it. If I encased it and gave it a neat label, who knows but I too would grow fearful of disturbing its serenity to tarnish it by the world and soil it by doubt?

J. P. Beyer

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

HARNACK ON THE RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY

From Harnack's What Is Christianity? we quote: "Whatever may have happened at the grave of Christ and in the matter of the appearances, one thing is certain: *This grave was the birthplace of the indestructible belief that death is vanquished, that there is a life eternal.* It is useless to cite Plato; it is useless to point to the Persian religion, and the ideas and literature of later Judaism. All that would have perished and has perished; but the certainty of the resurrection and of a life eternal which is bound up with the grave in Joseph's garden has not perished, and on the conviction that *Jesus lives* we still base those hopes of citizenship in an Eternal City which make our earthly life worth living and tolerable. 'He delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage,' as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews confesses. That is the point. And although there be exceptions to its sway, wherever, despite all the weight of nature, there is a strong faith in the infinite value of the soul; wherever death has lost its terrors, wherever the sufferings of the present are measured against a future of glory, this feeling of life is bound up with the conviction that Jesus Christ has passed through death, that God has awakened him and raised him to life and glory."

Further on Harnack says: "What else can we believe but that the earliest disciples also found the ultimate foundation of their faith in the living Lord to be the strength which had gone out from him? It was a life never to be destroyed which they felt to be going out from him; only for a brief span of time could his death stagger them; the strength of the Lord prevailed over everything; God did not give him over to death; he lives as the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. It is not by any speculative ideas of philosophy but by the vision of Jesus's life and death and by the feeling of his imperishable union with God that mankind, so far as it believes in these things, has attained to that certainty of eternal life for which it was meant, and which it dimly discerns—eternal life in time and beyond time. This feeling first established faith in the value of personal life. But

of every attempt to demonstrate the certainty of immortality by logical process, we may say in the words of the poet: 'Believe and venture; as for pledges, the gods give none.' Belief in the living Lord and in a life eternal is the *act* of the freedom which is born of God."

From Harnack's Christianity and History we take the following: "I admit that if historical research had proved that he was an apocalyptic enthusiast or visionary, whose image and utterances were advanced to the level of pure aim and lofty thought only by the refining influence of later times, it would be another matter. But who has proved that, and who could prove it? For besides the four written Gospels, we possess a fifth, unwritten; and in many respects its voice is clearer and more effective than those of the other four—I mean the united testimony of the first Christian community. It enables us to gather what was the prevailing impression made by this personality, and in what sense his disciples understood his words and the testimony which he gave of himself. It is true that his clothes—the outward form of his doctrine—were part of the heritage; but the great and simple truths which he came to preach, the personal sacrifice which he made, and his victory in death, were what formed the new life of his community; and when the apostle Paul with divine power described this life as a life in the Spirit, and again as a life in love, he was only giving back the light which had dawned upon him in and through Jesus Christ his Lord. This is a simple matter of fact, which no historical criticism can in any way alter. All that it can do is to place it in a clearer light, and so increase our reverence for the divinity which was revealed in radiance in a Son of Abraham, amid the wreck and refuse of a narrow world. Let the plain Bible-reader continue to read his Gospels as he has hitherto read them; for in the end the critic cannot read them otherwise. What the one regards as their true gist and meaning, the other must acknowledge to be such. But the facts, the facts! I do not know how there can be a greater fact than the one which I have just been describing. By the side of it, what can any historical detail signify?" As one says: "Harnack thus suggests that, standing upon a broad basis of secure historical fact, one may find the personality of Christ continually verifying itself to him anew, through its thoroughgoing consistency with our deepest rational and ethical convictions. That personality 'finds' us more surely than any other fact of the world; fits, as does no other, the highest and worthiest in us. Greater proof than this it is hard to ask, or to give."

Once more we quote Harnack: "Eighteen hundred years separate us from this history; but if we seriously ask ourselves what it is that has given us the courage to believe that in the history of the world God prevails, not only by moral and intellectual forces but by his presence in the midst of it, if we ask what it is that leads us to believe in an eternal life, our answer is, that we make bold to believe it in reliance upon Christ. *Jesus lives, and with him I live also.* He is the first born among many brothers; he is our surety for the reality of a future world. So it is, then, that God speaks to us through him. It was testified of Christ that he was the *Way,* the *Truth,* and the *Life;* as such he is still revealed to our inmost feeling, and therein consists his presence to us. As surely as everything depends on the soul finding God and becoming one with him, so surely is he the true Saviour, Guide, and Lord who leads the soul to God."

To these extracts from Harnack we add what that inspired seer, George Matheson, says concerning the impossible consequences implied in the denial of a future life: "If there be no immortality, Christ is dead—the purest, the fairest, the loveliest life that ever breathed has become less than the napkin, less than the graveclothes, less than the sepulcher. It is to Paul an impossible consequence. He cannot think of Christ as dead. He says: 'If Christ be dead, death must be a delusion.' Did you never feel this experience? You parted with a friend an hour ago, and the next hour you heard that he was dead; you said, 'Impossible!' And when it was confirmed, you said again: 'Impossible! if he be dead, then death is not to die. I must have misnamed it, misread it, mistaken the inscription on its doorway. Death henceforth is a gate of life to me.' Son of man, whenever I doubt of life I think of thee. Nothing is so impossible as that thou shouldst be dead. I can imagine the hills to dissolve in vapor, and the stars to melt in smoke, and the rivers to empty themselves in sheer exhaustion; but I feel no limit in thee. Thou never growest old to me. Last century is old, last year is old, last season is an obsolete fashion, but thou art not obsolete. Thou art abreast of all the centuries, nay, thou goest before them like the star. I have never come up with thee, modern as I am. Thy picture is at home in every land. A thousand have fallen at its side, but it has kept its bloom; old Jerusalem, old Rome, new Rome—it has been young amid them all. Therefore, when oppressed by the sight of death, I shall turn to thee. I shall see my immortality in thee. I shall read the possibilities of my soul in thee. I shall measure the promise of my manhood by thee. I

shall comfort myself by the impossible conclusion, 'If there be no immortality, Christ is dead.'"

AN AGNOSTIC'S CONFESSION

At the age of twelve George K. Chesterton was a pagan. From the time when he was sixteen he was something worse—a complete agnostic. He was a precocity, if not a prodigy, in decided and avowed religious ignorance. All he had heard of Christian theology had alienated him from it. On through many years he was a freethinker. Freethinkers are described as men who think, or think they think, without ever knowing anything except that they don't know. From the chief ports where the human mind had been accustomed to enter and cast anchor young Chesterton was outward bound, sailing whither the four winds blew him, drifting as the currents took him, doubtful if any solid land would ever lift itself into sight out of the vast and vacant sea.

After long drifting and sailing far from home, as he thought, the lookout sighted something like land looming against the horizon, and while the voyager saw it to be solid land and wondered what strange island it might be, the coast took on a familiar look and was presently recognized as the stable old continent of Orthodoxy. Chesterton likens his religious history to the experience of an Englishman who should head for distant seas and the other side of the world, and after many changes of courses and long gibing about should find that the land he sights is really good old England, and his wayward voyage ends in the comfortable and happy sense of getting home. The doctrines of orthodoxy are seen to be the headlands of Truth and of cosmic Reality. The book in which Chesterton tells of his voyage and its end is confirmation strong of an essay once written on "The Ripening Experience of Life." In the safe and quiet harbor of the Christian faith his sea-faring soul casts anchor, and he comes ashore into the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. He calls his book "a slovenly autobiography"; but it is in effect a Christian polemic, though such as never was written before.

He exposes the self-contradictions of heterodoxy and tells how he was brought to orthodoxy.

> I had read the scientific and skeptical literature of my time—all of it, at least, that I could find written in English and lying about—and I read nothing else, nothing on any other note of philosophy. I never read a line of Christian

apologetics. It was Huxley and Herbert Spencer and Bradlaugh who brought me back to orthodox theology. They sowed in my mind my first wild doubts of doubt. Our grandmothers were quite right when they said that Tom Paine and the freethinkers unsettle the mind. They do. They unsettled mine horribly. The rationalist made me question whether reason was of any use whatever; and when I had finished Herbert Spencer I had got as far as doubting (for the first time) whether evolution had occurred at all. As I laid down the last of Colonel Ingersoll's atheistic lectures the dreadful thought broke across my mind, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I was in a desperate way.

This odd effect of the great agnostics in arousing doubts deeper than their own might be illustrated in many ways. I take only one. As I read and reread all the non-Christian or anti-Christian accounts of the faith, from Huxley to Bradlaugh, a slow and awful impression grew gradually but graphically upon my mind—the impression that Christianity must be a most extraordinary thing. For not only (as I understood) had Christianity the most flaming vices, but it had apparently a mystical talent for combining vices which seemed inconsistent with each other. It was attacked on all sides and for all contradictory reasons. No sooner had one rationalist demonstrated that it was too far to the east than another demonstrated with equal clearness that it was much too far to the west. No sooner had my indignation died down at its angular and aggressive squareness than I was called up again to notice and condemn its enervating and sensual roundness. In case any reader has not come across the thing I mean, I will give such instances as I remember at random of this self-contradiction in the skeptical attack. I give four or five of them; there are fifty more. Thus, for instance, I was much moved by the eloquent attack on Christianity as a thing of inhuman gloom; for I thought (and still think) sincere pessimism the unpardonable sin. Insincere pessimism is a social accomplishment, rather agreeable than otherwise; and fortunately nearly all pessimism is insincere. But if Christianity was, as these people said, a thing purely pessimistic and opposed to life, then I was quite prepared to blow up Saint Paul's Cathedral. But the extraordinary thing is this. They did prove to me in Chapter I (to my complete satisfaction) that Christianity was too pessimistic; and then, in Chapter II, they began to prove to me that it was a great deal too optimistic. One accusation against Christianity was that it prevented men, by morbid tears and terrors, from seeking joy and liberty in the bosom of nature. But another accusation was that it comforted men with a fictitious providence, and put them in a pink-and-white nursery. One great agnostic asked why nature was not beautiful enough, and why it was hard to be free. Another great agnostic objected that Christian optimism, "the garment of make-believe woven by pious hands," hid from us the fact that nature was ugly, and that it was impossible to be free. One rationalist had hardly done calling Christianity a nightmare before another began to call it a fool's paradise. This puzzled me; the charges seemed inconsistent. Christianity could not at once be the black mask on a white world, and also the white mask on a black world. The state of the Christian could not be at once so comfortable that he was a coward to cling to it, and so uncomfortable that he was a fool to stand it. If it falsified human vision, it must falsify it one way or another; it could not wear both green and rose-colored spectacles. I rolled on my tongue with a terrible joy, as did all young men of that time, the taunts which Swinburne hurled at the dreariness of the creed—"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilæan; the world has grown gray with thy breath." But when I read the same poet's accounts of paganism (as in Atalanta), I gathered that the world was, if

possible, more gray before the Galilæan breathed on it than afterward. The poet maintained, indeed, in the abstract, that life itself was pitch dark. And yet, somehow, Christianity had darkened it. The very man who denounced Christianity for pessimism was himself a pessimist. I thought there must be something wrong. And it did for one wild moment cross my mind that, perhaps, *those might not be the very best judges of the relation of religion to happiness who, by their own account, had neither one nor the other.* I deduced that Christianity must be something even weirder and wickeder than they made out. A thing might have these two opposite vices, but it must be a rather queer thing if it did. A man might be too fat in one place and too thin in another, but he would be an odd shape.

Here is another case of the same kind. I felt that a strong case against Christianity lay in the charge that there is something timid, monkish, and unmanly about all that is called "Christian," especially in its attitude toward resistance and fighting. The great skeptics of the nineteenth century were largely virile. Bradlaugh in an expansive way, Huxley, in a reticent way, were decidedly men. In comparison, it did seem tenable that there was something weak and overpatient about Christian counsels. The gospel paradox about the other cheek, the fact that priests never fought, a hundred things made plausible the accusation that Christianity was an attempt to make a man too like a sheep. I read it and believed it, and if I had read nothing different, I should have gone on believing it. But I read something very different. I turned the next page in my agnostic manual, and my brain turned upside down. Now I found that I was to hate Christianity not for fighting too little but for fighting too much. Christianity, it seemed, was the mother of wars. Christianity had deluged the world with blood. I had got thoroughly angry with the Christian, because he never was angry. And now I was told to be angry with him because his anger had been the most huge and horrible thing in human history; because his anger had soaked the earth and smoked to the sun. The very people who reproached Christianity with the meekness and non-resistance of the monasteries were the very people who reproached it also with the violence and valor of the Crusades. It was the fault of poor old Christianity (somehow or other) both that Edward the Confessor did not fight and that Richard Cœur de Lion did. The Quakers (we were told) were the only characteristic Christians; and yet the massacres of Cromwell and Alva were characteristic Christian crimes. What could it all mean? What was this Christianity which always forbade war and always produced wars? What could be the nature of the thing which one could abuse first because it would not fight, and second because it was always fighting? In what world of riddles was born this monstrous murder and this monstrous meekness? The shape of Christianity grew a queerer shape every instant.

I take a third case; the strangest of all, because it involves the one real objection to the faith. The one real objection to the Christian religion is simply that it is one religion. The world is a big place, full of very different kinds of people. Christianity (it may reasonably be said) is one thing confined to one kind of people; it began in Palestine, it has practically stopped with Europe and America. I was duly impressed with this argument in my youth, and I was much drawn toward the doctrine often preached in ethical societies—I mean the doctrine that there is one great unconscious church of all humanity founded on the omnipresence of the human conscience. Creeds, it was said, divided men; but at least morals united them. The soul might seek the strangest and most remote lands and ages and still find essential ethical common sense. It might find Confucius under Eastern trees, and he would be writing, "Thou shalt not steal." It might decipher the darkest hieroglyphic on the most primeval desert,

and the meaning when deciphered would be, "Little boys should tell the truth." I believed this doctrine of the brotherhood of all men in the possession of a moral sense, and I believe it still—with other things. And I was thoroughly annoyed with Christianity for suggesting (as I supposed) that whole ages and empires of men had utterly escaped this light of justice and reason. But then I found an astonishing thing. I found that the very people who said that mankind was one church from Plato to Emerson were the very people who said that morality had changed altogether, and that what was right in one age was wrong in another. If I asked, say, for an altar, I was told that we needed none, for men our brothers gave us clear oracles and one creed in their universal customs and ideals. But if I mildly pointed out that one of men's universal customs was to have an altar, then my agnostic teachers turned clean round and told me that men had always been in darkness and the superstitions of savages. I found it was their daily taunt against Christianity that it was the light of one people and had left all others to die in the dark. But I also found that it was their special boast for themselves that science and progress were the discovery of one people, and that all other peoples had died in the dark. Their chief insult to Christianity was actually their chief compliment to themselves, and there seemed to be a strange unfairness about all their relative insistence on the two things. When considering some pagan or agnostic, we were to remember that all men had one religion; when considering some mystic or spiritualist, we were only to consider what absurd religions some men had. We could trust the ethics of Epictetus, because ethics had never changed. We must not trust the ethics of Bossuet, because ethics had changed. They changed in two hundred years, but not in two thousand.

This began to be alarming. It looked not so much as if Christianity was bad enough to include any vices, but, rather, as if *any stick was good enough to beat Christianity with*. What again could this astonishing thing be like which people were so anxious to contradict, that in doing so they did not mind contradicting themselves? I saw the same thing on every side. I can give no further space to this discussion of it in detail; but lest anyone supposes that I have unfairly selected three accidental cases I will run briefly through a few others. Thus, certain skeptics wrote that the great crime of Christianity had been its attack on the family; it had dragged women to the loneliness and contemplation of the cloister, away from their homes and their children. But, then, other skeptics (slightly more advanced) said that the great crime of Christianity was forcing the family and marriage upon us; that it doomed women to the drudgery of their homes and children, and forbade them loneliness and contemplation. The charge was actually reversed. Or, again, certain phrases in the epistles or the marriage service were said by the anti-Christians to show contempt for woman's intellect. But I found that the anti-Christians themselves had a contempt for woman's intellect; for it was their great sneer at the church on the Continent that "only women" went to it. Or again, Christianity was reproached with its naked and hungry habits; with its sackcloth and dried peas. But the next minute Christianity was being reproached with its pomp and its ritualism; its shrines of porphyry and its robes of gold. It was abused for being too plain and for being too colored. Again, Christianity had always been accused of restraining sexuality too much, when Bradlaugh the Malthusian discovered that it restrained it too little. It is often accused in the same breath of prim respectability and of religious extravagance. Between the covers of the same atheistic pamphlet I have found the faith rebuked for its disunion—"One thinks one thing, and one another"—and rebuked also for its union—"It is difference of opinion that prevents the

world from going to the dogs." In the same conversation a freethinker, a friend of mine, blamed Christianity for despising Jews, and then despised it himself for being Jewish.

I wished to be quite fair then, and I wish to be quite fair now; and I did not conclude that the attack on Christianity was all wrong. I only concluded that if Christianity was wrong, it was very wrong indeed. Such hostile horrors might be combined in one thing, but that thing must be very strange and solitary. There are men who are misers, and also spendthrifts; but they are rare. There are men sensual and also ascetic; but they are rare. But if this mass of mad contradictions really existed—quakerish and bloodthirsty, too gorgeous and too threadbare, austere, yet pandering preposterously to the lust of the eye, the enemy of women and their foolish refuge, a solemn pessimist and a silly optimist—if this evil existed, then there was in this evil something quite supreme and unique. For I found in my rationalist teachers no explanation of such exceptional corruption. Christianity (theoretically speaking) was in their eyes only one of the ordinary myths and errors of mortals. *They* gave me no key to this twisted and unnatural badness. Such a paradox of evil rose to the stature of the supernatural. It was, indeed, almost as supernatural as the infallibility of the Pope. An historic institution, which never went right, is really quite as much of a miracle as an institution that cannot go wrong. The only explanation which immediately occurred to my mind was that Christianity did not come from heaven, but from hell. Really, if Jesus of Nazareth was not Christ, he must have been Antichrist.

And then in a quiet hour a strange thought struck me like a still thunderbolt. There had suddenly come into my mind another explanation. Suppose we heard an unknown man spoken of by many men. Suppose we were puzzled to hear that some men said he was too tall and some too short; some objected to his fatness, some lamented his leanness; some thought him too dark, and some too fair. One explanation (as has been already admitted) would be that he might be an odd shape. But there is another explanation. He might be the right shape. Outrageously tall men might feel him to be short. Very short men might feel him to be tall. Old bucks who are growing stout might consider him insufficiently filled out; old beaux who were growing thin might feel that he expanded beyond the narrow lines of elegance. Perhaps Swedes (who have pale hair like tow) called him a dark man, while Negroes considered him distinctly blonde. Perhaps (in short) this extraordinary thing is really the ordinary thing; at least the normal thing, the center. Perhaps, after all, *it is Christianity that is sane and all its critics that are mad*—in various ways. I tested this idea by asking myself whether there was about any of the accusers anything morbid that might explain the accusation. I was startled to find that this key fitted a lock. For instance, it was certainly odd that the modern world charged Christianity at once with bodily austerity and with artistic pomp. But then it was also odd, very odd, that the modern world itself combined extreme bodily luxury with an extreme absence of artistic pomp. The modern man thought Becket's robes too rich and his meals too poor. But then the modern man was really exceptional in history; no man before ever ate such elaborate dinners in such ugly clothes. The modern man found the church too simple, exactly where modern life is too complex; he found the church too gorgeous exactly where modern life is too dingy. The man who disliked the plain fasts and feasts was mad on *entrées*. The man who disliked vestments wore a pair of preposterous trousers. And, surely, if there was any insanity involved in the matter at all, it was in the trousers, not in the simply falling robe. If there was any insanity it was not in the bread and wine.

I went over all the cases, and I found the key fitted so far. The fact that Swinburne was irritated at the unhappiness of Christians and yet more irritated at their happiness was easily explained. It was no longer a complication of diseases in Christianity, but a complication of diseases in Swinburne. The restraints of Christians saddened him simply because he was more hedonist than a healthy man should be. The faith of Christians angered him because he was more pessimist than a healthy man should be.

Chesterton describes orthodoxy as a wise balancing of extremes and opposites, just as sanity is a sort of mental equilibrium. He illustrates this in particular with Christianity's poise between mere pride and mere prostration. He says:

In one way Man was to be haughtier than he had ever been before; in another way he was to be humbler than he had ever been before. In so far as I am Man I am the chief of creatures. In so far as I am *a* man I am the chief of sinners. All humility that had meant pessimism, that had meant man taking a vague or mean view of his whole destiny—all that was to go. We were to hear no more the wail of Ecclesiastes that humanity had no pre-eminence over the brute, or the awful cry of Homer that man was only the saddest of all the beasts of the field. Man was a statue of God walking about the garden. Man had preëminence over all the brutes; man was only sad because he was not a beast, but a broken god. The Greek had spoken of men creeping on the earth, as if clinging to it. Now Man was to tread on the earth as if to subdue it. Christianity thus held a thought of the dignity of man that could only be expressed in crowns rayed like the sun. Yet at the same time it could hold a thought about the abject smallness of man that could only be expressed in fasting and fantastic submission, in the gray ashes of Saint Dominic and the white snows of Saint Bernard. When one came to think of *oneself*, there was vista and void enough for any amount of bleak abnegation and bitter truth. There the realistic gentleman could let himself go—as long as he let himself go at himself. There was an open playground for the happy pessimist. Let him say anything against himself short of blaspheming the original aim of his being, let him call himself a fool and even a damned fool (though that is Calvinistic), but he must not say that fools are not worth saving. He must not say that a man, *quâ* man, can be valueless. Here, again in short, Christianity got over the difficulty of combining furious opposites by keeping them both, and keeping them both furious. The church was positive on both points. One can hardly think too little of oneself. One can hardly think too much of one's soul.

In pages as exciting as a chariot race Chesterton notes in Christian history the strenuous insistence on points of doctrine, and says, speaking of the monstrous wars about small points of theology, the earthquakes of emotion about a gesture or a word:

It was only a matter of an inch; but an inch is everything when you are balancing. The church could not afford to swerve a hair's breadth on some things if she was to continue her great and daring experiment of the irregular equilibrium. Once let one idea become less powerful and some other idea would become too powerful. It was no flock of sheep the Christian shepherd

was leading, but a herd of bulls and tigers, of terrible ideals and devouring doctrines, each one of them strong enough to turn to a false religion and lay waste the world. Remember that the church went in specifically for dangerous ideas; she was a lion tamer. The idea of birth through a Holy Spirit, of the death of a divine Being, of the forgiveness of sins, or the fulfillment of prophecies, are ideas which, any one can see, need but a touch to turn them into something blasphemous or ferocious. The smallest link was let drop by the artificers of the Mediterranean, and the lion of ancestral pessimism burst his chain in the forgotten forests of the north. Of these theological equalizations I have to speak afterward. Here it is enough to notice that if some small mistake were made in doctrine, huge blunders might be made in human happiness. A sentence phrased wrong about the nature of symbolism would have broken all the best statues in Europe. A slip in the definitions might stop all the dances; might wither all the Christmas trees or break all the Easter eggs. Doctrines had to be defined within strict limits, even in order that man might enjoy general human liberties. The church had to be careful, if only that the world might be careless.

This is the thrilling romance of orthodoxy. People have fallen into a foolish habit of speaking of orthodoxy as something heavy, humdrum, and safe. There never was anything so perilous or so exciting as orthodoxy. It was sanity: and to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad. It was the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, seeming to stoop this way and to sway that, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic. The church in its early days went fierce and fast with any warhorse; yet it is utterly unhistoric to say that she merely went mad along one idea, like a vulgar fanaticism. She swerved to left and right, so exactly as to avoid enormous obstacles. She left on one hand the huge bulk of Arianism, buttressed by all the worldly powers to make Christianity too worldly. The next instant she was swerving to avoid an Orientalism, which would have made it too unworldly. The orthodox church never took the tame course or accepted the conventions; the orthodox church was never respectable. It would have been easier to have accepted the earthly power of the Arians. It would have been easy, in the Calvinistic seventeenth century, to fall into the bottomless pit of predestination. It is easy to be a madman; it is easy to be a heretic. It is always easy to let the age have its head; the difficult thing is to keep one's own. It is always easy to be a modernist, as it is easy to be a snob. To have fallen into any of those open traps of error and exaggeration which fashion after fashion and sect after sect set along the historic path of Christendom—that would indeed have been simple. It is always simple to fall; there are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. To have fallen into any one of the fads from Gnosticism to Christian Science would indeed have been obvious and tame. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect.

Speaking of the people who attack Christianity and of the effect of their work, Chesterton says:

Orthodoxy's chief merit is that it is the natural fountain of revolution and reform. Its main advantage is that it is the most adventurous and manly of all theologies. It is urged against it that it is in its nature arbitrary and in the air. But it is not so high in the air but that great archers spend their

whole lives in shooting arrows at it—yes, and their last arrows; there are men who will ruin themselves and ruin their civilization if they may ruin also this old fantastic tale. This is the last and most astounding fact about this faith; that its enemies will use any weapon against it, the swords that cut their own fingers, and the firebrands that burn their own homes. Men who begin to fight the church for the sake of freedom and humanity end by flinging away freedom and humanity if only they may fight the church. This is no exaggeration; I could fill a book with the instances of it. Mr. Blatchford set out, as an ordinary Bible-smasher, to prove that Adam was guiltless of sin against God; in maneuvering so as to maintain this he admitted, as a mere side issue, that all the tyrants, from Nero to King Leopold, were guiltless of any sin against humanity. I know a man who has such a passion for proving that he will have no personal existence after death that he falls back on the position that he has no personal existence now. He invokes Buddhism and says that all souls fade into each other; in order to prove that he cannot go to heaven he proves that he cannot go to Hartlepool. I have known people who protested against religious education with arguments against any education, saying that the child's mind must grow freely or that the old must not teach the young. I have known people who showed that there could be no divine judgment by showing that there can be no human judgment, even for practical purposes. They burned their own corn to set fire to the church; they smashed their own tools to smash it; any stick was good enough to beat it with, though it were the last stick of their own dismembered furniture. And yet the thing hangs in the heavens unhurt. Its opponents only succeed in destroying all that they themselves justly hold dear. They do not destroy orthodoxy; they only destroy political courage and common sense. They do not prove that Adam was not responsible to God; how could they prove it? They only prove (from their premises) that the Czar is not responsible to Russia. They do not prove that Adam should not have been punished by God; they only prove that the nearest sweater should not be punished by men. With their Oriental doubts about personality they do not make certain that we shall have no personal life hereafter; they only make certain that we shall not have a very jolly or complete one here. With their paralyzing hints of all conclusions coming out wrong they do not tear the book of the Recording Angel; they only make it a little harder to keep the books of Marshall & Snelgrove. Not only is the faith the mother of all worldly energies, but its foes are the fathers of all worldly confusion. The secularists have not wrecked divine things; but the secularists have wrecked secular things, if that is any comfort to them. The Titans did not scale heaven, but they laid waste the world.

If anybody has found evangelical orthodoxy tame and dull, let him resort to this indescribably sparkling and stinging book. It is full of the twanging of a lively bowstring and the whizzing of arrows. It gives the heterodoxies many a bad five minutes. It often turns the enemy's flank and crumples up now his right wing and now his left. Its methods are sometimes those of guerilla warfare, but calculated to worry the foe. Better still, it often makes him look ridiculous.

THE ARENA

"SO AS GOD'S WORK IS DONE"

Go forth 'mong men not mailed in scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent;
Great duties are before us, and great songs,
And, whether crowned, or crownless, when we fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.

THE work of God must be done in his way. Who is equal to the task of setting forth his method? It is certainly unwise to measure his method or work by our shortsighted judgment. All great works are accomplished by serving God with what we have in hand. Time and eternity only can unfold the influence for good which a single soul may exert when fully saved from sin. The world needs to feel the throb of spiritual power that thrills the hearts of his bloodwashed saints. An earnest consecrated Christian woman, many years ago, in the Irish Highlands, approached a godless though promising young man, with an earnest appeal in regard to his soul, saying, "The Lord has a work for you." At first he treated the appeal as an impertinence, and later it provoked him to anger. But in spite of his efforts to throw off the impression, it deepened on his heart into a pungent conviction, and the few words uttered in faith were, under God, the means of his conversion. He afterward gave himself to the work of the ministry, and his life became preëminently successful in the world-wide work of God. Such was the story of the conversion and call of the late Dr. William Butler, that princely man of God, whose labors were so blessed in founding our mission work in India, and later on in Mexico. We may not always see the fruits, but where we go trustfully on with God in the pathway of duty he will take care of the results.

With the preacher, usually, must commence the blessed work of developing power in the church. Exceptional examples may be cited, but not usually are revivalistic influences inaugurated on the part of the laity. Not that the preacher, however able, can be life, energy, power to a lifeless or inactive congregation. But he must almost invariably initiate the measures which shall be productive of blessed spiritual results. The live preacher, to the full measure of his ability, will lift up the banner and sound forth the bugle note that shall call the forces into action for an advanced movement. There is no patent device, no merely mechanical apparatus, for the development of spiritual action and power in the church. Machinery when novel in character runs constrainedly and noisily, and when old rattles or produces friction, and so the last state of that church is worse than the first. What shall be done? The people clamor for novelty. The novice in revivalism is accepted and the time-tried agency, the worker and his method, are discarded or set aside. Unrest and dis-

quietude prevail. People are changed from what they used to be, and plain, old-fashioned brains in the pulpit are not reverenced, and the newest styles in religion are necessary to catch men. The up-to-date things in religious matters strike the old in the face and turn the old veteran to the wall. Half-truths cast upon the winds sweep into the warp and woof of common life with a thrill. Great principles, if they bite on selfishness, are eschewed, while platitudes bolstered with mirth of catchiness, take the popular ear. It is a time when substantial, stable things, owned of God and venerated by our fathers, are displeasing to the average taste, and they who give them forth are dubbed "old fogies." It now requires three times the effort, humanly speaking, to get a soul saved that it did thirty years ago. What it will be in thirty years more, at the present rate of travel, is a serious problem for consideration.

Great wisdom, tactfulness, adroitness in thought and action must enter into the problem before us, and the best of brain and heart must be used and carried into the matter. The one who, under God, is to lead the hosts to certain victory must himself be a man of power. But shall they depend upon him to champion their cause? For direction, most assuredly. For God has in all ages selected the men—sometimes the mightiest were of slow and faltering speech—for the guidance of his people. And they do well who will not permit the divinely chosen to be displaced or supplemented in order to make room for untried methods in furthering the interests of his kingdom. So that it is needful that the church be carefully organized for efficient work. But organization is not everything. Assuming it to be such, there are men who are forever foisting some forms of novelty upon people. The people fall in readily with the novel. Not weighing matters fully, the common methods in vogue are thrown aside, new ways are substituted, and before they are fully proven along comes another Methodist and the air is full of unrest and revolution; he brings another novel method, and it takes the place of the other, and so on it goes *ad infinitum*. The history leading up to it has not been consulted, and the consequences resulting if it be adopted are not taken into consideration. Present relief seems to be only the matter that is duly weighed. The boom is on for a time at least. No thought of reaction, enthusiasm, effort, money, investment, are put into the measure. The man whose ardor and interest are both at stake and whose personality carries forward the plan, are needed to sustain and maintain it while he remains. But the great iron wheel of itinerancy revolves, and he is removed and another comes. The one who takes his place is one whose talent runs along a different channel. The work must undergo readjustment or else it fails under his management. He often encounters fierce opposition on account of peculiarities in his management, for, to his dismay, the methods he used with success in other places utterly fail here. What is the result? Either a collapse or a weakening of confidence in leadership or in the methods of organization and work. What is to be done? The church needs just enough of practical organization as shall serve it to do efficient and churchly work continuously. God carries forward his methods through ages and centuries. Man must study his work

with regard to stability and strive to put his toil into enduring form and quality. However, the best efforts of man will be transient be his aim ever so substantial.

Every interest of the church must be rightly sustained. The true glory of the church is that it subserves the divine purpose and executes his will in every line of Christian exertion. There are so many phases of his work to be taken into the account. Into God's multiform work nothing must be overlooked or regarded trivial. Matters of convenience must not be substituted for the essential. Mr. Wesley was once asked what he would do to keep Methodism alive after he was taken away. He replied: "The Methodists must take heed to their doctrine, to their experience, their practice, and their discipline. If they attend to their doctrine only, they will make the people Antinomians; if to the experimental part of religion only, they will make them enthusiasts; if to the practical part only, they will make them Pharisees; and if they do not attend to their discipline, they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating their garden, and put no fence around it to save it from the wild boar of the forest." And so the church of God can never succeed by ignoring any interest that will in any way glorify Christ, fulfill his will, or compass his aim in its existence. As every organ in the body has its peculiar function, so every part in the divine scheme and every member in the church has its part to perform. The working of one member, as the head, for example, would involve cynicism in the whole if all were head. The working of another member, as the heart, for example, would produce fanaticism. As each member holds a high office, and fills it with fruitful labor, and as all the members fill their respective places in the mystical body, working severally and concertedly, a great and splendid service is secured. The great end of churchly existence is obtained, and in the concentrated effort of the many working harmoniously all interests are duly carried forward. And thus each interest, greater or less, in the Church of God is faithfully looked after and nothing is permitted to go untouched or by default.

God's work is accomplished, therefore, by all at work all the time and doing what is best. The preacher in his place finds full enough to engross his whole strength and time. If he does—and he will if he be true to his calling—every night will find him tired with labor. His is a toil that has ample variety, and he need not be idle a single moment the year round. A working church is one where all the forces, great and small, are pressed into working relations for advanced service to fill up the full measure of results of every type for the glory of God. And so each one must put forth his best effort at all times. And when all work, and work together in harmony and love, great results are accomplished and God is glorified in and through his own. "In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Derby, Iowa. AUGUSTINE W. ARMSTRONG.

CONSCIENCE—THE MORAL INSTINCT

MANKIND, in common with the lower orders of the animal kingdom, has been endowed with certain faculties or mental capacities known as the instincts. The instincts of self-preservation and preservation of species are among the number, and these in turn may be subdivided into the nutritive, protective, sexual, maternal, social, and other instincts.

The instincts in man and the brutes, alike, are distinguished by several characteristics: 1. Instinct impels to action while the mind is, or may be, wholly ignorant of the end to be attained. The young bird instinctively opens its mouth for food, without knowing the function the food performs in promoting the growth and repair of the organism. 2. The instincts are founded in the mental and physical constitution and operate from the very necessities of the nature itself. 3. General uniformity is observable, in the operation of any given instinct, in all the individuals of a species. 4. Instinctive action is performed whenever occasion for it occurs, and without any previous instruction. This may be seen in the case of the common mud wasp, which constructs a house of clay in some secluded corner and places the bodies of dead or torpid insects in each compartment when she deposits her eggs, that they may serve as food for the larvæ. The work thus wrought out bears evidence of both reason and instinct. The idea itself was born of the reason, not of the instinct, and was intuitive. The idea reacted upon the mental nature and gave rise to the activity of the instinct. The idea worked out by instinctive action was not imparted by some other wasp, as a teacher, but was known by intuition, or immediate knowledge. 5. The instincts are automatic and involuntary in their operation.

Instinctive action always has its exciting cause in an idea which has been apprehended by the reason. The idea may be intuitive, as in the case of the bird or the mud wasp; or it may be apprehended through sense perception. Thus the instinctive impulse to leap seizes the man walking on the track in the path of the onrushing train the instant the idea, danger, is apprehended by the reason. There would have been no such idea as that of danger, causing mental reaction and the instinctive impulse to leap, had not the man heard the alarm. The idea thus originating reacts upon the psychical nature. It does not create nervous energy by so doing, but simply sets it free, and the idea is automatically and involuntarily worked out in instinctive action. The instinct operates like a machine. A given condition of things is assumed as being real. The operation of the machine is intelligible, yet in the machine itself there is no intelligence. This is true of the instincts. While mankind has been endowed with certain instincts, in common with the lower orders of animals, he seems to be distinguished from them all in the possession of a moral instinct, which we call conscience. Conscience seems to be a true instinct, from the fact that it possesses the various characteristics which belong to the instincts, namely, (1) ignorance of end; (2) absolute necessity; (3) general uniformity; (4) priority to experience, and (5) automatic and involuntary operation. Conscience, like the other instincts, remains inactive until reacted upon by some idea. It does not operate continuously but only as

occasion occurs. Apprehension by the reason of the demand of supreme authority, as that demand is involved in an act of the will, is the occasion for its operation. There is no rightness or wrongness in an act, no moral quality whatever, unless the authority of the Supreme Ruler is involved in it. Conscience responds only to the demands of supreme authority, and is subject to nothing else. When this authority is involved in assent by the will to a suggestion, the conscience automatically and involuntarily prompts obedience to its demands, just as the other instincts impel to action when occasions arise. Sin is committed when the reason overrides the promptings of the moral instinct, and the will gives assent. The operation of conscience, like the other instincts, always has its exciting cause in the apprehension of an idea by the reason. The demand made by supreme authority is that idea. It may be known in either of two ways, as in the case of other instinctive actions. It may be known (1) by intuition, or immediate knowledge. In this way the demand of God upon Cain, that he should not slay his brother Abel, was known to him. It may be known (2) by sense perception. In this way the demand of God upon Adam and Eve, that they should not eat of the forbidden fruit, was made known to them. In both cases the idea reacted upon the powers of the mind, and the moral instinct, or conscience, urged certain action.

The instincts as directing forces in mankind are at a minimum, while reason as a directing force is at a maximum. This is true also of conscience as a directing force. The instinct of self-preservation impels the man to leap from the railway track when danger is apprehended by the reason, but the reason directs him which way to leap for safety. In a similar way the moral instinct impels the soul to a certain kind of action, but reason gives direction, as occasion may require, as to the method of performing it. This order is reversed among the brutes. While some excel others in the power of reason, still, in general, among them reason is at a minimum, and instinct is at a maximum. This may be illustrated by the example of a beaver which has been imprisoned in a room. The beaver will gnaw the furniture and other wooden objects in the room in the endeavor to build a dam. It will do this in the complete absence of water from the premises. Instinct here predominates over reason. It urges action and, like the machine, assumes a given condition of things as being real, and then works out the idea, but its operation is purely automatic and mechanical.

Conscience fulfills but a single office and performs but a single function. It does not direct the soul in the details of moral conduct as commonly supposed, nor does it accuse the soul, nor condemn it, nor threaten it with impending punishment for disregarding its promptings. Conscience is not the seat of intelligence. It does not apprehend ideas. These are functions which belong to the reason. While the operation of the moral instinct is intelligible, still, like that of the other instincts, it is purely mechanical. Its sole office and function is to urge and impel the soul to action in accord with the demands of supreme authority, after those demands have been apprehended by the reason. The sense of accusation and condemnation and threatening, together with the shame and remorse

felt by the evildoer, and commonly attributed to conscience as producing them, are not the products of the conscience. Scripture has been thought to support that doctrine, but a critical examination of the texts involved will disclose the error. They must be classed among the emotions, to which they belong. They are psychical in their origin, and are awakened when certain ideas of the soul's relation to the moral law are apprehended by the reason and react upon the mind. The four classes of emotions—the egoistic, æsthetic, ethical, and the religious—are all produced by the same psychical process, but their immediate exciting causes are found in the apprehension of different classes of ideas by the reason.

The great problem for solution in connection with conscience is to account for the apparent difference in its promptings in similar cases but in different individuals. For example, the heathen mother, being urged apparently by conscience, the moral instinct, consigns her babe to the Ganges; but the Christian mother, at the same time, is prompted by the moral instinct to care tenderly for her babe. Both seem to be impelled by religious motives. We find, however, the act of the heathen mother is in violation of two instincts of her nature—the moral, and the maternal—while the action of the Christian mother is in obedience to the promptings of both these instincts. The violation of one instinct is no more difficult of explanation than that of the other. The psychological process is the same in both cases. In each case the instinct faithfully urges the soul to action, but the reason overrides the promptings of the instinct, and the will assents to the unnatural and the evil. But does the maternal instinct prompt the mother to destroy her babe? and does the moral instinct urge its destruction as being in accord with the demands of supreme authority? It does not seem so. The testimony of heathen mothers, afterward Christianized, is that such deeds were committed with certain misgivings, and this being true, they were committed simply because, through erroneous education, the reason was allowed to override the promptings of the instincts. Where the promptings of the instinct are overridden by the reason the instinct itself may become defective, if not wholly inoperative; but so long as it operates at all, it does so automatically and involuntarily, and in accord with all the other characteristics of the instincts. This is true of conscience and the other instincts in man.

Conscience has been called the link connecting the psychical and the moral kingdoms. Its function is in a sphere where no other faculty or power of the mind is capable of acting. We observe the truth of this in the evil consequences following the assumption by the reason of the office of conscience, for every evil action and every vicious habit has its origin in the disregard of the instinctive impulses by the reason. Conscience is not to be considered the voice of God, perhaps, any more than are the other instincts, but in its promptings are voiced the profoundest necessities of the human constitution, and they should not be disregarded or ignored.

Chicago, Illinois. GEORGE H. BENNETT.

"THE SPECIFICALLY CHRISTIAN ACCENT"

WITHIN the past four years a half dozen or more of contributed articles have appeared in the METHODIST REVIEW on various phases of the homiletical nature and value of the sermon. The topic has been treated under such heads as "The Preacher's Appeal to the Emotions," "The Master Preacher," "The Endless Sermon," "The Moral Emphasis of the Preaching of the Cross," "Preaching and Preachers," "A Study for Preachers" (Paul), "The Growing of the Sermon," and cognate themes. In these contributed articles there is much that is vague, idealistic, verbose, grandiloquent, with much also that is helpful, direct, discreet, sane, and spiritual. They say, in substance, Study the art of sitting down, quit when you see your congregation is done, whether the preacher is done or not; study the psychology of the emotions, preach the condescending love of the gracious heavenly Father, study models, let the sermon grow, rather than make it, etc., etc.

Now, I have read all these contributed articles, and parts of them a second time, and the whole of some of them many times, and sincerely thank the authors for them, and the editor of the REVIEW, and the publishers have placed me under heavy obligations for the privilege of reading these thought-provoking studies. They are splendid things to file away in my reference drawer. Recently while reading from the Journals of that fine thinker and Genevan professor, Henri Frederic Amiel, under date of May 27, 1860, I find this meditation, and it is worthy a place by the side of the best utterances: "I heard this morning a sermon on the Holy Spirit; good, but insufficient. Why was not I edified? Because there was no unction! Why was there no unction? Because Christianity from this rationalistic point of view is a Christianity of dignity, not of humility! Penitence, the struggles of weakness, and austerity, find no place in it. The Law is effaced; holiness and mysticism evaporate; the specifically Christian accent is wanting. My impression is always the same—Faith is made a dull, poor thing by these attempts to reduce it to a simple moral psychology. I am oppressed by a feeling of inappropriateness and *malaise* at the sight of philosophy in the pulpit. 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him'; so the simple folk have a right to say, and I have a right to repeat it after them. Thus, while some shock me with their sacerdotal dogmatism, others repel me by their rationalizing laicism. It seems to me that good preaching ought to combine, as Schleirmacher did, perfect moral humility with energetic independence of thought; a profound sense of sin with respect for criticism and a passion for truth."

Now, who this preacher was Amiel does not say. It may have been Adolphe Monod, for he heard him often and is nearly always loud in praise of his sermons. But it is not material for my purpose now who that preacher was. "The specifically Christian accent" was wanting in the sermon, and that was "unction." And he tells us why: the sermon was from "a rationalistic point of view." The Holy Spirit cannot and will not honor the preacher with his presence and power who does not honor him! "Unction," according to this pew viewpoint of Amiel, is "the

specifically Christian accent" in the sermon. What! a sermon on the Holy Spirit and no "unction"? It seems like a contradiction in terms! Mr. Wesley, well or otherwise, was advised by the Moravians to preach on faith till he had faith, and Mr. Wesley must have considered the advice good, for we find him advising his preachers to do the same. Preach the office and work of the Holy Spirit till he honors you with his divine presence—guiding, teaching, and gracious.

No great theme is so rarely preached about today as the office and work of the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity. This fact I have discovered from interviews with laymen of some of the most influential Christian Churches of the country. This "unction," enduement of power, may be obtained by every prophet of God. In that splendid little volume of Bishop Thoburn, The Church of Pentecost (and I know of no better small treatise on the subject), he gives us these wise Christian counsels: "The baptism of the Holy Spirit is that divine act by which the bond which is to unite the disciple with his Master becomes real. . . . Vociferous prayer and stormy preaching may become the habit of a good man, but are by no means an evidence of spiritual power. . . . In a very blessed sense 'the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence,' but it is the violence of faith operating in the unseen spiritual realm, and not that of physical effort which operates in a wholly different sphere. . . . It is God coöperating with men! And this highest power known to men can be found only at the feet of the risen Son of God, whose divine prerogative it is to baptize with the Holy Spirit's fullness, and with this fullness will come power, beyond that of mortals, for the peculiar task which the Master will assign to the suppliant." The homiletical nature and value of the sermon is not to be disregarded altogether. But from the pew it will be regarded without edification if this "specifically Christian accent," the "unction" of the Holy Spirit, is not present in more or less power! Tarry, wait, pray, expect, and long for his presence and we may all really hope for his coming. Then what a different comment will come up from the pew!

S. R. Reno.

Manchester, Illinois.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE REVIVAL OF LITURGICAL SERVICE

A DECIDED change has come over Protestant Christendom in form of service. One of the first things that arrests the attention of a visitor where the Oriental religions prevail or in countries where Lutheranism or the Church of England is in the ascendency is the elaborate ritual with which he has not been so familiar in his own country. After a sojourn of months amid these surroundings he returns to his home church and is astonished at the extreme simplicity of the service which he had not noticed before.

Within a few years past marked changes have taken place in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Presbyterian, Congregational, and Reformed Churches are exhibiting the same ritualistic tendency and the order of service is becoming complex. In the churches of the Presbyterian or Congregational order each church is a law to itself, thus differing from the churches of the Episcopal form and those who have inherited more or less of the Episcopal ritual. We note this as a tendency of the times and ask the questions, "Is this tendency a help or is it a hindrance to the evangelistic spirit?" When these branches of the church devote themselves to special evangelical services they seem to regard the ritual as a hindrance, and in times of revival, when the church is aroused to definite work for the salvation of the people, the forms are greatly diminished and almost disappear.

In the time of Lenten service in the Episcopal Church it is to be noticed that there is a change in the method both of preaching and of service. Their efforts are direct and personal after the manner of the early Methodists. The problem of importance, then, is how to preserve the evangelical spirit and evangelical methods which have been sanctioned by long usage and great success. We may further ask, should the tendency to ritualistic services be discouraged altogether or so modified as to make the least possible disharmony with the early evangelical methods? Perhaps a safe rule is to avoid excess in ritualistic development; in other words the church should not go to the extreme in ritualistic forms but should hold a balance such as would preserve the intensity and vigor of the early church. The Methodist Episcopal Church has adopted a form of much simplicity and one which is practically uniform in all the churches. It enables the people to realize that they have a part in the worship to an extent not reached when no order was prescribed by the church. There is, however, one characteristic of the Protestant Episcopal Church which might be safely adopted by the non-ritualistic churches, namely, readings for special days and of lessons from the Old Testament running through the year. The use of the Psalter is well-nigh universal, but there is not sufficient demand for the Old Testament readings, and is personally accompanied by selections by the pastor. These are supposed to be se-

lected relative to the subject being discussed. It is quite desirable that the second lesson should bear on the text for the occasion. Use a formally arranged series of readings, catching the main features of the Old Testament history and Old Testament teaching, which prove of such educational and spiritual value.

THE AGE OF ORGANIZATION

EVERY age has its characteristics. They are often hidden from the ordinary view and reveal themselves only to the close student of human affairs. The changes in method as well as in thought are so imperceptible that great changes occur before anyone knows what is going on. This is true of national movements and of church affairs. There are a number of characteristics which mark this age, and perhaps each person will note a different one, but the present one seems to the writer to be characterized as the age of organization. While in theory the individual is supposed to count and to be an object for which organizations exist, yet the stress lies upon the organized forces by means of which it is thought the progress of humanity may be best secured.

Our whole country has been recently stirred by political movements of vital importance to the nation. Different parties have entered the field asking recognition and making pledges of what they propose to accomplish in case they are intrusted with power. In one sense they appeal on behalf of their principles, but the method of gaining their end is largely by organization. Each party has its committee, its general manager, and leaders of various subordinate committees in various parts of the country, and they move to their work as a unit guided mainly by a single head but depending upon the thoroughness of their organization. Not only so, but the various unions of the country promote their ends and depend for their success upon the completeness of their organization.

Passing from these things to the church, which is the subject of the present inquiry, we note the same tendency. The multiplied organizations which the church has established constitute a method of work which was practically unknown to our fathers. We have multiplied not only in the general church but in the congregations until it is difficult to secure individual effort. All seem to move as members of a combination. This state of things has resulted in a new sphere for the ministry. The former idea that his chief function was to preach, while it has not disappeared in theory, has in our great cities largely disappeared in fact. The minister has become an organizer, and much of his time is devoted to the oversight of various organizations of the church and in seeing to it that they are in working order. In other words, he has become an executive officer. It does not appear to the writer that he desires to devote himself so exclusively to the administration of affairs, but the conditions of the age require it. The problem that confronts the minister is how to adjust these practical duties with the utmost efficiency as preacher and pastor; that is, how to adjust himself to his duties as an executive and at

the same time maintain his preaching and pastoral efficiency. The preacher must, first of all, remember his divine commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He is to be the shepherd of the flock of Christ. His twofold function is that of the preacher and that of the pastoral office. Whatever other work he may be called to do gathers around these two primary functions.

The preaching function will be a powerful help in the organizing function. If it is understood that an executive officer, however gifted in administration, has no preaching power, while his influence may not be destroyed thereby, it will certainly be greatly impaired. There can be no substitute for the preaching of the gospel, for, as Saint Paul says, "It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Other qualifications and abilities may help and be eminently useful but they cannot take the place of the primal one to which the minister has been called, namely, to preach. He must also have a keen sense of the relative importance of the various organizations of the church. He must lay emphasis on that which his experience shows to be most effective in building up the kingdom of God. At the present time the sphere that opens the widest opportunity for service is that of the young people of the church. This may properly be called the age of the young people. It is from them that our churches are largely recruited, and when properly trained they become the most efficient workers. The cause of the young people's efficiency is not in the mere fact of their youth. It grows out of their hopefulness. Older people have been jostled so much by the experiences of life and they have seen so many failures in their efforts that they are inclined to hesitate where the youthful spirit pushes forward. The young undertake tasks which to a mature mind seem impracticable and often achieve success by means which, in the view of older persons, are inadequate and even ridiculous. To organize these forces in the best manner requires profound insight and skill.

The methods of organization vary greatly in different communities. The same means will not work in all places. The crowded city must be distinguished from the rural population. The power to organize and to control the young people's societies of the church is one greatly to be coveted. There is a danger against which we may well guard, namely, that of overorganization. It is felt by many that the Church of Christ is organized to excess. No one will question the services rendered by organization, without which the varied activities of our age would become a chaos. The dangers are, however, apparent. There is a weakening of the spontaneity of action. Various bodies are very minutely organized, including officers, constitution, by-laws, and all the conditions of membership are carefully guarded. Violations of the law are punished after the manner of state laws. These various elements become so controlling that the cherished idea of duty yields to the dictations of organization and the spontaneity which springs out of a special impulse to do good is suppressed. Further, overorganization tends to decrease personal interest on the part of individual members. It is the interest of the whole body that is uppermost. The result is, unconsciously perhaps, that each

member of the organization ceases to take a personal interest in that which is to be accomplished and does his work through the meetings of the whole body. It also diminishes a sense of responsibility. Divided responsibility is often acceptable to many when called to face difficult problems. Thus the organization will accept principles and perform acts which frees them from a sense of responsibility. Anything that destroys liberty, responsibility and the interest in individuals must ultimately tend to weaken the usefulness of the whole body. It may further be noted that too close adherence to organization and to action that is done through committees only prevents that promptness so essential to the highest usefulness. Promptness in our church work is as valuable as in any business enterprise. The person or institution that is always waiting for a more convenient season will find that it will never come. This is as true of all of our service as it is of the reception of grace.

The suggestions of this paper are not intended to underestimate the virtues of organizations nor depreciate what has been accomplished by them. It is to guard against a danger lest the multiplied organizations, and their complexity as well, may destroy or impair the two great functions of the ministry, to which reference has been already made, namely, the preaching office and the pastoral office, without which the highest success of the church cannot be secured.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

TOMBS AT GEZER

No place in Palestine has been subjected to a more thorough and scientific archæological examination than the site and immediate surroundings of ancient Gezer. Excavations were commenced here on June 14, 1902, by the Palestine Exploration Fund under the able supervision of Mr. Stewart Macalister and have been continued with short interruptions from that day to the present time. No excavations in Palestine have yielded so rich a harvest of objects covering so long a period—beginning with the rude cave dwellers and reaching down to the Crusaders. Every one of the many strata has its own story, and, strange enough, the greater part of the history of this old city is told us by the silent tombs and burial places, of which Gezer had its full quota. It is by the study of sepulchers and cemeteries and the objects therein found that we are brought face to face with the civilizations of more than four thousand years. It is well known to Bible readers that Gezer, being on, or quite near, the highway of the nations, the great caravan and military route along the Mediterranean Sea, connecting Egypt with Syria, Asia Minor and Babylonia, was a significant place in many periods of history. A large number of objects found in Gezer show clearly that Egypt played an important part in its history from the earliest time to the reign of Solomon, when this old city was given by Pharaoh as a part of the dowry to his daughter on her marriage to the Hebrew monarch. It is mentioned on the Merenptah tablet, on which the name "Israel" occurs. It is one of the places inscribed upon the walls of the great temple of Karnak. We may also add that this town is often mentioned in the Tel-el-Amarna correspondence; indeed, three of these tablets are letters from the governor of Gezer to the king of Egypt. Many of the objects dug up from these ancient ruins also show clearly that there was a very direct communication between Gezer and the Euphrates valley.

According to Mr. Macalister there are, at least, nine clearly defined strata in the ruins of this ancient landmark. Beginning with the lowest, we are introduced to the Troglodyte period, somewhere between B.C. 3500-2000. The Troglodytes, as the name indicates, were cave dwellers. Their caves, for the most part, were natural, and yet, even the oldest of them, show the marks of some cutting instrument, or that these natural holes in the earth were enlarged. At this stage of Palestinian life, civilization was at a low ebb; for that reason little is left to tell the story of these ancient cave dwellers. If the simple scribbling and crude representations of animals cut on the walls of these caves be of Troglodyte origin, we are safe in concluding that they had no aptitude in the simplest kind of art or decoration. The only objects they have left are a few pieces of rude pottery, some flint and bone implements. Nothing in metal was found in

this stratum. Large quantities of ashes of burnt human bodies were found on the floor of one cave, which favors the inference that they disposed of their dead by cremation. Now, as cremation was very unusual among the Semites at any period of their history, it has been justly argued that the first inhabitants of Gezer, of whom we have any trace, were non-Semitic. Their origin can only be a matter of conjecture, for there are no bones, nor skulls, nor even a pictorial representation to throw the least light upon the subject. The Horites mentioned in the Pentateuch were cave dwellers, and thus might have been of the same race as the pre-Semitic Gezerites.

Gezer was next occupied by what may be called the Early Semites, in other words, Canaanites or Amorites, a people ethnographically the same as the Hebrews, yet differing widely in religion and customs. These people no doubt drove out the Troglodytes and took possession of their caves, and utilized some of them for their burial places. There is no evidence to show that the Canaanites made a practice of burning the bodies of their dead. It appears quite certain that they substituted inhumation for cremation, for in the cave, where such piles of ashes were found, were discovered right over these ashes large numbers of skeletons or bones, more or less decomposed. It is not clear that any order was observed in the position of the bodies, some lay with their feet to the north, others to the south, others again in other directions. All of them, however, were in a contracted or squatting attitude, and none were laid out at full length. Many utensils or vessels were found near these bodies, establishing the fact that it was common at that time to deposit food and drink with the dead. Large jars with small cups or dippers inside of them, saucers or plates for meat or other food, knives to cut this meat, and spearheads were among the articles found in these tombs. All this goes to show that even in that early age the departed, though buried, were not regarded as entirely dead.

Many things were discovered in this stratum to confirm scripture history. Of these we may mention a high place, an alignment of *masseboth* (pillars), varying in height from six to nearly eleven feet. Perhaps the most interesting things discovered in this stratum were the bodies of a large number of newborn infants. The fact that almost every one of these infants, placed in a peculiarly made jar, was that of a newborn babe, lends color to the belief that we have here not an ordinary burying place, but rather a sacred spot, where the bodies of firstborn children, sacrificed to some divinity, were separately deposited. It is a well-established fact that the pre-Israelitic people of Canaan offered human sacrifices. This is especially true of the firstborn. That such a custom prevailed at Gezer is quite probable. The temptation of Abraham to offer up his son Isaac may have been suggested by this horrible practice of his bigoted and idolatrous neighbors. Of the infant remains thus found, only two showed any signs of fire; the rest were evidently placed in jars, covered with earth, till they were smothered. The redemption of the firstborn with money may have some connection with this atrocious pre-Israelitic custom. To this period also belong what have been termed foundation sacri-

fices, that is, the practice of placing human bodies under or near the foundation stone of an edifice in order to call down upon that structure the divine blessing. Indeed, some believe that men and children were immured alive. Several such foundation sacrifices have been found at Gezer. Two such deserve especial mention: The upper part of the bodies of a young boy and a young girl, about sixteen years of age. Why this mutilation is not easy to say. Sometimes the bones of animals were deposited in the same place as those of human beings. These early Semites lived between B.C. 2000-1400.

The so-called second, or late, Semitic period was between B.C. 1400 and 600. The same method of sepulture prevailed in the main in this as in the preceding period. The chief difference was in the construction of the tombs. Both early and late Semites made use of natural caves. They also quarried out chambers from the solid rock. The early Semites entered their tombs from above by means of perpendicular shafts, eight or ten feet deep, growing narrower toward the bottom. The late Semites, on the other hand, made these entrances more of a "sloping gradient." Considerable pottery was found in both strata, which consisted of vases, lamps, and so forth. There were also a few implements or weapons, such as metallic arrowheads, javelins, rings and bracelets. The advance in decorations could be clearly traced in the two periods. It is a well-known fact that the Philistines, during the early part of the reigns of Saul and David, played an important role in the story of Palestine. Indeed, the word "Palestine" is derived from these people. It is, therefore, quite natural that Gezer has a number of graves, which Mr. Macalister has, with some diffidence, termed "Philistine graves." These are not cut out of the solid rock as the Semitic graves, but built up of small stones into vaults or tombs, plastered on the inside and covered with stone slabs. The bodies were laid out at full length and not placed in a squatting position, as in the Semitic graves above described. The vessels and ornaments deposited in these Philistine tombs were quite numerous and comparatively expensive, which proves that their occupants were people of means and artistic taste. There were some elegant vases and large jars, bronze plates, mirrors, discs, silver rings, ladles, and bowls, as well as a few articles in gold. Some of these were quite artistically decorated. These graves have much in common with tombs examined in Knossos, as well as with the Carian tomb of Assarlik. Lydia, too, has similar tombs. All this goes to prove that the Philistines were colonists in Palestine from some of the islands to the west or from Asia Minor. We also know from history that Gezer was the scene of bloody conflicts during the Maccabæan wars, and that it was captured by Simon, who, it is believed, built a palace here, whose foundations have been laid bare by Mr. Macalister. Be that as it may, a large number of tombs in the immediate vicinity belong to the Maccabæan period. The Maccabæan tombs are quite different from all preceding ones. They were excavated out of the solid rock, usually on the slope of a hill. They are never entered from the roof, but always through a door on the side. Sometimes a narrow passage was cut out in front of them, in which there are a series of steps leading to the tomb.

This passage was always covered up with earth, so as to conceal or protect the entrance to the burial chamber. The dressed stone found in the walls of the rude huts near Gezer were probably taken from the monuments erected in front of such tombs. As a rule these rock-cut sepulchers have only one chamber; a few, however, have three. In this chamber there are from six to eighteen receptacles (*Kôkim*), or narrow holes, dug into the walls at right angles. The bodies, head inwards, are placed in these. Some of these *Kôkim* are wide enough for two bodies. The method of sepulture was very simple, as in the time of Christ: the body was wrapped up in a shroud or cloth and fastened with pins. Though next to no trace of the cloth has been found in these graves, pins have often been picked up in them, and in some cases, large nails, favoring the conclusion that wooden coffins had been used. Some of these burial chambers have ossuaries filled with bones, which proves that it was customary, as it is to this day in portions of Palestine and elsewhere, to remove bones from these holes in order to make room for new bodies. The objects found in the Maccabæan tombs were few and simple. Unlike the Egyptians, the Semites made little or no use of mural decorations. Indeed, ornamentation and decorations were conspicuous by their absence. Only two inscriptions, both in Hebrew and of the Maccabæan age, were brought to light. One reads: "Savo, the son of Elizzer"; the other, "Hanun, the son of Jechoni."

Passing now to the tombs of the Christian period, between A. D. 300-500, of which about forty have been examined, we may say that they differ but little, except in one particular, from those of the Maccabæan age. The *Kôkim* of this period are replaced by arcosolia, that is benches, which are arranged around the sides of the tomb. Occasionally there is more than one row of these arcosolia. The bodies, wrapped up in simple cloth with little or no decoration, were placed upon these benches. Here, too, there was a paucity of inscriptions on walls and doors. The bones and skulls found in the tombs of the Christian period testify to the mixed population of Gezer. One skull, according to Mr. Macalister, was that of a Negro. Of the objects found in these tombs we may mention some seal rings, small copper coins, some earrings, a number of beads and some glass bottles varying in size from one to seven inches long. What these were used for can only be a matter of conjecture. There were also some glass Kohl-pots, beakers, and vases. In Egypt it was customary to furnish the dead with cosmetics and some other toilet requisites. Is it possible that such articles could have been placed in Christian tombs for a similar reason? Every grave had one or more lamps. Some of them were exquisitely ornamented and bore short inscriptions, chiefly in Greek. The most common of all inscriptions was: "The light of Christ appeared to all." One lamp had on it: "The lamp of Stephanos Philochristos"; another, "The Lord is my light." In all these ruins there have been unearthed just four Latin characters; they are the letters PROP, skillfully wrought into and concealed between the ornamental flourishes on a lamp. It has been suggested that they may be the intitials of the maker or the deceased. There are also six Hebrew letters חאר כיע; who can tell their meaning?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Paul Volz. Although comparatively a beginner in theology, he has already won considerable recognition. He is, on the whole, conservative, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, constructive. The idea of revelation in the Old Testament is not, with him, a mere hypothesis, but a presupposition of the firmest kind. It is not introduced as a concession of necessity but as a welcome truth. He believes that in the growth of the religion of Israel the power of the life of God is manifested through strong personalities, and that this thesis is capable of scientific demonstration. In this respect he is really not so far away from the great majority of modern theologians, even of the comparatively radical sort, as most readers think. They, too, hold that revelation is the ground or cause of the whole Israelitish history, ruling the natural order of causes in all its parts. They differ from Volz chiefly in that, unlike him, they do not regard revelation as in and of itself capable of being scientifically discerned. Rather is it with them a maxim, or hypothesis, only by "hypothesis" must not be here understood anything doubtful. Volz has developed his ideas in his book, *Mose. Ein Beitrag zur Untersuchung über die Ursprünge der israelitischen Religion* (Moses. A Contribution to the Investigation of the Origin of the Israelitish Religion), Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1907. He maintains that even before the appearance of the literary prophets the religion of Israel was strongly monotheistic, supernatural, individualistic, and, especially, ethical. This fact has not been sufficiently recognized by most writers. They have fastened their attention upon what the masses evidently found most to their liking, and upon the evident existence in Israel prior to the prophets of remains of various superstitions. But no religion can safely be judged by such standards. Rather must every religion be judged by what its highest representatives find in it. It is when judged by such a standard that he discovers the qualities he claims for the Israelitish religion of the preprophetic period. Following the stream backward toward its source, he concludes that what constitutes the peculiar and essential character of the preprophetic religion of Israel must be referred back to Moses. He is inclined to believe that Moses was ahead of his age, and even of the age succeeding him. He reaches this conclusion on the ground that so it is almost always with a true prophet. Accordingly, he assumes that Moses regarded Jahweh as a moral personality, and as the one true God; that he looked upon the ethical as containing the entire religious intensity of Israel; and, perhaps, even that his conception of religion was not that of a cult but of a purely ethical worship. It was no national religion that Moses instituted, but rather a thoroughly super- not to say anti-national

religion. Notwithstanding this he founded what Volz calls a Jahweh League whose members bound themselves to absolute consecration to this one true God, to the spread of his worship among the Hebrew tribes, and to the protection of the same against all encroachments from without. This religious cognition that Jahweh was the one only true God rested upon personal revelation, yet not in such a way that it brought in something absolutely new, having no connection whatever with previous religious conception. Rather does he think that the pre-Mosaic religion of Jahweh stood on a high plane, and that in it the ethical element played a conspicuous part, and that it contained a germ of monotheism. We must say that all this is probably, on the whole, true. Still, it is a fact that he has not proved it. It remains a subjective opinion rather than an established fact; probably true, but not demonstrably so. This is the difficulty with all such studies, and he is not to blame for having done only what he did. It is noticeable that he cannot get away from the idea of evolution, but presupposes a stage of development in pre-Mosaic times which prepared the way for Moses. Intrinsically there is no reason why revelation should not take the form of an evolution under divine influence.

Johannes Steinbeck. The critics have pretty well established to their own satisfaction that of the Gospels only the synoptics may be used securely for the purpose of ascertaining Jesus's estimate of himself. And it is well understood that in the synoptics there is a minimum of assertion by Christ regarding himself. Most critics have therefore concluded that there is no sufficient ground to think that Jesus thought of himself as divine. Just here Steinbeck demurs; and in his *Das göttliche Selbst bewusstsein Jesu nach dem Zeugniss der Synoptiker* (The Consciousness of Divinity in Jesus according to the Testimony of the Synoptists), Leipzig, A. Deichert'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung Nachf. 1908, he undertakes to prove that the Synoptists give us ample material from which we must conclude that Jesus thought of himself as divine. He really finds in the synoptic Gospels an almost complete system of Christology such as we have in the creeds of Nice and Chalcedon. In Jesus a spiritual personality eternally distinct from, yet essentially one with, the Father became man. This personality must not be thought of as distinct from the Father in the same way as two human persons are distinct. This doctrine does not destroy the unity of the Godhead. The human attributes of Jesus show that subsequent to his self-emptying (Kenosis) this personality united himself in a personal unity with the holy human soul of Jesus. Steinbeck finds that Jesus, according to the synoptists, felt himself to have the same significance for the salvation of men that God himself possessed, and that in this fact Jesus betrays his consciousness of oneness with the Father. This consciousness is one that could not have been either conferred upon him or acquired by him, but must have been a part of his very nature. The basis upon which this consciousness of unity rests is his consciousness of absolute, not relative, sinlessness. Only a perfectly guiltless being can be the representative of

the holy God. Such a consciousness cannot be regarded as a manifestation of fanaticism. Steinbeck points out in a general way that Jesus assumes functions that belong only to God, and which reveal the man to whom they appear to belong as on the same level as God. Here again he uses the illustration of Jesus as the Redeemer. God, and no other, is the Redeemer of mankind. Jesus recognized himself as the human embodiment of God's purpose of redemption. The man who fulfills the promise of God that he will redeem his people from all their sins—who in his own person fills the breach between God and the world—who attributes to himself the power to supply the infinitely great need of humanity, has a significance for the world equal to that of God the Redeemer. Between the saving relation of the Father to the world and that of Jesus no factual distinction can be discovered. That Jesus had a consciousness of the right and power to assume divine functions is evident also from his claim that he is the judge of the world. Not only must he who can be the judge of the world have a consciousness of his moral equality with God, he must also have the consciousness of seeing sin and sinners with that infinite insight that God possesses. It must be said in reference to this whole discussion by Steinbeck that, strictly speaking, he has not made out his contention. There is in the synoptics no place where Jesus directly betrays his consciousness of being divine. The conclusion that he had such a consciousness is an inference. In this respect the synoptics differ from the fourth Gospel. On the same line it must be said that he can only assert that the synoptics contain the complete Christology he claims for them by deduction. Strictly historical methods do not attain to such high conclusions. Nevertheless, as between Steinbeck and those who would affirm that such functions can be assumed by one who has a consciousness less than that of divinity, we think Steinbeck is decidedly in the right. The synoptics, in any deep view of their contents, favor the orthodox contention for the deity of Christ.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Het Vasten bij Israël. *Een vergelijkand onderzaek* (Fasting in Israel. A Comparative Study). By A. W. Groenman. Leiden, E. Ijdo, 1906. Seldom do we have occasion to notice in these pages a book by a Dutch author; but here is the most complete study of fasting, as practiced by the Israelites and later by Christians, which has ever been published. Groenman discusses fasting in the Israelitish period as follows: Fasting is in and of itself valuable, though in various ways. In the oldest instances the meaning of the fast was closely related to the death fast, which had its origin in the death sacrifice, and consists in abstinence from all food in the house of the dead, since this is thought of as under the influence of the spirit of the dead person and hence unclean. Clean and unclean are in a certain sense synonymous. The sacred, like the unclean, is, though for a different reason, dangerous to men. It is supposed to be possessed by a supernatural force. Hence it is the same thing in effect to abstain from sacred food as to abstain from unclean food. If one was

not in a condition of holiness, he dare not in any case eat sacred food, and hence must eat, if at all, of profane nutriment. The condition of uncleanness was occasioned by demonic powers, and that of holiness by divine power. In the former case the effort was to prevent uncleanness by abstaining from that over which the power producing uncleanness had influence. In the latter case the effort was to secure holiness by partaking of food devoted to God. The condition of securing this is abstinence from profane nourishment. Fasting from unclean food was a preparation for communion with God. Since the Deity was present not only in sacrifice, but also in war and in courts of justice, it followed that those who took part in these things came in a condition of holiness. The old custom of fasting prior to partaking of sacred or consecrated food was practiced even when consecrated food was not in question, if one anticipated engaging in communion with God or passing into a condition of holiness. In the same measure in which God came to be thought of as transcendent did fasting lose its significance, and then it degenerated into a mere mechanical process, or form. In the second period of Judaism we find the prophets condemning, not fasting, but the degenerate forms which had lost their significance. With them the form without the right spirit was worse than useless. While prior to the exile fasting had for its purpose the avoidance of some evil, during and subsequent to the exile self-chastisement was practiced in order to show the Deity that the sin was recognized, and that self-punishment had been inflicted and therefore need not be inflicted by the Deity. Two causes led to the more vigorous practice of fasting subsequent to the exile. First, fasting now had the positive purpose of securing the assistance and the protection of God. Second, prior to the exile the individual played a minor part. Subsequently thereto he became important. As an individual act, therefore, it assumed new importance. But in harmony with the priestly legal tendency in later Judaism it came about that instead of the disposition, the emphasis was laid upon the act itself, which came to be regarded as a meritorious work, thereby leading back to the earlier days. On the other hand, under the prophetic tendency fasting was not practiced as a means of securing the protection and blessing of God, but of advancing the inner spiritual life and as a support in prayer. Still later it came to be a means of attaining ecstasy, which was supposed to aid in the insight into divine things. In Christianity fasting was valuable only in connection with a correct disposition. The idea of fasting as a rite was gone. Hence fasting need not be total abstinence, but limitation of quantity and variety. Especially was it true that the rite lost value when, as was the case, asceticism took the place of fasting. This is but a meager outline of a book full of information in a most interesting and practically important theme.

Die Quellen der synoptischen Ueberlieferung (The Sources of the Information contained in the Synoptic Gospels). By Bernhard Weiss, Leipzig, J. C. Heinrich'sche Buchhandlung, 1908. The veteran New Testa-

ment scholar who is the author of this book has just retired from his professorship in Berlin University after fifty years of consecutive service. During all these years he has been a leading student in the realm of the criticism of the Gospels, and for the most part he has been on the conservative side. This book, published about the time of his retirement from the active duties of his professorship, yet while he is in full possession of his mental powers, must be supposed to represent his ripest judgment and his final conclusions. Weiss concludes that in Luke the reports parallel to Matthew are by no means all traceable to what the critics call the Q source; but that they are partly traceable to a source which is peculiar to Luke and which Weiss calls L. This enables him to see in Matthew a much more extensive use of Q than is generally supposed and at the same time it saves him from the necessity of accusing Luke of doing violence to Q. Where, in parallel reports, Matthew and Luke have generally been supposed to have used Q only, Weiss thinks that Luke used L as well, and thus Matthew is our authority for the value of Q and Luke for the value of L. This L source is almost as extensive as Q. Weiss thinks the source is a unit, and that it is a Jerusalem and Jewish Christian source. He regards the Christology of this L source as that of the primitive Christians, notwithstanding the Virgin Birth, which is included in L. The angelic appearances are also included in it and are no sign that the source is secondary. He regards the source Q as a collection of speeches and narratives. The author of the source had a plan, but it is not specially a chronological plan, though in part he follows, or proposes to follow, the order of time. It was written by one who had seen and heard the things he records, as is evident both from what he says and what he omits. The source shows no trace of the influence of later ideas. There are accounts of miracles, but they are of an entirely different character from those of a later period. The source does not, as later representations do, connect the casting out of devils and the healing of the sick and make those things the daily business of Jesus. Coming to the Gospel of Mark, he declares that Mark did not intend to write a life of Jesus, and that it is a great self-deception to suppose we can build a life of Jesus on what Mark wrote. All this is, according to Weiss, a strong evidence of the credibility of Mark. He declares that the attempt to establish an Urmarkas (a Gospel of Mark on which our present Mark is based), and the attempt to destroy the value of this Gospel, according to the custom of so many at present, is the natural consequence of having never earnestly inquired what the Gospel was intended to accomplish. In discussing the composition, peculiarities, limitations, and defects of the two later synoptics, Matthew and Luke, he declares that their authors were not guilty of inventing their materials nor of voluntarily inserting extraneous matter. Nevertheless, misunderstandings and involuntary regard for the times in which they wrote are not wanting. Matthew was not controlled by any dogmatic purpose. He was grieved that his people were destroyed by the Messiah who wished to glorify them. Hence he tries to show that the kingdom of God is not national but a kingdom of heaven. Luke had a more difficult task. We must combine three im-

portant sources of information, and yet preserve the order of the narrative. The third Gospel shows no trace of oral tradition. Luke was not a follower of Paul in doctrine. In all his exhibitions of preference he exhibits no Paulinism. This is clear from the fact that he uses L complete. We cannot further display the contents of this great book. Whether all Weiss's conclusions will stand remains to be seen.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Defection from Rome in Austria. It is expected that during the current year 1908 the defections from Rome will reach a total of 50,000 since the beginning of the movement in 1898, during which year Rome lost 1,598 to the Evangelical Church. The following year the defections numbered 6,385; in 1900 they were 5,058; in 1901 they were 6,639; and since then the numbers have decreased gradually, except in 1905, when there was a slight increase. Whether the movement will die out remains to be seen.

Juvenile Courts in Germany. The attention paid to childhood in general and the increase in criminality among children have combined to awaken Germany as also this country to the need of special courts for children. An attempt is also being made to separate youthful criminals from adults, and to deal with them, not as subjects of punishment, but of training. There are but two prisons for youth in the whole German empire; and as a consequence it is common for children from twelve to fourteen years of age to be confined in cells contiguous to adult convicts. The most completely organized juvenile court in Germany at the present time is situated at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the court is held in a separate building and is conducted much as such a court is conducted in this country. It has been in operation only since the beginning of the present year, 1908, and it is limited to cases where naturally the punishment would be at least six months in jail. Nevertheless, it has been kept so busy that at the present rate it will deal with about four hundred cases during its first year of existence.

Wichern Celebration in Hamburg. Though the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder of the German Home Mission was observed in many places, the chief celebration was held in Hamburg. So great was the interest that thousands attended the exercises, which consisted principally of estimates of Wichern and his work from various standpoints. One result of the celebration promises to be of permanent value—the organization of a society whose object it is to aid in the development of the national Christian life by means of tractates which shall discuss biblical, apologetic, congregational, educational, historical, and social questions, and which are to be distributed judiciously and widely by the society.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

In the Harvard Theological Review appeared a while ago an interesting article by Dr. George E. Horr, of Newton Theological Institution, entitled "Bishop Butler and Cardinal Newman on Religious Certitude." The article presents and discusses the views of these two representative thinkers on the ever-present question, What tests justify the judgment that we are sure that this or that statement of religious or ethical truth is true? Broadly speaking, the difference between Butler and Newman is that the former laid chief stress on the formal, external evidences, the balance of probability, as judged by the reason, while the latter put chief emphasis on the inward evidence furnished by the soul's own testimony and the confirming witness of the Holy Spirit. Butler's principal disciple and champion in our time was Gladstone; and of the doctrine which they both held Dr. Horr says: "There is something peculiarly robust and British in this doctrine. What could be more in accord with the practical, common-sense bent of English human nature than to weigh the evidence, make up your mind, and then act as if all the evidence had been on one side? That is what the English business man and statesman have always done. Why is not the principle equally applicable to religion? Mr. Gladstone says over and over again that it is. The evidence does not give you absolute certitude; but you have a sufficient constructive certitude by striking a balance of the evidence, closing the case, and then acting as if the evidence had been conclusive. That is the way we act in every-day affairs; that is the principle upon which law is administered; that is a sound principle in religion." In the period of Hooper, Latimer, Baxter, Howe, Owen, Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor, the doctrine of English theologians as to the bases of Christian certitude was that which is consummately expressed in the article on the Bible in the Westminster Confession. Dean Stanley called that article one of the ablest creedal statements of the ages. It reads as follows: "We may be moved and induced by the testimony of the church to a high and reverent esteem of the Holy Scripture; and the heavenliness of the matter, the efficacy of the doctrine, the majesty of the style, the consent of all the parts, the scope of the whole (which is to give all glory to God), the full discovery it makes of the only way of man's salvation, the many other incomparable excellencies, and the entire perfection thereof, are arguments whereby it doth abundantly evidence itself to be the Word of God; yet, notwithstanding, our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and divine authority thereof is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the Word in our hearts." This doctrine of the testimony of the Holy Spirit, it is noted, is not only the doctrine of the Puritans, but also underlies the whole of English religious thought from Latimer to Tillotson (1630-1694). This doctrine is a variety of mysticism, and the great body of English theologians down to the revolution (1688)

reached certitude by the mystic path. Admitting that *arguments about* revelation would produce a strong persuasion as to the probability of the Bible's divine authority, they yet contended that *certitude*—the full assurance beyond the shadow of a doubt—came from the convincing witness of the Holy Spirit. Butler's *Analogy*, with a variety of other forces, led to an over-emphasis on the external proofs of the Christian revelation. The old Arminianism of Holland, entering England soon after the Synod of Dort, placed principal reliance upon miracles and prophecy as the sufficient credentials of revelation. Dr. Horr says it was John Wesley who brought back the popular religion of England to its mystical basis, his doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit bringing Arminian Methodism into agreement with the noble Article on the Bible in the Westminster Confession. Newman laid stress on what he called "the implicit reason" in the production of religious certitude. His theory in a word is this: our judgments, whether we will or no, are not wholly the product of the logical understanding, but temperamental, sentimental, experiential, and many other considerations enter into them, and rightly so. Evidence addressed to the logical understanding is not so much a test of truth as a path by which we attain access to the truth. The responses and reactions of the human spirit are also pathways to truth. A familiar illustration may make the point clearer. In an appreciation of an eminent financier the writer says in substance: "For a number of years, up to his death, I sat on the board of directors of the X Y Co. with Mr. A. Many times I have observed his mental processes. He would listen with absorbed attention to the statement of the facts of a given situation, but I never knew a man more impatient of an argument about the facts. After he had the facts before him and had reviewed them, he reached a conclusion; and he used to amaze the other directors by the insight, sagacity, and adequacy of his judgments. Another thing surprised me. When Mr. A was called upon to give his reasons for his conclusion, his argumentation was exceedingly weak. We used to say that almost any member of the board could defend Mr. A's policy better than the author of it. Now what elements entered into those sagacious judgments? Formal logic hardly at all. But first there was a natural business sagacity, akin to the endowment of the artist; then large experience in dealing with similar matters; then a capacity of looking at the whole situation in the large; and then a peculiar insight into human nature, so that he could readily forecast the practicability of his policy." In what is probably his greatest sermon—that on "Implicit and Explicit Reason"—speaking of the nature of reasoning, Newman says: "One fact may suffice for a whole theory; one principle may create and sustain a system; one minute token is a clue to a large discovery. The mind ranges to and fro, and spreads out, and advances forward with a quickness that has become a proverb, a subtilty, and a versatility which baffle investigation. It passes on from point to point, gaining one by some indication, another on a probability; then availing itself of an association; then committing itself to some popular impression, or some inward instinct, or some obscure memory: and thus it makes progress not unlike a clamberer on a steep cliff who, by quick eye, prompt

hand, and a sure foot, ascends, how he knows not himself, by personal endowments and by practice rather than by rule, leaving no track behind him and unable to teach another. . . . And such mainly is the way in which all men, gifted or not gifted, commonly reason—not by rule but by an inward faculty." Newman calls this power which enables us to arrive at our conclusions the "illative sense." He likens it to the sense of beauty or to the capacity for dealing with affairs. He illustrates its nature and working in the various departments of human activity. By it the lawyer or the general or the business man or statesman reaches a certitude as to his own conclusions through the response of his whole personality to the situation. Dr. Horr very properly notes that any just estimate of Butler must take account of his *Sermons* as well as his *Analogy*. Butler wrote the *Analogy* against the Deists, and of course he had to meet them on their own ground, and he did not, in an apologetic directed to a certain phase of thought, expound his whole philosophy. In the *Sermons* Butler regards the voice of conscience as supreme. The certitude which parallels the certitude of our own existence is the sense of obligation to do right, the conviction of the authority of righteousness. Butler says, "Though a man should doubt of everything else, yet he would still remain under the nearest and most certain obligation to the practice of virtue." The voice of conscience is like a royal invitation. Such an invitation becomes an imperial mandate; it supersedes every other engagement. The structure of human nature makes this sense of obligation its own witness. Dr. Horr says: "The vindication of the place and authority of conscience is Butler's superb service to theology. Butler laid a firm foundation for moral and religious certitude in his recognition of the nature and place of the authority of righteousness. The truth of the supremacy of conscience, or, to put it in another way, of the authority of righteousness, is at once a fact and a standard of judgment. To work out the legitimate sequences of the fact as vindicating the moral order of the cosmos, as witnessing to a supreme moral personality manifesting himself in that order, and as indicating the necessity of construing the universe in the terms of personality, is one of the most fascinating and rewardful tasks of the modern theologian. But the authority of righteousness is also a criterion of values, and we are sure of the truth of every insight that clarifies and ennobles the moral ideal. Newman makes the self-evidencing power of the truth primary, and his quest is to confirm it by external evidence. At bottom his position was a return to the doctrine of the Westminster Confession, to the doctrine of John Calvin, of John Wesley, and of Jonathan Edwards. Calvin said that 'it was preposterous to attempt by discussion to rear up a full faith in Scripture.' Our confidence 'must be derived from a higher source than human conjectures, judgments, or reasons; namely the secret testimony of the Spirit.' The Bible approves itself by its own clear illumination. No one could surpass Calvin in his emphasis upon the self-evidencing power of the Truth. Jonathan Edwards speaks to the same intent: 'The gospel of the blessed God does not go abroad abegging for its evidence so much as some think: it has its highest and most proper evidence in itself. . . . Unless men may come to a reasonable solid persuasion

of the truth of the gospel . . . by a sight of its glory, it is impossible that those who are illiterate and unacquainted with history should have any thorough and effectual conviction of it at all. . . . He that sees the beauty of holiness or true moral good, sees the greatest and most important thing in the world. . . . Unless this is seen nothing is seen that is worth seeing: for there is no other true excellence or beauty. Unless this be understood nothing is understood worthy the exercise of the noble faculty of understanding. This is the beauty of the Godhead, the divinity of divinity (if I may so speak), the good of the infinite fountain of good.'" In a sense this answer of the soul to spiritual realities is one with the verifications of truth imparted by the sense of the authority of righteousness, but the inward response we are now contemplating is that of the whole personality. All thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame, are the agents and media of this verdict. The spirit of man becomes aware of the congruity between itself and truth, and witnesses to it. Whether this self-evidencing power of the truth is due to the structure of the soul, to the Testimonium Spiritus Sancti, to the mystic endowment, or to the quality of truth, is of secondary consequence to the fact itself. Dr. Horr goes on to say that these principles of certitude are to be supplemented by a third, which both Butler and Newman recognize, as all Christian thinkers in some measure have done. In the sermons of both it underlies the discussion like the granite ledges under a New England hillside. It may be called the pragmatic sanction—*the witness of experience.* In the act of "doing the truth" we unseal in our own hearts a fountain of assurance. The absolute self-surrender of the personal life to the moral conviction marks the beginning of a spiritual experience which, in normal lives, is not pathological like most of the instances described in Professor James's *Varieties of Christian Experience*, but thoroughly physiological and balanced. The normal Christian experience does not introduce fantastic spirits into the soul: it drives evil spirits thence, and leaves the man clothed and in his right mind. This moral conviction may be as to a definite act of righteousness, or as to the duty of a generic choice, or as to the claims of Jesus Christ, for even these register themselves in consciousness as a moral conviction, and there is no essential difference between the choice to tell the truth against the strong temptation to lie and yielding oneself to the claims of Christ. The inward harmony, the confidence, the divine peace—the peace that passes understanding—which follow self-surrender to a moral conviction, are among the most impressive aspects of the inner life as it has been recorded through the ages. When Butler and Newman are asked, In view of what principles does the normal mind come to certitude as to religious truth? though they differ widely in their philosophy and their outlook, they appear to agree in answering that we reach religious certitude in view of the sense of the authority of righteousness; in view of the mysterious responses of the human spirit to truth, corroborated by the conclusions of the reason; and in view of the verifications of experience. A clear and valuable discussion Dr. Horr has given.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life. By HENRY CHURCHILL KING. 12mo, pp. 256 New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

No college president, so far as we know, is putting forth more or more useful books than President King, of Oberlin. His volumes on Personal and Ideal Elements in Education, Reconstruction in Theology, Theology and the Social Consciousness, Rational Living, and the one now before us, deal directly and ably with actual conditions and problems of today. Under the head of "Causes of the *seeming* Unreality of the Spiritual Life," Dr. King names and explains fourteen *misconceptions.* He dwells also on the *failure to fulfill the conditions* of acquaintance with and appropriation of the great spiritual values. He notes the inevitable *limitations and fluctuations of our natures,* as another cause of the *seeming* unreality. He also explains how a benign and even necessary purpose may be at work in this *seeming* unreality, essential to our moral and spiritual training, and that the unobtrusiveness of the spiritual may suit with special religious needs. And then he points out that our irrepressible questionings are, in a way, a proof of reality. Part Second deals with the soul's "Way Into Realty," presenting "The Presumptive Evidence," as to the "Theistic Argument," as to the "Personal Relation to God," and as to "Particular Christian Doctrines." Dr. King begins thus: "Our deepest need, always, for any ideal view or for any ideal life, is faith in the reality of the spiritual, faith in a God who can save us from being at constant war with ourselves. We all need a God, who can make rational and consistent our deepest longings, aspirations, and purposes; who can save us at least from counting as illusions all that in us which—ourselves being judges—is worthiest and most deserving to abide; who can save us from 'glorying in having renounced that which no one has ever any right to renounce.' In all this religion does not stand alone; it makes common cause with every ideal interest and aim, of whatever kind. The æsthetic, the ethical, the philosophical, the scientific, the broadly rational of every sort, are equally concerned. Our problem is nowhere that narrow and mistaken one of the so-called 'harmony of science and religion,' but rather that more serious question, have we any justifiable ideals? is there any standard for men and for life, except a pettily utilitarian one? When we think our life through to the bottom, when we carry our thought of the world to the farthest limit possible to our thinking, shall we then find our best self an illegitimate offspring of pride and error, standing naked and laid open unto that eye of reason which pierces all shams? or shall we find that rational judgment itself forced to own itself to be, in common with all other ideals, the child of faith in God, and of faith in a spiritual world whose reality we cannot doubt and continue to think at all? This is the central question

of this little book." President King goes on: "Some time ago one of our religious papers furnished an illustration of this perennial question of the race about the hidden God. Two girls, as they walked home one night from work, were engaged in earnest talk. A stranger who stood on the sidewalk near them saw the play of anxious feeling on their faces as they stopped a moment beneath a street lamp's dim light. Suddenly one was heard to say to the other: 'Yes, but why has no one ever seen God?' That was all—just a fragment-word throbbing with pain and regret, and they vanished again in the night. How like humanity that was! Like children, they pause now and then in the darkness of life, lift their weary faces to the pale lights glaring along the way, and, peering into baffled eyes, cry, 'Why can we not see our God?' It was Philip's old question, you remember, 'Show us the Father,' and all of us are now and then in Philip's class, for it is large. The incident is a single modern echo of the ancient plaint of Job: 'Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, when he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.' And we are likely to return from all our scientific excursions into the world of nature and of history, to say again with Job: 'Lo, these are but the outskirts of his ways: and how small a whisper do we hear of him!' The precise difficulty felt in all such cases may be, perhaps, thus formulated: Though by hypothesis, God is the one realest of all facts and the most loving of all beings, he does not seem to be thrust upon us as such at all. After all is said, is this not the real and great difficulty for the Christian view? And for the establishment of real conviction, and of joyful spiritual living, does not more depend upon meeting effectively this everywhere underlying doubt of the soul, than upon either repeating in new forms the old arguments, or in elaborating new arguments for the existence of God and the possibility of an ideal view of the world? Do we not need to give this particular aspect of our problem such a careful, detailed, and comprehensive consideration as it seldom receives? Just this is our task. Can something be done, now, to meet this constant, underlying difficulty of the seeming unreality of the spiritual life, felt at the start, and felt after the Christian view is admitted to be the most reasonable? Can the ground be cleared of *misconceptions*, *mistaken prepossessions*, certain *fallacies of common speech and thought*, *unreasonable demands*, *failures* to *remember essential conditions* in our life problems? Can something be done toward giving a really different point of view, that may make the seeming unreality of the spiritual world less a burden to us? In a word, can we see the reasons for the seeming unreality of the spiritual life?" Dr. King insists that things must be judged by their results; he emphasizes the fact that Christianity has proved itself a power for good in the history and experience of the centuries, and claims that this is proof presumptive of its truth and rightness. The result of Christianity in the world is not growing discord, which would indicate that its method is wrong, but growing peace, which shows that its method is right. "For the *ultima ratio* of every creed, the *ultima ratio* of truth itself, is that it

works; and no greater condemnation can be passed upon a doctrine or system than that, if it were true, human life as it has been lived by the best of the race, would cease to be reasonable or, rather, would become a phenomenon whose emergence it was impossible to explain." That what *works well* must be *true*, and what is *true* will *work well*, is a conviction held by the practical common sense of mankind. Augustine Birrell, in one of his books, hits at certain sentimental skeptics who, having discarded Christianity, fall to weeping because now they have nothing left to teach their children that will have the effect and do the work of Christianity in the hearts and lives of the young. Clerk Maxwell, having tried in his life many skeptical intellectual excursions, wrote to a friend: "Old Chap! I have read up many queer religions, but there is nothing like the old thing, after all. And I have looked into most philosophical systems, but I have seen none that will work without a God." One cause of irreligiousness is thus set forth: "No doubt the seeming unreality of the spiritual world in the case of many is due, in no small degree, to the long ignoring of the facts of the spiritual world in their previous lives and habits of thought. 'We hear much,' writes Professor Peabody, 'of the reasons which lead men to abandon prayer, but in most such instances the loss of the prayer habit does not happen because of the profound philosophizing or serious conviction, but through sheer inertia. There are so many other things to do, that, as a young man once said, 'One does not get around to his prayers!' The fact of the existence of God, as he is revealed to us in Christ, is no barren truth. The rational inferences to be drawn from it will bear on every detail of life. But here is a man, perhaps (I am very far from believing that this is a universal explanation), into whose life for years no conscious recognition of God and the spiritual life has come; who has acted precisely as if they were not; who has thus virtually denied their existence in every act; whose thoughts, plans, purposes, have been all apart from God; who has settled habits of thought and life, that are logically consistent only with denial of the existence of God and a spiritual life. Will those habits have no influence on his spiritual insight? Is he to come now, at one bound, into the clear and simple vision of God and divine truth which may have belonged to his childhood? And shall he refuse to have patience to take the toilsome way back to those early convictions from which his lack of earnestness, his carelessness, his indifference, his neglect, his worldliness, and his sin have separated him? Verily, I sometimes think, it were a strange thing, if the spiritual life were not obscure to many of us. If the voice within us were not indeed divine, long since would it have been smothered under the heaped-up rubbish of the years." We take from President King's helpful book one of his quotations from that most lucid, luminous and convincing of modern philosophers, Professor Bowne: "The mind is not a disinterested logic machine, but a living organism, with manifold interests and tendencies. These outline its development, and furnish the driving power. The implicit aim in mental development is to recognize these interests, and make room for them, so that each shall have its proper field and object. In this way *a series of ideals* arise in

our mental life. As cognitive, we *assume that the universe is rational.* Many of its elements are opaque, and utterly unmanageable by us at present, but we assume spontaneously and unconsciously that at the center all is order, and that there all is crystalline and transparent to intelligence. Thus there arises in our thought the conception of a system in which all is light, a system whose foundations are laid in harmony, and whose structure is rational law, a system every part of which is produced and maintained and illumined by the majestic and eternal Reason. But this is only *a cognitive ideal,* to which experience yields but little support. But we hold fast the ideal and set aside the facts which make against it as something not yet comprehended. But we are *moral beings* also, and our moral interests must be recognized. Hence arises *a moral ideal,* which we join to the cognitive. The *universe must be* not only rational, but *righteous at its root.* Here, too, we set aside the facts which make against our faith as something not yet understood. This is especially the case in dealing with the problem of evil. Here we are never content with finding a cause for the good and evil in experience; we insist upon an explanation which shall save the assumed goodness at the heart of things. Finally, *we are religious,* and our entire nature works together to construct *the religious ideal.* The intellect brings its ideal; and the conscience brings its ideal; and the affections bring their ideal; and these, together with whatever other thought of perfection we may have, are united into the thought of the one Perfect Being, the *ideal of ideals,* the supreme and complete, to whom heart, will, conscience, and intellect alike may come and say, 'Thy kingdom come; thy will be done.' Here, as in the previous cases, we do not ignore the facts which make against the view, but we set them aside as things to be explained, but which must not in any way be allowed to weaken our faith. All of these ideals are, primarily, alike subjective. They are produced, indeed, under the stress of experience, but they are not transcripts of any possible experience. That transparent universe of the reason is as purely a mental product as that righteous universe of the conscience, or as the supreme perfection of religion. In each of these cases the mind appears with its subjective ideals, and demands that reality shall recognize them; and in all alike reality recognizes them only imperfectly. To some extent the universe is intelligible. To some extent the power not ourselves makes for righteousness. To some extent God is revealed. But in all these cases a purely logical and objective contemplation of the known facts would leave us in great uncertainty. The assured conviction we have rests upon no logical deduction from experience but upon the optimistic assumption that *the mind has a right to itself and is at home in the universe.* The mind will not consent *to abandon its nature* and resign itself to *utter mental and moral confusion.* This is, to be sure, an act of pure faith, but it is *an act upon which our entire mental life depends.* A purely speculative knowledge of reality, which shall be strictly deductive and free from assumption, is impossible."

The Gift of Influence. By HUGH BLACK. Crown 8vo, pp. 307. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THIS is a volume of "University Sermons," by the professor of practical theology in Union Theological Seminary. This imported Scotchman says that one of these twenty-seven sermons was preached at Oxford, two at Scottish universities, and the rest at American universities and colleges. He says that they are not academic, but designed to avoid scholastic issues; and that the last thing an academic audience wants at public worship is an academic discourse. Having seen not a little of America and its colleges, this man from Edinburgh says: "Superficial observers sometimes speak of the materialism of America. Nothing could be further from the truth when we look deeply and broadly. It might even be said with far more truth that America suffers in every region of life from an unregulated idealism. Certainly no one can know intimately the mass of students without being struck by the ready response they give to every high thought and every generous passion. No one can despair of the future who knows the splendid material the colleges of the land contain, and how eagerly men long to attempt great tasks. If anything, the practical and ethical interests overmatch the intellectual. In religion the social side bulks largest, and this because of the new ideals of social service, which is only another way of stating the demands of the kingdom of heaven. Men are anxious to know how best to invest their lives, and never before was there such keen desire to find a place to serve. It is the most hopeful thing in our situation that our educational institutions are supplying men with large and noble ideals of social duty." In his sermon on "Humility and Self-Confidence," Professor Black says: "There is *a false humility*, which weakens a man and unfits him for the duties of life. It is often indistinguishable from moral cowardice, a refusal to put forth the best powers, a slackness of moral tissue which may be as fatal a form of self-indulgence as any other form of it. Some escape the snares of ambition and worldliness by falling willingly into meaner snares. If ambition is an infirmity, it at least often submits to scorn delights and live laborious days. If vainglory will make a man think too highly of himself, so this cowardice will make him think so meanly of himself that he shrinks from all high endeavor. It will make him say weakly to every noble cause, to every urgent appeal: 'It is not for me; such things are too high for me; I am only a very humble member of the family, or the community, or the church.' There are many cheap and exaggerated reputations in the world, but I am not sure but that the reputation for humility may not be the cheapest of them all in some cases. To get it, you only need to lie low, and say nothing, and never take an independent stand. No useful work is possible from the man who is so mistrustful of himself that he will not even try. As there is a false humility which spoils character and work, so there is *an overweening conceit* which is equally weak and which keeps a man from his true place of usefulness. An exaggerated sense of personal importance, an inordinate ambition for the first places, an egotism which judges of everything according as it affects that sweet gentleman self, a self-pushing, self-advertis-

ing spirit which will not enter into anything unless self is to be the first dog in the hunt—that is the other extreme against which Saint Paul warns the Roman Christians. We see it in life in all quarters, marring harmony among brethren, preventing successful coöperation in good, a source of strife and failure, hindering progress in every branch. We see it in church and state, in the family and the civic life, in business and play. Even a football team cannot win a match because single members think so highly of themselves, and aim at personal glory instead of the success of the side. We hear it said of a strong man in politics, in business, in religion, even in the Christian ministry, that he will not work alongside of others, that he is too self-opinionative, that, indeed, nobody can work with him however good the cause may be. Ambition in this sense of self-esteem is not the infirmity of noble minds alone; it fastens even more securely on mean minds. How are we to attain to the balance of character, which will be both humble and strong, which will avoid both self-exaltation and self-abnegation? 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' We need to have heart and life submitted to the searching light, which while it reveals all flaws, yet inspires with hope. The first vision of Christ seems given for our despair; and then he becomes our inspiration. This seems an impossible combination of ideas, and yet it is natural. When a man comes into the presence of God the first effect seems blighting and withering. He can only be to himself a poor worm of the dust, and realize for the first time the absolute nothingness of the human. He is emptied of all pretensions, in complete effacement of self. The trembling question is, 'What is man and the son of man?' Nothing great is possible to the man who has not been thus emptied of self, beat down, and broken, lying helpless at the feet of God. But it does not end there. There comes a strange revulsion of feeling, and the dawning of a new hope. The thought creeps in that it is possible for man to have relations with the eternal, that God does visit him, and does remember him, till the thought becomes a word of encouragement and command, 'Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee.' This inspiring consciousness of communion with God strengthens as well as humbles. It is a new stream of vitality flooding every vein and bathing every nerve. And the man rises, never again to think presumptuously, not to think more highly of himself than he ought, and yet stronger in the knowledge that God thinks him worthy to be his and to serve him. True self-surrender to God takes away self-exaltation, and at the same time saves from despair; for it shows a man that God has a place for him in his purpose of love, and crowns him with the nobility of service. This is the secret of Saint Paul's declaration through the grace given unto him, to every man among us, not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought, but to think soberly, according as God has given to each the measure of faith." In a sermon on "The Friendships of Paul," from 2. Cor. 2. 13, our preacher says: "What a generous, large-hearted friend Paul was! He hardly ever mentions one of his fellow-workers without an endearing epithet, such as 'My beloved,' or 'our sister,' or 'our laborers in the Lord,' or as with Timothy, 'my dearly beloved son.' No wonder he received such devoted love, and found

men who would willingly have faced death for one look of commendation from him. Though he was one of the best hated of men, he was also one of the best loved. Read the last chapter of Romans with its beautiful salutations, and you realize how Paul was blessed with friends. There is a chapter in every epithet, a chapter of his heart, as this one, 'Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother—and mine.' What an unrecorded chapter these words hint at, when the mother of Rufus succored the wandering apostle, it may be nursed him in some sore sickness, so that she was to him ever after 'the mother of Rufus—and my mother too'! I wish I could go over in detail all these references scattered through Paul's letters which illustrate this aspect of his great character. We would be struck with their complete appreciation of the good qualities of his friends, the generous gratitude he offered, the noble praise. Take just one other which also has a chapter of incident in it—when he speaks of Priscilla and her husband Aquila and calls them 'my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks.' As I went over the epistles to note all the references, sometimes to nameless names embalmed in the New Testament by Paul's love, I did not know whether I was more affected by the humble, loyal, and faithful service of so many who are just names to us, or by the great-hearted apostle who loved to speak of them in his generous pride of them. There have been many sermons preached about Paul's genius for statecraft, his genius for church government, his genius for theology; but I do not remember ever hearing of a sermon on Paul's genius for friendship; and yet is it not so? It would be to tell his noble life's story to adequately treat this subject, for all his work is associated with some evidence of friends. Think of his gratitude to Luke the beloved physician; his tender care like a mother's for Timothy's health, the delicacy of his appeal to Philemon, whom he feels he might well have commanded, 'yet for love's sake I rather beseech you, being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ.' Of course we know there must have been great personal magnetism in Paul which gave him easy hold of men, but all his friends were tried by fire afterward, and though some failed him as Demas, and the ranks were thinned by the loss of all fair-weather friends, yet the tie that bound them was stronger far than any mere personal attraction. This has to be said about all Paul's friendships, that they were conditioned by his work. They were not idle gossips and dilettante companions, who had some opinions and tastes in common. He for one had no time and no heart for the comradeship that meant nothing but a graceful adornment of life. His friends were all fellow-workers, all in sympathy with the great object for which he lived. Their relationship went down to bed-rock, and they could not be moved so long as each remained true. The first requisite for Paul was sympathy with the great work he had in hand. This seemed sometimes to make him a little hard and relentless, as when he refused to take Mark on the second missionary tour because he had turned back in the first journey and went not with them to the work. Paul with his eager, impetuous nature, unable to understand vacillation and almost contemptuous of weakness, would not lean any more on such a broken reed."

Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared. The Gould Prize Essays. Edited by Melanchthon Williams Jacobus, D.D., Dean of Hartford Theological Seminary. Second Edition. 8vo, pp. xiii, 361. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Prize contests upon literary subjects are usually abortive. Great literary achievement comes only after long toil, and the masters rarely or never enter contests for prizes. In general, it is fair to say that he who would secure the best possible book upon some subject would do well to find the best man in that subject, ask his price for making the book required and then pay for it; the book thus produced would be likely to be good, and it would cost much less than a prize contest. But though these things be true as here stated, a prize contest does sometimes produce useful results, and once in a long while interesting ones as well. The contest that flowered out into this little book may fairly be classed among those that produced something of value in the conclusion, and that exerted a wholesome influence while it went on. It originated in a trifling bit of ignorance perpetrated by a badly frightened ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome. For a number of years Miss Helen Miller Gould had been carrying on a number of philanthropic enterprises in and about Irvington-on-the-Hudson, among them a little sewing circle which aimed to teach the daughters of the poor a skillful use of the needle and a little wise frugality at the same time. As a part of the simple exercises a small passage of the Scriptures was read, without note or comment. In the company thus provided with instruction there were some Roman Catholics, whose parish priest, the Reverend Mr. Early, unhappily took fright over the Scripture reading, and over the quite innocent and accidental fact that on one occasion a treat was offered to the members of the class, in which some meat sandwiches figured, though the day was a Friday. The reverend Father knew that his parishioners were free to decline the meat, and received also the explanation that Miss Gould had innocently overlooked the fact that the day was Friday. He then shifted his objections to the matter of Scripture reading. Miss Gould then proposed to have the Roman Catholic version used, and asked where to secure a copy which he would approve. The concessions offered were really too much for his reverence, and he flew into a most undignified rage and exploded into these amazing remarks: "The Catholic Church has never prohibited any of her members reading the Scriptures or Bible. In every family whose means will permit the buying of a copy, there you will find the authentic version of God's words as authorized by the church, and which has come down to us, unchanged, from the time of Christ himself. But the Catholic Church does object to the reading of the Protestant version, which goes back only to the days of Henry VIII., of England, and was then gotten up for obvious reasons." With such a man nothing can be done, simply because he was unwilling to make a compromise even on his own terms, and the Catholic members silently and obediently withdrew. It then occurred to Miss Gould that the episode might be used to popularize the knowledge of the history of the transmission of the Bible, and she therefore proposed to Dr. Wilbert W. White, President of the Bible Teacher's Training School of New York, to give

three prizes of one thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, and two hundred and fifty dollars, respectively, for the best three essays on the double topic, first, "The Origin and History of the Bible Approved by the Roman Catholic Church"; second, "The Origin and History of the American Revised Version of the English Bible." Dr. White organized the whole contest in a masterly fashion, set the conditions of the contest, and arranged for the receipt of the papers. Each essay was limited to fifteen thousand words, exclusive of illustrative diagrams. No limit was placed upon bibliographies or appendices. The contest closed October 1, 1904, and two hundred and sixty-five essays were submitted. There were a few crank effusions among them; there were many that showed markedly the 'prentice hand; but the general average was surprisingly high. Tremendous efforts were made to secure two Roman Catholic judges, or even one, but all who were approached declined with a splendid unanimity. Some members of the American hierarchy joined very energetically in the search for some man of scholarship in the Roman communion to accept the post. If one knew nothing of the history of that great church, he might be surprised that even they could not induce any to assume the burden. *Quid vetat ridere?* The board was finally constituted as follows: Professor Robert W. Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary, chairman; Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken, of New York University; Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune; President Francis L. Patton, of Princeton Theological Seminary; Dean Melanchthon W. Jacobus, of Hartford Theological Seminary; Dr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia Press, and Professor Walter Quincy Scott, of the Bible Teacher's Training School. Every member was present at the first meeting, October 17, 1904, and also at the last meeting, February 13, 1905. Between those two dates there were conferences and much correspondence and almost interminable reading of typewritten manuscripts. The conclusion was reached unanimously and the three prizes awarded to William Thomas Whitley, M. A., LL.M. (Cambridge, England), LL.D. (Melbourne, Australia); Gerald Hamilton Beard, Ph.D. (Yale), and Charles B. Dalton. No member of the committee knew the name of any author of any paper until after the final decision had been reached, and the equity of the decision has been pretty generally accepted. This little book contains the three essays, edited by a competent scholar and corrected by the authors. It is an exceedingly good book, worth study and not difficult to read. It shows both the good and the bad in both Roman Catholic and Protestant versions, and even the most orthodox of Ultramontanes could take no just offense at its spirit or tone. There are few better stories than the story of the numerous English versions of the Bible. Great men and true have worked upon them, and the leaders have had a splendid following. The reader of this book would do well also to possess himself of The Ancestry of the English Bible, by Professor Ira M. Price.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Judge West's Opinion. Reported by a Neighbor. 12mo, pp. 198. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

This book, which appears anonymously, contains twenty-two chapters of reasoned optimism. Judge West is an optimistic philosopher who "O. K."s the universe and says that the All of things is all right. Here are some of his rulings: "A man presses the button of faith, and the Almighty does the rest; only you pessimists don't press the button." "Any amateur from the city who couldn't throw a fly to attract a bullhead, could, with the butt end of his rod, muddy the stream for a furlong, and make it unfishable. That's what your cheap pessimists are doing." "Half of the misery of life is from dodging mere shadows." "The fun in sailing is when the breeze keeps your hand hard on the tiller, and your eye close on the sheets, and the long course woos you. A slack sail and a voyage between bath houses inspires nobody. So is life." "This is a good world. True, it is full of shadows, but the sun-patches are many. And, keep this in mind, my friend, that a sun-patch always means more than a shadow. Shadows fall from the clouds, the trees, the houses, or from another fellow who gets in the way. But sun-glints fall from the sky through an intervening world of light." "If you will only look closer, you will see the light through the thicket; and if you go carefully, you need not scratch yourself. He picked up a piece of ribbon-grass and drew it quickly through my fingers. 'See,' said he, 'it is as smooth as velvet.' He jerked it suddenly the other way. It pricked me. 'That is life,' said he, laughing, 'it all depends upon which way you handle it.'" "In Chinese theaters one buys a ticket for an hour or so of the interminable performance. When the time paid for is up the usher taps you on the shoulder. Death is the chief usher in the drama of life. A most gentlemanly one he is to a well-behaved soul. I may say that he has neither hustled nor threatened me, but trusts that I have enjoyed my part of the show. He asks that, when I go out, as soon I must do, I go out quietly, and be careful not to let in any cold draughts upon those that remain." We take the chapter in which Judge West protests against too much remorse and urges faith in forgiveness: "I called at Judge West's for a walk. He whistled for his dog, but the brute had evidently other engagements.

"'Here, Sin! Sin! Where is the little devil's whelp? He is generally watching my heels to see that I don't get off without him.'

"'An affectionate name you have given your dog, Judge. I hope it doesn't express the reason for your liking of the animal.'

"'If it did,' replied he, 'you, Thomas, might expect me to give you some term of endearment; for you see how you tempt me to become a common tramp, like yourself, over these hills. But Sin is a scriptural name for the dog. We found him one morning on the door-mat, a mere pup, half-starved, with one ear torn, a tooth mark on his flank, and the rest of him mostly fleas. Quite naturally, I thought of the Bible verse, "Sin lieth at the door." We washed him, carbolized him, trimmed both ears to match, took off a piece of his appendix, disciplined him out of his

vagrant habits, taught him the sixth and eighth of the Ten Commandments. Come, Sin! Sin! Where is the rascal?'

"The dog, a handsome bull terrier, appeared from around the corner of the house. The stump of his tail pointed earthward, in appropriate keeping with his whole groveling and frightened manner.

"'Sin has been up to some iniquity,' said the Judge, as the dog crept between his feet. 'He looks like a soul before the judgment seat in the Greek Hades, where, as the poet says, "Each soul falls confessing," even before he is charged with anything. Let's look up the dog's record.'

"We went into the kitchen, and there was the damning evidence of 'the exceeding sinfulness of Sin.' He had stolen the dinner chops from the refrigerator, and left the mangled remains of them upon the floor.

"'Of course Darwin's theory that brutes have a rudimentary moral sense is true,' I observed.

"The Judge dragged the offender to the scene of his crime, and gave him a whipping—'just to keep his conscience tender.'

"'Do brutes have souls?' I asked, as we took up our walk.

"'I don't know,' replied my friend. 'But there is surely something in them that feels the play of moral forces, as their nerves feel the dampness of a coming rain. Doubtless they have no presentiment of God, but there seems to be a spirit of rightness in the very "nature of things," which asserts itself in the experience of the dullest of sentient creatures. That dog feels my ownership of him, and his responsibility to me. That is because he knows me. In men the moral sense makes us feel our accountability to that which stands for our highest ideal of authority. This, with us who have been so instructed, or have reasoned out the existence of a Supreme Being, is God. So you find that mankind, unless we must except the very lowest state of savagery, feels that its failure in duty is an offense against the Supreme Something. Hence the world has been girdled with altars. I imagine that a dog's master stands to him very much as God stands to us; a sort of over-conscience.

"'Now, to get back to the general subject we have talked about so much, namely, the suffering that God allows in the world, must we not shovel away from the charge against him all the suffering that comes from a condemning conscience? And how much of that there is! I know of men who are surrounded with everything that can minister to comfort, and who are in such physical health that they have not so much as a pain in an eyelash, yet whose consciences are fairly cancered with their knowledge of iniquity. Alexander the Great, certainly one of the most self-contained men that ever lived, would turn pale in the midst of a debauch, and hastily pour a goblet to appease Dionysius, the god of wine; for Dionysius was supposed to have been born in Thebes, and, as the tutelary guardian of that city, to have been offended at the conqueror's inhuman treatment of its inhabitants. The great conqueror also believed himself to have been demonized with a drunkard's passion as a perpetual curse for that offense. He thought that the irate divinity withstood him on the battlefield, and turned back his victorious legions from further conquest beyond the Indus. There was always a "pinch of death" in the

cup of his wildest enjoyment. Voltaire notes, as an interesting phenomenon of human nature, that Charles IX of France, after his consenting to the massacre of the Huguenots, would sometimes, through stress of inward agony, sweat blood; his skin becoming suffused as with a tinge of hell that existed always within his breast, though, in the view of the infidel writer, that was due only to a morbid imagination. We needn't quarrel about the psychology of it, the simple fact is universally recognized that memory links an offender forever to his crime. If we don't like Paul's figure of speech, calling it "a body of death" which the soul drags after itself, we may take that of the pagan Greeks who said that Nemesis, the Daughter of Night, overwhelmed the guilty one with the forecast shadow of darkness, blotting out all fair prospects.'

"'Or,' I interjected, just to show that I was appreciating my friend's classic allusions, and to air my own scholarship a little, as Sophocles put it:

'To look out on ills that are our own,
In which another's hand has had no share,
This bringest sharpest woe.'

"'Keep it up,' said the Judge, 'and quote every great writer who has dealt with human nature from Homer to Hawthorne, who says: "The wound that sin has made in the heart is never healed." Any true psychological study is like vivisection. Whether I am much of a Christian or not, I will say this, that if Christ's words, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," were universally believed, it would lift the face of humanity out of the dust. It would stop ten thousand annual suicides, and a million dissipations, in which men try to drown the curse of accusing thoughts.'

"'Let me quote Coleridge,' I suggested. 'Correct me if I don't get it right.

'Remorse is as the heart in which it grows;
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but, if proud and gloomy,
It is the poison tree, that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison.'

"I would have continued to exhibit my literary treasures had not Sin appeared suddenly from somewhere. The dog stood in front of us on the road. His tail stump vibrated, as if answering the pulse-beat of happy emotions. His head was a little down, not as when he crouched like a culprit, but showing the alertness of suspended hope. His right foot was raised, as when a pointer waits for his master's permission to dash for the game. His whole body trembled with his yearning to come to us; yet he did not venture.

"'Sin!' said the Judge, very sternly.

"The dog's nose instantly touched the ground; and his tail would have followed suit if it had been long enough.

"'Sin!' repeated his master, but now in gentler tone.

"What a transformation the word wrought! Ary Scheffer couldn't have painted two human faces representing despair and hope with sharper contrast than the dog's looks answering the two tones of his master.

"'Come, Sin!'

"The dog was in his master's arms and licking his face quicker than an echo could have returned from an adjacent hill.

"'Say, Judge,' I asked, 'do you suppose the dog heard what you said about Christ's forgiveness of sins?'

"'Ah, there you have opened a mystery,' replied the old man. 'How much of actual speech an animal learns to interpret one can't say. But I do believe that they have a telepathic power of interpreting our emotions. I have sometimes thought that if I could just fill myself with love for them, I could go safely into a cage of wild beasts. Mar Saba's miracle in making the lion turn over his den for the saint to live in, while the beast became his body-servant, wasn't altogether beyond the working of natural law.'

"'Perhaps, then,' I replied, 'my wife was right the other day. I asked her why she could make our plants thrive, when I couldn't. She said it was because she loved plants more than I did.'

"For a while I did not interrupt Judge West. He was performing some sort of priestly office with Sin, shriving the penitent and granting absolution. When the holy rite was over we turned our walk homeward, Sin running ahead as if he were an evangelist proclaiming the good news to every bird and squirrel he met."

The chief points in Judge West's brief on behalf of the universe are these: "1. Notwithstanding the immense amount of undoubted evil in the world, there is an infinite overplus of good, both in animal and human life. 2. Of the evil that exists, there is no evidence that any of it was in the original design of the Creator. 3. Evil does not appear as such in the grand total of things, but only in the parts. 4. We may not say that there is any real imperfection in anything, since the highest ideal of perfection is that of infinite progress, which necessitates gradations of better and worse. These points are some of those big shovelfuls I promised to dig off the mountain of evil. I have a lot more. Indeed, there are so many things that mitigate the usual contemplation of the miseries of existence that I can't begin to be logical, but will take them up as something or other suggests them. I have an idea that, if we would let your wife into our symposiums, she would prove wiser than both of us."

By the Christmas Fire. By SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS. 12mo, pp. 226. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

BY our notices of Mr. Crothers's previous volumes, The Gentle Reader and the Pardoner's Wallet, if in no other way, our readers are acquainted with the genial, shrewd, charming essayist who brings us now a new volume, holding five essays on "The Bayonet-Poker," "On Being a Doctrinaire," "Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion," "The Ignominy of Being Grown Up," "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy." From the first essay we quote: "Fortunately for the world there are those who are neither idolaters nor iconoclasts. They do not worship Things, nor fear them, nor despise them—they simply use them. In the Book of Baruch there is inserted a letter purporting to be from Jeremiah to the Hebrew

captives in Babylon. The prophet discourses on the absurdity of the worship of inanimate things, and incidentally draws on his experience in gardening. An idol, he says, is 'like to a white thorn in an orchard, that every bird sitteth upon.' It is as powerless, he says, to take the initiative 'as a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers that keepeth nothing.' In his opinion, one wide-awake man in the cucumber patch is worth all the scarecrows that were ever constructed.' 'Better therefore is the just man that hath none idols.' What brave air we breathe when we join the company of the just men who have freed themselves from idolatry! Listen to Governor Bradford as he enumerates the threatening facts which the Pilgrims to New England faced. He mentions all the difficulties which they foresaw, and then adds: 'It was answered that all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, and must be enterprised with answerable courages.' What fine spiritual audacity! Not courage, if you please, but courages. There is much virtue in the plural. It was as much as to say, 'All our eggs are not in one basket. We are likely to meet more than one kind of danger. What of it? We have more than one kind of courage. It is well to be prepared for emergencies.' It was the same spirit which made William Penn speak of his colony on the banks of the Delaware as the 'Holy Experiment.' In his testimony to George Fox, he says: 'He was an original and no man's copy. He had not learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional nor speculative, but sensible and practical, the setting up of the kingdom of God in men's hearts, and the way of it was his work. His authority was inward and not outward, and he got it and kept it by the love of God. He was a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making.' In the presence of men of such moral originality, ethical problems take on a new and exciting aspect. What is to happen next? *You cannot find out by noting the trend of events. A peep into a resourceful mind would be more to the purpose.* That mind perceives possibilities beyond the ken of a duller intelligence." From the essay "On Being a Doctrinaire" we take the following sane and racy musings: "The most discouraging thing about the doctrinaire is that while he insists upon a high ideal, he is intolerant of the somewhat tedious ways and means by which the ideal is to be reached. With his eye fixed on the Perfect, he makes no allowance for the imperfectness of those who are struggling toward it. There is a pleasant passage in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity in which I find great comfort. 'That which the gospel of Christ requireth is the perpetuity of virtuous duties, not the perpetuity of exercise or action, but disposition perpetual, and practice as often as times and opportunities require. Just, valiant, liberal, temperate, and holy men, are they which *can* whensoever they will, and will whensoever they *ought*, execute whatever their several perfections impart. If virtues did always cease when they cease to work, there would be nothing more pernicious to virtue than sleep.' The judicious Hooker was never more judicious than in making this observation. It is a great relief to be assured that in this world, where there are such incessant calls upon the moral nature, it is possible to be a just, valiant, liberal, temperate,

and holy man, and yet get a good night's sleep. But your doctrinaire will not have it so. His hero retains his position only during good behavior, which means behaving all the time in an obviously heroic manner. It is not enough that he should be to 'true occasion true,' he must make occasions to show himself off. Now it happens that in the actual world it is not possible for the best of men to satisfy all the demands of their fidgety followers. In the picture of the battle between St. George and the dragon, the attitude of St. George is all that could be desired. There is an easy grace in the way in which he deals with the dragon that is greatly to his credit. There is a mingling of knightly pride and Christian resignation over his own inevitable victory, that is charming. St. George was fortunate in the moment when he had his picture taken. He had the dragon just where he wanted him. But it is to be feared that if some one had followed him with a kodak, some of the snap-shots might have been less satisfactory. Let us suppose a moment when the dragon 'swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.' It is a way that dragons have when they are excited. And what if at that moment St. George dodged. Would you criticise him harshly for such an action? Would it not be better to take into consideration the fact that under such circumstances his first duty might not be to be statuesque? When in the stern conflict we have found a champion, I think we owe him some little encouragement. When he is doing the best he can in a very difficult situation we ought not to blame him because he does not act as he would if there were no difficulties at all. 'Life,' said Marcus Aurelius, 'is more like wrestling than dancing.' When we get that point of view we may see that some attitudes that are not graceful may be quite effective. It is a fine thing to say:

"'Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose true
And dare to make it known.'

But if I had been a Daniel, and as the result of my independent action had been cast into the den of lions, I should feel as if I had done enough in the way of heroism for one day, and I should let other people take their turn. If I found the lions inclined to be amiable, I should encourage them in it. I should say: 'I beg your pardon. I do not mean to intrude. If it's the time for your afternoon nap, don't pay any attention to me. After the excitement that I've had where I came from, I should like nothing better than to sit down by myself in the shade and have a nice quiet day of it.' And if the lions were agreeable, I should be glad. I should hate to have at this moment a bland doctrinaire look down and say: 'That was a great thing you did up there, Daniel. People are wondering whether you can keep it up. Your friends are getting a mite impatient. They expected to hear by this time that there was something doing down there. Stir 'em up, Daniel! Stir 'em up!' Perhaps at this point some fair-minded reader may say: 'Is there not something to be said in favor of the doctrinaire? Is he not, after all, a very useful character? How could

any great reform be pushed through without his assistance?' Yes, dear reader, a great deal may be said in his favor. He is often very useful. So is a snow plow, in mid-winter, though I prefer a more flexible implement when it comes to cultivating my early peas. There is something worse than to be a doctrinaire who pursues an ideal without regard to practical consideration; it is worse to be a Philistine so immersed in practical considerations that he doesn't know an ideal when he sees it. If the choice were between these two, I should say: 'Keep on being a doctrinaire. You have chosen the better part.' But fortunately there is a still more excellent way. It is possible to be a practical idealist pursuing the ideal with full regard for practical considerations. There is something better than the conscience that moves with undeviating rectitude through a moral vacuum. It is the conscience that is related to realities. It is a moral force operating continuously on the infinitely diversified materials of human life. It feels its way onward. It takes advantage of every incident, with a noble opportunism. It is the conscience that belongs to the patient, keen-witted, open-minded, cheery 'men of good will,' who are doing the hard work of the world." About so-called realistic, pessimistic literature our essayist says: "The gloomy views of average human nature which once were conscientiously expounded by 'painful preachers' are now taken up by painful playwrights and story-tellers. Under the spell of powerful imaginations it is quite possible to see this world as nothing but a vale of tears. Happily, there is always a way of escape for those who are quick-witted enough to think of it in time. When fiction offers us only arid actualities, we can flee from it into the romance of real life. I sympathize with a young philosopher of my acquaintance. He took great joy in a Jack-o'-lantern. The ruddy countenance of the pumpkin was the very picture of geniality. Good will gleamed from the round eyes, and the mouth was one luminous smile. No wonder that he asked the privilege of taking it to bed with him. He shouted gleefully when it was left on the table. But when he was alone Mr. Jack-o'-lantern assumed a more grimly realistic aspect. There was something sinister in the squint of his eye, and uncanny in the way his rubicund nose gleamed. On entering the room a little while after I found it in darkness. 'What has become of your Jack-o'-lantern?' 'He was making faces at me. I looked at him till I 'most got scared, so I just got up and blew him out.' I commended my philosopher for his good sense. It is the way to do with Jack-o'-lanterns when they become unmannerly. And I believe that it is the best way to treat distressing works of the imagination, though I know that their authors, who take themselves solemnly, will resent this advice. We can't blow out a reality, just because it happens to make us miserable. We must face it. It is a part of the discipline of life. But a book or a play has no such right to domineer over us. Our own imagination has the first rights in its own home. If some other person's imagination intrudes and 'makes faces,' it is our privilege to blow it out."

Footsteps in a Parish. By JOHN TIMOTHY STONE. 12mo, pp. 98. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

IT is good to have one more glimpse of that rare and radiant personality Maltbie D. Babcock, through this brotherly appreciation of him, written by his successor in Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore. A true picture of Babcock's strong face fronts the title-page. Apropos of Babcock Dr. Stone quotes from Dr. J. G. Holland's poem on "The Learned Professions" these lines descriptive of the true pastor:

He knows but Jesus Christ, the crucified.
Ah, little recks the worldling of the worth
Of such a man as this upon the earth!
Who gives himself—his all—to make men wise
In doctrines which his life exemplifies.
The years pass on, and a great multitude
Still find in him a character whose light
Shines round him like a candle in the night;
And recognize a presence so benign
That to the godless even it seems divine.
He bears his people's love within his heart,
And envies no man, whatsoe'er his part.
His church's record grows, and grows again,
With names of saintly women-folks and men,
And many a worldling, many a wayward youth,
He counts among the trophies of his truth.
O, happy man! There is no man like thee,
Worn out in service of humanity.
And dead at last, 'mid universal tears—
Thy name a fragrance in the speaker's breath,
And thy divine example life in death.

Dr. Stone also quotes from Jean Ingelow's poem "Brothers and a Sermon." A stranger in the fishing village asks what the bells are ringing for, and is answered: "They ring for service; our parson preaches in the church tonight. He's a rare man, our parson; half a head above us all." Having gone to the vesper service and listened to the sermon, the impressed and awe-struck stranger says:

I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to heaven alone—
This one man I remember, and his look,
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out in darkness with the fisher folk
We passed and stumbled over mounds of moss,
And heard, but did not see, the passing beck.
Ah, graceless heart, would that it could regain
From the dim storehouse of sensations past
The impress full of tender awe, that night,
Which fell on me! It was as if the Christ
Had been drawn down from heaven to track us home
And any of the footsteps following us
Might have been his.

One who heard Babcock preach soon after his pastorate of the Brick

Church in New York began, wrote: "I would that I could reproduce his very language. He is a master of sharp, short Saxon words. Words of four syllables are scarce in his vocabulary. His sermon was only half an hour long, but it was what my old professor of homiletics would call a march, not a promenade. It moved to the one aim of bringing men, before they left that house, to say, 'We will at once confess Christ before men.' It dealt at close range with each man's conscience. Though he said some severe things, the smile that played about his face, and the love that looked from his eyes proved that he was, as a friend at my side remarked, 'the apostle of a religion of happiness.' I have heard some of the most noted revival preachers and evangelists of this century, but I have never heard the real gospel of Jesus pressed home more tenderly, logically, and powerfully than that morning on Fifth Avenue." But Babcock was more remarkable in pastoral work than even in the pulpit. His successor tells us about his devotion and faithfulness to pastoral visitation. His aim was to be a personal friend to everybody in his large congregation. "Few men could make as many calls and cover so wide an area. His sympathetic personality attracted to the church people from all parts of the city, to say nothing of a wide suburban following. Although regular and systematic in visiting definite districts, constantly he was compelled to hasten to far-separated points on account of sickness or distress. For many year he used a bicycle, and it is said that no one knew the definition of a straight line between two Baltimore points better than he, choosing almost instinctively the pavements which meant quickest transportation. Few pastors can make a large number of calls in an afternoon and still call satisfactorily. The ordinary pastor perhaps averages six or eight, taking into account the distances to be covered in a large parish. Dr. Babcock frequently made five or six an hour, and often fifteen or twenty in an afternoon. He was able to run in and out so as to accomplish the object of a pastor as well as if he had stayed longer. He had a way of running into homes where he knew all was well, and saying he simply ran in to say 'Boo.' In other words, the people knew through some such byword that he was thinking of them but was too busy to stay longer. On one occasion, when asked why he could not stay longer, he replied: 'Why, did you think I had time to come around here and bring my knitting?' He had a way frequently of asking the servant, when he was told that Mrs. So-and-So 'would be down in a few minutes,' to tell her he was going to run in next door, and would be back in five or ten minutes, adding that she would understand. When he did sit in the parlor and wait it was always to utilize some book or magazine on the library table, or one from his pocket. His method of controlling the conversation was such that he quickly got down to the essential, and often gave the impression that he had stayed much longer than he really had. He seemed to anticipate thoughtfully just what topics of vital interest should be approached and encouraged. The afternoon's calling was invariably followed by numerous notes in the evening. The day's work was done day by day, hence the inertia and discouragement of accumulated details were overcome. Frequently a note simply contained a line or two with a bit of a poem or

quotation inclosed which touched the individual case; sometimes merely a marginal word, or initials written upon the edge of a card. It was the personal touch all the way along, day by day, week by week, year in and year out." To one much discouraged, he wrote: "Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible. Plow ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth, rain or shine. Carry your cargo and make your port. That is the point." In speaking of Babcock's work among young men, one says: "He never gave up hope, but once on a man's track, so to speak, he was never shaken off. He watched his man, let him alone, touched him again, met him when he was needed, and appeared to abandon him, while he bore him unceasingly on his heart, and was resolved never to let him go until brought to Christ. A perfect genius in conversation, flinging off sparks as from a blacksmith's anvil, he never lost sight of the spiritual end. He was filled with Christ's passion for men, and used his unrivaled gifts never for mere social ends but always for the diviner use." One of his parishioners said: "To know Dr. Babcock well, to realize what a friend he could be—one must have trouble. I had the misfortune during the two years he was my pastor to be both healthy and happy, yet it was in one of life's dark hours that I first went to Brown Memorial and it was there that the help came. He did more to educate me in those two short years than all the schools I had attended." Here is a glimpse of Babcock's pastoral visiting: "There was a little girl, sick with chicken pox, strange to say, very sick. She grew worse each day. The doctor said she must see no one. She seemed so sad and discouraged. If she could only be her own happy little self again! Just to laugh once would mean that she was getting better, so the doctor said. Dr. Babcock never asked if he might go upstairs, but slipped away from those in the parlor, saying, 'I'll be back in a minute.' Into the chamber he stole noiselessly, and looking warningly at the girl's mother, softly told the child that he had come to tell her a story. He 'knew a little boy who had the chicken pox, and nobody knew what was the matter with him. One day, the little fellow looked up into his mother's face, and said: "Mother, I know what I've got. I've got the chicken pox, 'cause I found a feather in the bed." The little face had turned on the hot pillow, and as he kissed the little hand good-by both mother and child were really laughing. A moment more and he was on the street, hastening on to the next number, all of which he knew by heart. To this day, that mother will tell you how he saved that child's life." In a sermon on The Bible Dr. Babcock once said: "The Bible holds its influence over men, not because it is thousands of years old, but because it is a present answer to present needs. This book will keep you from sin or sin will keep you from this book. . . . Some years ago, two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus: 'Do you ever read your Bible?' 'Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God.' 'Neither did I,' replied the other, 'but God loved me.' This answer produced such an effect upon his friend, that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies, so great was the truth it opened up to his soul."

The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. By FERRIS GREENSLET. 8vo, pp. 303. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, gilt top, illustrated, $3.

"I AM going to sleep; put out the lights," were the last words of this poet. To a friend sitting by his bed a while before he had said: "For myself I regard death merely as the passing shadow on a flower." He was then four months past seventy. A year or two previous Mark Twain wrote: "Aldrich was here half an hour ago like a breeze from the fields. I am tired waiting for that man to grow old." Even in his latest years Aldrich looked astonishingly young, blond, erect, ruddy and alert. He said this was an old habit which he had acquired in early youth. On November 11, 1906, reporters interviewed him, having heard that on that day he was seventy years old. He confessed it with due humiliation, but promised his interviewers he would never let it happen again. The story of seventy highly fortunate years and the picture of Aldrich's sparkling and fascinating personality are given in this handsome volume by the fine hand of Ferris Greenslet, whose Walter Pater and Life of Lowell, together with other work, had already put him among successful American biographers and literary critics. From being a clerk in a New York commission house and occupying a little third-story back hall bedroom when he was nineteen to a mansion on Beacon Hill and the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly, runs the mounting progress of a most favored and happy life. In his small rear room the young clerk was wooing the muses in the evenings and writing "a lyric or two every morning before going downtown to business." From that early time until at threescore and ten he wrote his final verses which were for the centennial celebration of Longfellow's birth, Aldrich sprinkled the years with poems like rose-leaves on a flowing stream, contributing fragrance and color and beauty to the life of the world. In his early efflorescent years his verse was as florid and luscious as his sensitive literary taste would permit. At the age of twenty-seven he published a small volume of poems, the merits and character of which are reflected in the frank, friendly criticisms of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote the young poet thus: "Thank you very sincerely for your book of blossoms. I find them dewy and sweet-scented. 'Babie Bell' has most of your heart's color in it. 'When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan' is lively and poetical. 'The Lunch' is a little Keatsy but very neatly carved and colored. You must not feed too much on 'apricots and dewberries.' There is an exquisite sensuousness in your words. Do not let it run away with you. You love the fragrance of certain words so well that you are in danger of making nosegays when you should write poems. There are two dangers that beset young American poets. The first is being spoiled by the praise of women; the second being disgusted by the praise or blame of the cheap critics. Our poets do not ripen well—they are larks in the morning, sparrows at noon, and owls before evening. One reason is that our shallow universal culture is wanting in severe standards of taste and judgment. Now, your forte is sentiment and your danger sentimentality. You are an epicure in words, and your danger is of becoming a verbal voluptuary. Let me beg of you, by your fine poetical sense, not to let flattery of insufficient persons render you too easily con-

tented with yourself, nor permit your tendency to vanilla-flavored adjectives and patchouli-scented participles stifle your strength in cloying euphemisms. There is so much that is sweet and true in your best lines that I want you to be fair to yourself and pinch off all the idle buds before the summer of your fruitage." A few years later Dr. Holmes spoke of the delicate grace of Aldrich's descriptions and the sandal-wood aroma that perfumes all his passages which breathe of the Orient. He noticed still a semivoluptuous excess of color and odor (but is not God's world lavish with colors and odors?) yet Holmes conceded that Aldrich's pictures were so carefully drawn and so cunningly tinted that he ceased from criticism and left the young poet to follow his own sweet will. Not a few of us remember with keen pleasure how we were fascinated back in the seventies by the dainty and exquisite pictures of Aldrich's delicate art. "Enamored architect of airy rhyme" seemed a phrase descriptive of him. To read him at his best was luxury. He was too fine an artist and too refined a nature ever to be coarse. Was not Dr. Holmes unduly concerned about this young poet? Aldrich has many lines which are "from end to end in blossom like the bough the May breathes on," but he was never for a moment in any sense a voluptuary. Youth without blossoms portends maturity without fruit. Some of Aldrich's richly but delicately painted pictures live in memory forever. He is particularly skillful in catching a momentary mood and expressing it. The first bit of his work to fix itself in our memory was a somber example of this power. Sometimes in brightest hours the great shadow falls across the soul.

I wonder what day of the month,
  I wonder what month of the year.
Will it be midnight or morning,
  And who will bend over my bier?

What a horrible fancy to come
  As I wait at the foot of the stair,
While Eleanor gives the last touch to her robe
  Or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress, pompadour?
  And do I like you? On my life,
You are eighteen and not a day more,
  And haven't been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib upstairs
  Are not ours, to be sure;
You are just a sweet bride in your bloom,
  All snowy, and sunny, and pure.

The carriage rolls down the dark street,
  The little wife laughs and makes cheer;
But—I wonder what day of the month,
  I wonder what month of the year.

Quite unforgettable also by us from the day we first read it is that Oriental "Prelude" as vivid as a painting in which Aldrich pictures how

Hassan Ben Abdul sat and discoursed in the sun at the Ivory Gate of Bagdad; while all manner of persons paused at the sound of his voice and drew near to listen—four Arab boys who stopped a gambling game with peach pits and drew near, a water seller with the bulging goat-skin swung from his shoulder, a big jet black eunuch, a merchandizing Jew, a glittering jeweler, and two blind mendicants who wished to go six diverse ways at once—all these and other sorts drew near:

> And if the Khaleef had been riding near,
> He would have stopped to listen like the rest;
> For Hassan's fame was ripe in all the East.
> From white-walled Cairo to far Ispahan,
> From Mecca to Damascus he was known—
> Hassan, the Arab with the singing heart.
> His songs were sung by boatmen on the Nile,
> By Beddowee maidens and in Tartar camps;
> While all men loved him as they loved their eyes;
> And when he spoke the wisest, next to him,
> Was he who listened.

One critic says that Aldrich's poems are "the only *uniformly* artistic body of verse in the course of American literature." As an example of his perfect artistry this quatrain is cited, its only four lines perfect in their illusive beauty and haunting suggestion:

> See where at intervals the firefly's spark
> Glimmers and melts into the fragrant dark;
> Gilds a leaf's edge one happy instant, then
> Leaves darkness all a mystery again.

The same critic, speaking of Aldrich's definiteness of outline and clarity of language, says: "There are absolutely no obscure lines overladen with turgid imagery or gaudily colored adjectives—the besetting sin of nearly all English-using verse writers of today, who seem bent upon imitating the faults which Keats outgrew. What an example of the power of plain words to convey a sense of the most perfect poetic beauty is the 'Invocation to Sleep,' in such lines as these:

> "The bell sleeps in the belfry—from its tongue
> A drowsy murmur floats into the air
> Like thistle-down. There is no bough but seems
> Weighted with slumber—slumber everywhere!
> Couched on her leaf the lily sways and dips;
> In the green dusk where joyous birds have sung
> Sits silence with her finger on her lips;
> Shy woodland folk and sprites that haunt the streams
> Are pillowed now in grottoes cool and deep;
> But I in chilly twilight stand and wait
> At the portcullis of thy Castle gate,
> Longing to see the charmèd door of dreams
> Turn on its noiseless hinges, delicate Sleep."

There is real word-magic in Aldrich's oriental vision of the young slave girl from the Bosphorus in the poem entitled "Nourmadee":

Long, narrow eyes, as black as black!
And melting, like the stars in June;
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back
From eyebrows like the crescent moon.
She paused an instant with bowed head,
Then, at a motion of her wrist,
A veil of gossamer outspread
And wrapped her in a silver mist.

The lanterns spread a cheating glare;
Such stains they threw from bough and vine
As if the slave boys here and there
Had spilled a jar of brilliant wine.
And then the fountain's drowsy fall,
The burning aloes' heavy scent,
The night, the place, the hour—they all
Were full of subtle blandishment.

O shape of blended fire and snow!
Each clime to her some spell had lent—
The North her cold, the South her glow,
Her languors all the Orient.
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece
The moon draws round its loveliness,
That so its beauty may increase
The more by being seen the less.
And as she moved, and seemed to float—
So floats a swan!—in sweet unrest,
A string of sequins at her throat
Went clink and clink against her breast.
And what did some birth-fairy do
But set a mole, a golden dot,
Close to her lip to pierce men through?

Part of Aldrich's creed was in his own words:

Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.

On this a critic says: "The many who still seem to think that form is a mere artifice, a technical convention, should recall one simple instance of the potent magic with which it may irradiate life. Many a farmer, no doubt, in his fall plowing has turned up the nest of a field-mouse; yet in only the single case which must start up in the memory of everyone, did this little incident become a pathetic tragedy which has stirred the deepest and tenderest feelings of humanity in the thousands who have read and never forgotten Burns's poem. This transformation of a commonplace fact into that moving force of revelation which we call poetry, is wrought solely by the form through which the sensitive brain of the poet has transmitted his own vivid impression to others less alive to the significance of the life around them and of what they themselves think and feel." Ferris Greenslet on the closing page of his admirable book on Aldrich, writes: "Other men have been more sensitive to the age-spirit,

more 'representative.' But when Aldrich went to embody the eerie impulse in verse the miracle happened. He immortalized the moment's exquisite pang of memory or joy or foreboding, not in shadowy, but in crystalline verse. Impulses the most romantic in the world he guided by an instinct that was purely classic in its inspired poise. His most characteristic work is that in which the terse polish of an epigram but makes more memorable the *frisson*, the haunting, heart-searching thrill of the sudden thought. In a complex and quizzical age, an age when 'the Muse in alien ways remote goes wandering,' Aldrich, by the miracle of genius and by his mastery of art, sang of beautiful and sad and pleasant things as simply as an Elizabethan of a Greek singer of the Anthology. For those who love poetry as a fine art, who read it for pure delight, his place in our literature is unique and secure." But the chief interest, after all, in Greenslet's Life of Aldrich is in the personality of the poet as given in his letters, opinions, and various self-revelations. We quote: "One of the highest rewards of a striving and aspiring man is the conviction in his own soul of increasing power. For a man to *be what he was* is damnable." Writing of certain crude criticisms on his work, he says: "These cheap people do not disturb me. But I'll tell you what *does* make me writhe; when I compare my work with my conceptions, and my conceptions with those of the Masters, then I catch it!" Again he says: "There is one critic I stand greatly in dread of; he becomes more exacting every month; he is getting to be a dreadful fellow for me. His name is T. B. Aldrich. There is no let-up to him." In another place he speaks of his wife as his "savage private critic." At the end of Aldrich's first visit to Europe he wrote to E. C. Stedman: "I have had a very rich six months, and am quite certain that *whatever I do in the future, even if it is only to whitewash a fence, will bear the impress of that wider experience.*" That is the benefit and justification of such a trip well used. Writing to Stedman about Whitman, Aldrich says: "A while ago I invested ten dollars in two volumes which I should be glad to let any enthusiastic Whitmaniac have at a big reduction. In Wordsworth's egotism there was something large and sunny. But there is something utterly despicable in a man writing newspaper puffs of himself. I don't believe a charlatan can be a great poet. I couldn't believe it if I were convinced of it." One day Aldrich's dog ate up the manuscript of a sonnet written by his master. The poet's comment was: "How did *he* know it was doggerel?"

MISCELLANEOUS

Saint Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians. The Greek Text with Introduction and Notes. By GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D. 8vo, pp. cx, 195. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.60, net.

THIS Commentary of Dr. George Milligan belongs to the same class as those of the master exegetes, Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Swete. Its author has followed the best traditions of his school and at the same time adopted the best improvements of the new time. Since all lasting exegesis and exposition rests upon correct interpretation of the text, much

work of the earlier commentators has to be revised in the light of the discoveries recently made as to the nature and dignity of vernacular Greek during the first Christian centuries. It is a sober fact that the papyrus heaps of Egypt have caused the rewriting of New Testament Grammar. Then, again, the splendid advance gained in the truer knowledge of the life and institutions of the Greek provinces of the Roman empire adds another source of illumination to the meaning of many New Testament references and events. This is peculiarly true of the writings of Paul and of John addressed to churches bordering upon the Ægean Sea. One other source of distinct progress in the field of correct interpretation is found in the group of both Hebrew and Christian writings known as Apocalyptic. Now, the first New Testament epistles from the mind of Paul were those to the Thessalonian church, and it so happens that their peculiar and most difficult theme is Apocalyptic. At the same time Dr. Milligan shows that the character of the final solution of the problem involved is not a little dependent upon the latest discoveries both of a linguistic and historical nature. With great thoroughness he takes up all the factors involved, both new and old, and it is not too much to say that in this latest Commentary on First and Second Thessalonians, we have a scholarly and timely treatment of their problems at once worthy and satisfying.

A Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament. By A. T. ROBERTSON, A.M., D.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. 8vo, pp. xxx, 240. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.50.

A GRAMMAR of the Greek New Testament, such as is here given to the world by Professor Robertson, is extremely timely and fills a want which all teachers and students of the Greek Testament have felt for more than a decade. The author rightly claims that Deissmann and Moulton have inaugurated a new era in New Testament grammatical study. The combined results of the modern and scientific research in the field of comparative grammar, of the vernacular Greek of the first century, A. D., in connection with that of today and of the recent decipherment of quantities of later Greek inscriptions, ostraea and papyri, have thrown a deal of valuable light upon the whole subject of the common dialect, so-called, and upon the language of the Septuagint Old Testament and the Greek New Testament. Seminary students in particular have long needed a much briefer handbook than Winer, and now even Winer has to be rewritten, so that they are especially grateful for this shorter and fresher treatise. We venture to suggest that in the next edition the work might be improved by a little fuller treatment in the chapters on "Moods and Tenses" after the character of that given in Professor Burton's admirable book, and that the context of the illustrative words and phrases be more fully given. In other words, we feel that this grammar is a trifle too short to adequately fill the need for an intermediate work.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1909

Art. I.—THE NEXT REALM FOR DEVELOPING EFFICIENCY

The statement that man is the creature of development is beyond all thought of question. Everything that we know in the universe is developed. Even solid rock, the result of development from fiery gases, slowly evolves by help of other agencies into flowers and fruit. But man evolves further, swifter, higher. The babe is a bundle of undeveloped possibilities. He has at first but the single active instinct necessary to existence but he soon shows others, many and far-reaching. This is as true of the race as of the individual.

Man has developed his body till he has under the control of his hand a millionth of an inch. He makes a clock that runs for months with a variation from perfect time of only one fifteen thousandths of a second in a whole day. And man has developed his mind till he can read from the stars the true time so closely that he can determine the variation. If he finds that his astronomical clock has gained about ten seconds in a week, he corrects the fault by lengthening each second one sixty thousand four hundred and eightieth of itself, and the defect is remedied. He has trained his eye till it will detect and utilize twenty shades in a single color. And to do this he must distinguish between 510 and 512 millions of millions of vibrations per second. By three separate demonstra-

tions he has caught the swift-flying light and measured its speed, and found it to be 168,000 miles per second. The experienced singer can control the tension of his vocal cords to the four thousandth of an inch. Man is at home in the infinitely little and is sensitive to millionth dilutions; if not in remedies, he certainly is in the germs of diseases. He is equally at home in the infinitely great. He wants power commensurate with his thinking, and he thinks in continents. So he makes steam. He makes steam do more work every day in this country than every man, woman, and child of the whole 85,000,000. He makes a little inert stick suddenly turn to a gas with particles so abhorrent of each other that they exert a pressure of 80,000 pounds to the square inch; a pressure that no rock buttressed and weighted by mountains can withstand. Man is master in such handling of forces that he converts one into another at will. Heat becomes force and vice versa. He harnesses the might of the cataract, turns it into electricity, and 50,000 horse power, more or less, is flying with incredible swiftness to turn a sewing machine or haul freight trains hundreds of miles away. Having progressed thus far in these realms, what is the next? In what direction do the signs point? An Indian knows which way the traveler goes by the print of the foot. What is the next step in the sublime journey of man's development? Man has gone from the simple to the complex, from the near and evident to the distant and occult. At first he laid his burdens or himself on the inviting back of a beast of burden; then he may have used gravitation to float the log that bore him down the stream; later he utilized the wind to bear him back, then steam to take him both ways in defiance of either. Later he found the more than Milo strength of explosives for the rending of logs and rocks, and then he met the challenge of Jehovah to Job and sent forth the lightnings to the ends of the earth, that they, endowed with thought and utterance, might go and say unto man, "Here we are" (Job 38. 35), and gave it a charge that it might strike the mark. (Job 36. 32.) Does not this progress into the stronger, finer, swifter forces indicate that the next advance shall be into the stronger, finer, swifter Force that is the source of them all, Force that has intelligence, will, and personality—say it with

an all-subduing reverence and awe: into an active and intelligent coöperation with the personal God?

But it may be said that the race has been in active and intelligent coöperation with God already; that Abram, Moses, Elijah, and the apostles, that turned the world upside down, have already exploited that supernal realm. It is undeniable. So the falling rain and the flowing stream hinted of gravitation, so the solfataras hinted of the force that could lift mountains and the fulgurite hinted of the powers of electricity. But how faintly! So the coöperations of men with God in the past have hinted of the greater works that are to be done in these later days. In what realm shall these greater works by the coöperation of the personal God with man be done? Every. This is the distinct teaching of the word of God, illustrated in the practice of men. They are to be coworkers together with God. And this is true whether they will it or not. In him we live, and move, and have our being. Christ's word, "Apart from me ye can do nothing," is to be taken in its broadest sense. It is spoken in connection with the thrice-repeated sentiment, "Ask *whatsoever* ye will, and it shall be done unto you." In agriculture Paul may plant and Apollos may irrigate, but the coöperating God gives the increase. It is not Bezalel only who may be filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, to devise all manner of skillful works, but every wise-hearted man was included, in whom Jehovah hath put wisdom "to know how to work all the work." Every man, in any department of his daily toil, may feel like Stradivarius, that God helped him make good violins, and do better work for the feeling. Many an artist has reverently knelt at his work. The sailor does not make the rivers in the sea and air, nor the stars for guides by night, nor the magnetism that holds the needle to the pole, but he is in partnership and is entitled to use the resources of the firm. The engineer did not make water capable of being solid, liquid and gaseous, but he is in partnership and is entitled to use the resources of the firm. Let each worker walk worthy of God, the other partner, who calleth him into his own kingdom and glory. The reason why Christian nations excel the heathen a millionfold in the practical arts of life is because they are taught

of God. What will be possible in handling the seemingly infinite forces God has put under man's dominion depends on man's coöperation with Him who upholds all things by the word of his power, and by whom all things consist or hold together. Perhaps the New Jerusalem, whose trees bear fruit of life every month, and whose mere leaves have virtue enough for the healing of the woes of the groaning nations, and the whole city coming down out of heaven, moved as easily as a train of cars is here, is meant for a hint of possibilities of development.

But, since God cares for deftness of man's bodies, does he also care for strength? Assuredly. One of our magnificent hymns represents him as saying

> I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
> Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

Is there substantial ground for such resonant song? Consider the relation of father to child, and judge. But doth God care for bodies? Yes, even the bodies of oxen. He provides for lions, ravens, and sparrows; all these seek their food from him. The first commandment with promise is that one's days may be long, and the promise to the righteous is that "with long life will I satisfy him, and" by that means "show him my salvation." He took care that there should not be one feeble one among all the tribes when they came out of Egypt. This strengthening of bodies for long life and great achievement may be done in three ways. First, by enacting and commanding the keeping of the laws of best existence. It is amazing to see what a large proportion of the laws given to the Jews pertained to matters of sanitation. Hence, "Let thine heart keep my commandments, for length of days and long life and peace shall they add unto thee." "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days." Or, second, there may be direct impartation of strength, as was the case when Samson's prayer was answered, or when fifteen years were added to the life of Hezekiah. Or, third, the state of mind notably affects the body. "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." Because of all these sources of strength Paul could say, "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." When I am weak, then am I strong in God's strength.

Paul's efficiency exceeded that of most men, but his sufficiency was of God. Under every dreamed-of error there is always a foundation of truth. Therefore, notwithstanding the wild, insane, unchristian and unscientific claims of the greatest of modern delusions, we will still hold to the trust that the Lord will strengthen upon the bed of languishing, that he will turn the bed in our feverish sickness, that, when even the youths faint and are weary, they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, learn the principles of aeronautics and mount up on wings as eagles. The reason men cannot have the joys and utilities of rapid flight is because man's strength, proportioned to weight, is only one tenth that of the eagle. We will trust that, as there has been meat in the strength of which a man's physical body has gone a forty days' march, therefore there may be such meat now if the exigency calls for it. We will trust that Christ's miracles of healing and resurrection of bodies do not belong to a day and power that has utterly passed away. Having used all approved remedies known to the therapeutics of our day we will still accept the statement of James that the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up if Infinite Wisdom sees best and has been the author of that degree of faith.

But especially would it be expected that the incorporeal God would come to the mind of man. There are many ways in which this can be done. All God's works, in mountains and flowers, in sun and stars, in sparrows and leviathans, can be made potential symbols to man of the thought of God. A Christmas present that costs five cents testifies the love of the giver. A Christmas present that costs the life of the Son of God is significant of the love of its Giver. But mind has more direct and perfect ways of communication. Things need the intepretation of their author. Words have narrow range and are ambiguous. When the word "charge" comes to one he must judge from environment and manner of utterance whether it means a wild dash, reckless of life, in which the liberties of millions for centuries are involved, or a quiet entry in the daybook. But there are more direct and perfect ways for mind to influence mind. One animal never mistakes the mental attitude of another animal. Man knows what the dog, cat, and horse means

without words, and vice versa. When they brought the news from Ghent to Aix, Dirck's horse shuddered and sank, Joris's "roan rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone," but Roland galloped on into Aix, not because he was a better horse, not because he got more incentive from whip or spur, but more inspiration from the soul of the rider. A rider that could hold the head of his exhausted and fallen horse 'twixt his knees and pour down his throat the city's last measure of wine could give his own valorous mind to that of the horse. And in the famous ride through Metidja to Abd-El-Kadr, in 1842, the rider says,

> "Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
> Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed."

I have a friend who was greatly annoyed by a vicious dog snapping at the heels of his horse whenever he rode by. He made up his mind to kill that dog and bought a revolver for the purpose, but never again did that dog appear when he had the revolver. When he hadn't it the dog was as bold and as vicious as ever. Another friend made up his mind to relieve his poor old dog of the decrepitudes of age and bought chloroform for the purpose. The dog looked him in the face when he came home, went away and never was seen at that old home of his afterward. Someone, fancying himself more wise than the ancients, may say "coincidence." But such coincidences are more difficult to accept than the fact of thought transference. The London Society for Psychical Research claims, a few members dissenting, to have proved the actuality of telepathy, or thought transference, without any known media. Instances by the dozen could be cited, for the facts of which no other explanation can be given. As Miss Havergal says, "Love understands love; it needs no talk." And as one of Miss Dickinson's lovers says,

> "The time was scarce profaned by speech;
> The symbol of a word was needless."

This being true between lower minds, how much more so from God to man! Unless this be true we must give up our whole belief in the inspiration of the Bible. Some might still believe in that inspiration that demands the impartation of the *ipsissima verba* by

spoken or written symbols, but that requires the acceptance of greater difficulties than the other method.

Since spirit with spirit may meet, what may be communicated? First, courage in soul, boldness in act. "Behold, Jehovah thy God hath set the land before thee; go up, take possession, as Jehovah, the God of thy fathers hath spoken unto thee; fear not, neither be dismayed" (Deut. 1. 21). And just inside the land, not yet conquered, having no arms but what they could capture in battle, Moses gone, God said to Joshua three times over in one interview: "Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed; for Jehovah thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Josh. 1. 9). David said, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah." Then he exhorts others: "Wait for Jehovah; be strong and let thy heart take courage" (Psa. 27. 13, 14). It was a far cry from the timidity of Peter at Christ's trial to the time when the people saw "the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus" (Acts 4. 13). A little more knowledge and of a higher kind would have seen that they were with Jesus then. God's plans for general purposes do not change from age to age, for he chooses the best first. What would our Hymnal be with such hymns as "A mighty fortress is our God" and "Courage, my soul, on God rely," cut out by the hundreds? Second: God works in what we call the department of the will. Exhorting the Philippians to imitate the highest example known in heaven or earth, time or eternity, Paul says: "For it is God who worketh in you, both to *will* and to work for his good pleasure." And of himself he says: "By the grace of God I am what I am: I labored abundantly; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." The Hebrew children on the plains of Dura could match their wills against that of the king, backed by an army and furnace fires. That sublimest of Doxologies in Heb. 13. 20, 21, says "Our Lord Jesus make you perfect in every good thing to do his will, working in us that which is well pleasing in his sight." Third: but especially in the department of mental wisdom should we have access to that which is

infinite. This is done first by rectifying all the relations of the different faculties of the mind. A duplex engine will run if the connecting rod on one side is broken, but in what a feeble and one-sided way! One praying man went down to his house justified. A more illuminative, though rarer, meaning of *dikaioo* is "made right." Doubtless, wisdom to rule was given to Solomon direct and outright. Christ going away said: "I will not leave you orphans, the Holy Spirit shall lead you into all the truth." Some contend that the article "the" limits the truth to that which pertained to spiritual truth, essential truth as it is in Jesus. Others hold that no such limitation was designed and that it might read "into all sorts of truth," especially as when brought before synagogues, rulers, and hostile authorities, "the Holy Spirit shall teach you in that very hour what ye ought to say" (Luke 12. 12). James probably caught the true meaning, and he says (1. 5): "If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." It is not well to put our limitations into God's infinities. Paul had the same idea, for he says (1 Cor. 12. 8): "For to one is given through the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge." We believe in a Bible inspired of God away beyond the wisdom of men. It is a glorious fact that God hath spoken to man. It is a far more glorious fact that God still speaks to man. Rightly did the Continental Congress, travailing over the Declaration of Independence—grandest reutterance of the thought of Christ since his time—and the Constitution of the states, which Gladstone said "is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," rightly did they devote a season of prayer to the God of all government for wisdom. And it was given them. Rightly did Milton, beginning his immortal poem, pray:

> And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
> Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
> Instruct me, for Thou knowest. . . . What in me
> Is dark, illumine, what is low, raise and support;
> That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert eternal providence
> And justify the ways of God to men.

Rightly did Charles G. Finney, praying for a coming revival campaign, get boldness to say: "And thou, O Lord, knowest that I am not accustomed to be denied." Rightly can any man undertaking a journey, choosing between several ways of life, pondering an invention, going to talk to a man about his soul, contemplating matrimony, leading the thoughts of a great people in prayer or speech, rightly can he ask God for wisdom. And it shall be given him. All preachers should expect larger, richer things given them than they can devise themselves. Coming to the spiritual life, we are almost compelled to lay our hands upon our mouths because it is so evident that, as in the case of Nicodemus, best blood, high culture, esteem of fellow-men, good intentions and earnest personal endeavors cannot accomplish a life so high as that of God. "Ye must be born from above; born of the Spirit." And the life that is born of the Spirit must be nurtured by the Spirit. Romulus might suck the painful udders of a wolf bereft of its young, but the child of God cannot be nurtured into the perfect stature of manhood in Christ Jesus by the cares and deceitfulness of this world that choke the word. In the hills and beneath them, in the rivers of the sea and the air, we are handling various forces arising from the *attributes* of God. But in spiritual work for ourselves and for multitudes and millions at home and the wide world over, we must have the gospel, which is *the* power of God, the power of his spirit and personality and essence.

The point is that here is a realm of infinities to be exploited in which greater works shall be done in all the varied possibilities of human life than have ever yet been attempted. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." They are achieved by the aid of the Prince of Peace. Some men are denied entrance into the fields of literature, statesmanship, diplomacy, and war, but none are denied action and fruition here. Hannah in Ramah, Mary in Nazareth, David at the sheepfolds, can find access here and in the name of their God set up their banners. There would have been no Pentecost but for the power of God. That power was reached by prayer. A prayerless church today is a powerless church. Indeed, it is no church of Christ at all. He was always much in prayer and then always much in power. There are things

to be done that require an eternity; how stupid if in ten thousand years we should find there was nothing new to learn and do! In matter, the realm of the celestial ether, with its higher powers, greater intensities, and quicker activities, has hardly been touched, barely discovered. In the mind and heart of the whole world conquests await worthy of the King of kings and Lord of lords. That going forth of the white horse of victory was anticipatory, prophetic, not accomplished. What victories must be achieved before the oft-repeated prophecy is fulfilled and the earth shall be as full of the knowledge of Jehovah as the waters cover the sea. And what help of the infinite God is necessary!

Now unto Him who is able to do what exceeds abundantly, above all that we ask or even think, according to the power that works in us but little as yet; unto him be glory in every coöperating church, and in Christ Jesus, unto all generations of the age of the ages. Amen.

Henry White Warren

Art. II.—KANT AND SCHOPENHAUER ON THE FEMININE INTELLECT

To the interested observers of the progress of coeducation it sometimes seems as if in a few years Germany, so well known for its emphasis on the domestic sphere of women, will see its sons and daughters enjoying equally and together the university atmosphere in aula and auditorium at what time our sons and daughters in the land of the free have been forced apart to sip knowledge and inspiration in segregated flocks. Now that the Middle West, the very stronghold of coeducation, has become inoculated with the germ of segregation, we realize how far the pendulum of progress in this line has swung back. It is useful to recall that there was a time when men debated just as much, and the pendulum swung back and forth just as violently, in regard to the problem of training the feminine intellect at all. Nay, more; the time is not so very far gone when it was considered a matter of doubt whether women had any intellect. It now seems to have been finally determined that women ought to receive adequate mental training. It is the how and the where that presents a problem not only to the male sex in general but especially to prominent exponents thereof. In this connection it is interesting to note how, in times past also, great thinkers have failed miserably and have dimmed the luster of their glory in venturing to express themselves on matters pertaining to the "sex." Notable examples are two brilliant stars in the philosophical firmament—Kant and Schopenhauer, both of whom hazarded opinions in regard to the mentality of women. Notorious is Schopenhauer's essay, "Ueber die Weiber," published in 1850, the brutality of which is varied and made potent by his customary terse and aphoristic style. How far this writer, who has had and still has a tremendous influence on the young manhood of Germany, has determined the prevailing opinions in that country in regard to women it would be interesting to ascertain. It is less well known that the great Kant likewise published his opinions on the characteristics and the education of women. This occurred in the

year 1766 and before Kant had attained great influence as a philosophical writer. If we compared these two essays as typical expressions of the opinions of the time in which they were written, we should have to conclude that a decided retrogression had taken place between the middle of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries, and that with Schopenhauer the pendulum of women's prestige had swung so hopelessly far back that it is a miracle that women have ever regained any esteem at all in the minds of men. Fortunately, however, Schopenhauer's views are entirely personal, though undoubtedly shared by others. And yet it cannot be overlooked that in the century that elapsed woman actually did lose a tremendous share of the respect that her intellect and wit had inspired. Kant's essay, indeed, in a certain manner marks a turning point in the opinions on the education of women, a standpoint reached under the influence of Rousseau. So lasting in this field, too, had been the ideas of the Swiss reformer that their power is felt even today whenever a woman wishes to develop to the utmost her talents and faculties. Indeed, it would not be inappropriate to designate Schopenhauer's views as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the arguments originally promulgated by Rousseau.

These two philosophers, Kant and Schopenhauer, products of different epochs, different surroundings, different in character and in manner of life, still bear externally a certain resemblance in the circumstance that they were both bachelors. In this capacity they were both unfit to be judges of the other sex. Both, however, concluded that woman is the mental inferior of man, Kant reaching this conclusion in a tone of unctuous respect, Schopenhauer in a tone of brutal contempt. Schopenhauer was a bachelor in whom the typical qualities of crustiness were raised almost to virtues in comparison with his unlovely qualities of character. He was exceedingly nervous and so irritable that he was led to write a disquisition on the stupidity of humanity in permitting such noises as the cracking of drivers' whips, which on each occasion murdered the important thoughts of genius, so conceited that a realization of his own ability compensated him for the utter worthlessness of the rest of the world, and so unlovable that even his mother refused to let him live with her. His mother, to be sure, apparently not

very sympathetic, was in her own manner of life selfish. Mentally she was brilliant in a superficial way, and gathered about her some of the greatest spirits of Germany. His sister, however, seems to have been gentle and sympathetic by nature, but with her, as well as with his mother, he broke off all intercourse. In his earlier years he is known to have led a wild life devoted to the gratification of all the senses. It was not antipathy toward women that kept him from marriage but pure selfishness, and unwillingness to shoulder the duties that a marriage entails. These circumstances plainly made him an unfit judge of women. Moreover, his opinions were so entirely colored by personal experiences that we can never expect of him an impartial judgment on this or any other subject. Kant was a man of a different type. Conservative, cautious, anxious to avoid all disturbance in his regulated mode of life and in the expression of antagonistic ideas, in spite of these qualities fond of intercourse with others and urbane and pleasing in his manners. He preserved a delicate constitution by habits of the utmost regularity and temperance. Born in the humblest of circumstances, he was brought up by a simple, pious mother whom he venerated all his life. She was, perhaps, the only woman he ever knew intimately. He had three sisters, two of whom having been servants in their youth, continued after marriage to lead a humble life. While he helped to support their families Kant had no intercourse with them. Practically his whole life was spent within the walls of the town in which he was born. It was not, as with Schopenhauer, antipathy that prevented his being married. Twice he entertained the thought but he weighed the matter so long that the opportunity was lost. It can be readily seen that Kant, too, could not well judge intimately of women.

Schopenhauer's essay "Ueber die Weiber," appeared as paragraphs 375 to 385 in the second volume of Parerga and Paralipomena. Reading it, one is immediately struck with the dictatorial tone in which, as it were, the law is laid down to women for all time. One soon recalls, however, that not only on this but on all other subjects Schopenhauer believed that he was speaking the final word. To review and contradict his arguments from beginning to end would be a task "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable." It is

enough to recollect that to his mind women are, once for all, the inferior sex, the "sexus sequior," a half-way product between a child and a man, man alone being a full-fledged human being. Woman's one aim in life is, with the connivance of nature, which for a few brief years lends her a pyrotechnical display of beauty, to catch a husband, and then to squander recklessly the money that he has earned by the sweat of his brow. The poor man is lured into undertaking an obligation which is by no means his duty, and is, like monogamy, ridiculous. Woman's one excuse for being is the propagation of the race. As far as her qualities are concerned, she is, physically, not only because of her weakness but also by the ugliness of her bodily proportions, plainly the inferior of man. Morally, she is a monster; a perfectly honest, undissembling woman is practically an impossibility, since nature has endowed her with an unparalleled gift of lying as a weapon of defense. Mentally, she is myopic; her mind can grasp nothing that does not come within her immediate horizon. As this is his basic idea, we cannot expect of Schopenhauer that he should entertain any notion of the possibilities of a woman's mind under adequate training, and, in fact, there is not a hint that a proper education might do away with certain mental deficiencies. She is not destined for mental achievements. For music, poetry, and the plastic arts women have no real understanding or receptivity, although they sometimes affect this understanding as a means toward pleasing and capturing men. The distinguishing characteristic of the feminine mind is that it is purely subjective, and women are therefore utterly incapable of objective judgment, uncolored by personal feeling. Schopenhauer, it seems, failed to realize that his own attitude of mind, not only toward minor subjects but even toward greater philosophical problems, was determined by this very trait of subjective feeling to such an extent that his entire writings are merely a reflex of his own personal experiences and emotions. Women are not capable of concentrated attention; interest, in them, is merely a form of coquetry. They are inveterate Philistines, and are made to have intercourse with men's failings and follies, but not with their reason, and between the two sexes there exists very little sympathy of mind, soul, and character. To show any respect to

this inferior sex is immeasurably ridiculous. Gallantry and chivalry are the quintessence of Germano-Christian stupidity, and have made them so arrogant and inconsiderate as to remind one of the holy apes of Benares.

We turn from the scathing comments of Schopenhauer to Kant with a feeling of relief, as one might turn from nauseating medicine to sugar-coated pills. For Kant takes women and their education at least semiseriously, and considers them as a different rather than an inferior species. Kant's genius ripened in the middle of the eighteenth century, when reason reigned supreme. At this time it was the fashion for women to be brilliant and learned. In France famous salons testify to the rule of the feminine intellect among a court of admiring masculine wits. Germany followed the fashions of France, and so we have women of the German aristocracy cultivating their brains for the sake of governing intellectual salons. But the desire for learning was not, in Germany, entirely a fad, especially in the less wealthy ranks of society. Many a woman not only applied herself with zeal to study, or to the writing of poetry, but also conducted her household and brought up a family. There was Frau Reiske in Leipzig, the wife of a humble professor, who after she was married learned the pronunciation of Greek so that she might read it aloud to her husband and spare his eyes. Later she actually studied the language and after her husband's death finished the edition of his works. Then there was Frau Gottsched, the most famous woman dramatist and translator that Germany has had, incessant in her literary labors, both as independent worker and as collaborator with her husband, yet a painstaking housekeeper. As she had no children, she adopted two nieces and instructed them in the art of housekeeping. It was a time when women were recognized in Germany as the intellectual peers of men, and when they received exaggerated adulation from the other sex. Then came Rousseau with his epoch-making reforms. Down with everything artificial, up with nature. Away with all the silly conventions of society. Cultivate the body first and the mind will take care of itself. Books are worthless. If a boy must learn to read, don't let him do it before he is twelve or fifteen. Let him live an absolutely free life in the country, and trust to nature

to give him the necessary promptings toward intellectual development. When books and learning were held at such a discount it is natural that the estimation in which the training of the feminine intellect had been held should suffer. That Rousseau, like most men, should lose his objective judgment when it comes to the consideration of educating women, that he goes so far as to forget his main axiom, that nature is to be absolutely trusted in all her promptings, and actually insists that a girl must be educated to endure all sorts of restraints and not be permitted to follow her instincts freely and unhampered, since her entire life has to be passed in subjugation and restraint anyway, is another chapter. Suffice it to say that, for woman, emphasis was laid on educating the qualities of the heart rather than those of the mind; on preparing her to look upon her husband as her lord, teacher, and guide, and fitting her in general for her mission of making things agreeable for her husband, and in humble subordination managing his household with grace and economy.

Such were the ideas apropos of women that were taking hold of Europe and had found their way into Germany when Kant expressed himself on the subject in the year 1766, four years after the appearance of Rousseau's Emile. Kant's little treatise, which is entirely belletristic in its nature, is entitled Observations Concerning the Feeling for the Beautiful and the Sublime (*Beobachtungen ueber das Gefuehl des Schoenen und Erhabenen*). The English word "beautiful," be it remembered, inadequately expresses the meaning of "schoen," which in its wide application to objects and to persons, to qualities physical, mental, and moral, embraces also "æsthetic" in its range. The essay attempts to analyze the differences of feeling and emotion as aroused respectively by a perception of the beautiful and the noble. In the third chapter he applies the distinction to the relations of the sexes. The fair sex, to his mind, has been happily so named, and the other sex he would call, did modesty not forbid, the noble sex. Now, either sex may possess in a slight degree some of the distinguishing quality of the other, but beauty must eminently characterize the feminine, nobility the masculine. All systems of education and instruction to be successful must bear this in mind, likewise, all criticism. Women have natur-

ally a stronger feeling for what is beautiful, dainty, or pretty, and prefer beauty to utility. Now, the fair sex possesses reason, too, as well as the other sex, but it has a "beautiful" understanding (*schoener Verstand*), while men have a noble or a profound understanding. On this distinction rests the difference in the education of the sexes. All beautiful acts require, first of all, that they be performed with ease and without apparent effort. Effort and the laborious overcoming of difficulties excite admiration, partake of nobility, and belong to the masculine sex. Profound meditation and long-continued application of the mind are likewise difficult, and are not befitting a person whose spontaneous charms should betray nothing but a "beautiful" nature. Intense study or labored cogitation, even if a woman should attain eminence thereby, destroy the excellences peculiar to her sex, and while they may make her, from novelty, an object of cold admiration, they will at the same time weaken the charms whereby she exercises her great power over the other sex. If a woman knows Greek and mechanics, she might just as well have a beard, as that would still more clearly lend her that expression of profundity after which she is striving.

We see that Kant, as well as Schopenhauer, could not conceive the idea that a woman might be interested in learning purely for its own sake. The sham learning that existed in Kant's time was, however, by no means confined to women.

The "beautiful" understanding, Kant continues, chooses as its object those things that are more nearly related to the æsthetic sense, and leaves abstract speculation and knowledge that is useful, but dry, to the zealous, thorough, and profound understanding. So women will not study geometry, will not fill their heads with history and battles, geography and fortifications. Their philosophy is not weighing reasons, but feeling. Here Kant speaks entirely as a man of his time. The emphasis on the sentimental side of woman's nature must never be neglected in her education. Her ethical sense must be developed and not her memory. Music and paintings are to be judged by their feelings and not by rules of art. Of the cosmos she need know nothing more than is necessary to arouse her emotions when, on a beautiful evening, she regards the sky and dimly feels that there may be more worlds where there are more

fair beings. In geography it is not necessary for her to know anything of political divisions if she has a general idea of character, tastes, and morals of the different races, their freedom and their slavery, and the relations of men and women. Never must there be cold and speculative instruction; always feelings and emotions are to be aroused, especially characteristically feminine emotions. In history she need know only the influence of women and their relations toward men, and the nature of amusements at different periods. The content of her entire learning should be mankind, and among mankind, man. Turning to the moral nature of women, Kant says their virtue is likewise a "beautiful" virtue, while that of men is noble virtue. Women will avoid evil not because it is wrong but because it is ugly, and virtuous acts for them are such as are morally beautiful. Quite contrary to Rousseau, he says there must be nothing of "You must do this" and "You ought to do that," as women cannot bear any form of restraint. They do only as they please, and the art of education consists in making only that which is good please them. Never demand sacrifices and self-restraint of a woman. A husband must never tell his wife of his business affairs and his financial ventures, lest care disturb her gaiety and her pleasant chatter. Gently Kant bids the fair sex not to be offended when he says that they are incapable of principles, as principles are likewise very rare among the noble sex. As far as women's faults are concerned, many of them are beautiful failings. Kant next enters upon the physical beauty of women and discusses seriously the effects of different types upon men. In concluding this theme the climax of absurdity is reached with the unconscious admission of the insufficiency of a system of education based upon beauty alone as ultimate criterion. He recognizes that age is the great destroyer of beauty, but as a woman grows older the noble qualities of the soul are gradually to supplant the beautiful ones. Gradually, as less and less claim can be laid to beauty, the reading of books and the enlargement of the mental horizon may unnoticeably put the muses into the place vacated by the graces, and the husband is to be the first and principal teacher. According to this a woman is to do her serious studying when her habits in ways other than intellectual have become fixed and when her brain is no longer capable of easily

retaining impressions. I fear that our opinion of Kant's knowledge of human minds and human nature is not heightened by this most unpedagogical *modus operandi*. Even Schopenhauer knows that definite knowledge and training have to be acquired while the mind is still young. Kant recognizes that even when the husband is eminently noble in character, and the wife eminently beautiful, it is still an art to prevent indifference and satiety from weakening the appeal of both beauty and nobility, and familiarity from deadening the original tenderness and delicacy of feeling. A sage piece of advice to the nobler sex is that while they are to continue to cultivate their own noble qualities, in marriage, as in other things, they must not make their demands of perfection in others too great, but be content with mediocrity; in this wise they will be spared disappointment, and may occasionally be pleasantly surprised by unexpected perfections.

We are not struck with either the logic or practicability of Kant's theories on the education of women. The times are long past when women spent their leisure in posing as objects of admiration for the other sex. To use Maeterlinck's figure, the cold, motionless statue which we were wont to regard as the ideal of beauty has left her niche, passive repose has given way to action, and the beauty that we have admired in the perfect but lifeless marble forms must give way to the beauty of warm muscles quivering with life, movement and effort. Negative absence of vices must be replaced by positive virtues. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," we cannot quite grasp nor be satisfied with. And yet when Kant insists that beauty, "das Schöne," be kept in mind as the ultimate goal in the education of women he hits upon a factor of tremendously vital importance. I do not say that it may not be more important for the masculine mind to learn that the "beautiful is as useful as the useful, perhaps more so." But, leaving that aside, what influence might it not have on the mind, character, and appearance of the American girl, perhaps especially the college girl, if she were taught to regard beauty in its widest meaning as the ultimate criterion for all the acts of her life? Would she not feel instinctively that a graceful walk is more desirable than a swagger, a modulated voice better than a strident one, composure of gesture

more attractive than jerkiness, genuine lyrics more lovely than the rag-time and the inane songs that her college brother sings, suitability and harmony of costume and coiffure more beautiful than the latest fashion? With all these things her mind would be just as free, nay, freer to wander through all the paths of knowledge and achievement. At bottom, Kant has, after all, a profound insight. If women who have aimed at or attained conspicuous positions had always preserved an instinct for the beautiful, graceful, and appropriate, they would often have avoided sneers from the opposite sex and carried their influence and their causes farther. How doubly winning is an able woman who in the zeal for her profession and mission does not neglect to preserve a dignity and fitness of dress and deportment! It is the forgetting this that makes the suffragettes and Carrie Nations ridiculous. No cause, no profession, no occupation of woman can lose by being restrained through a sense of beauty, physical, mental, and moral. It is the sense of beauty violated in the sex to which it has fled for refuge that has grieved men and made them scoffers of serious-minded women.

Elfrieda Hochbaum Pope.

Art. III.—HAS THE GENERAL CONFERENCE SUPREME POWERS?

This paper seeks neither to affirm some new theory, to controvert some old one, to advocate the acceptance of the former, nor to urge the rejection of the latter. It is a sincere effort to inquire into original conditions and to analyze a fundamental question solely with a view to rational conclusions.

The action of the last General Conference gives the highest importance to the resolution presented by Judge McWhorter respecting our judicial administration, and entitles it to the most careful thought of the entire church. The Daily Advocate of June 2 presents the matter as follows:

> *Whereas*, The General Conference acts as our Supreme Court; and,
>
> *Whereas*, It is incongruous that the same assemblage should as a legislative body enact law, and as a judicial body pass judgment upon the constitutionality of its own work; and,
>
> *Whereas*, The General Conference is too large to act as an Appellate Court, and is not wisely constituted for that purpose; therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, That a commission of five persons, to consist of one bishop, two ministers, and two laymen, be appointed by the Board of Bishops to consider the entire question of the proper constitution of our highest judicial tribunal, and to report to the General Conference of 1912 a recommendation as to how such tribunal should be constituted and what steps are necessary to place its constitutional powers beyond question.

Though the Judiciary Committee did not originate this action, the resolution was submitted to the General Conference with the consent of the chairman of that committee when the presiding bishop called for its reports, and the proposed action encountered no objection from the committee when put upon its passage in open conference. This fact does not fix the responsibility for this action directly on the Judiciary Committee, but it serves to reveal that there existed a conviction of its propriety and need in the mind of that committee. The immediate approval of the resolution by the General Conference entitles it to such careful study and diligent examination as will lead to the wisest conclusion in a matter so vital to the economy of the church. The proposition that there is some-

thing "incongruous" in an arrangement which makes of the same body both a Legislature and a Supreme Court, with final authority to pass upon the constitutionality of its own acts, is not new, nor is this the first time that the validity of such powers has been questioned. The conviction that "the General Conference is too large to act as an Appellate Court," and that it "is unwisely constituted for that purpose," has long overhung the consciousness of our statesmen like a cloud, but the affirmation itself has not been so distinctly made before, unless by the General Conference itself in the Journals of 1820, 1836, 1844, and 1868.

The function of government is the proper adjustment of the rights and relations of associated life for its normal development, and implies such authority and wisdom to make rules and regulations, and to administer and to judicially determine them, as is beyond all question. Wise and successful government is the judicious and judicial exercise of this authority in the manner prescribed and for the purposes in view. In autocratic or monarchial forms of government full authority is usually centered in one person, who directs its application according to his own will and judgment. In democratic forms this authority is commonly conferred by a formal constitution, which, being the expressed will and judgment of the governed, is by common consent the final source of all authority to make, to execute, and to adjudicate the regulations determined on as necessary for the practical operation of that system of government. Under this form the legislative, executive and judicial departments of government must needs be in such equipoise that neither can intrude upon the other. The constitution, therefore, makes each supreme in its sphere, and each is equally excluded from the sphere assigned to another, so that it may neither itself practice nor permit encroachment by the other. They must stand or fall together. In his Constitutional Law (page 144) Judge Cooley, when speaking of courts, says:

> Their authority is coördinate with that of the Legislature, neither superior nor inferior; but each with equal dignity must move in its appointed sphere. But the judiciary, in seeking to ascertain what the law is which must be applied in any particular controversy may possibly find that the will of the Legislature, as expressed in statutory form, and the will of the people, as expressed in the constitution, are in conflict, and the

two cannot stand together. In such a case, as the legislative power is conferred by the constitution, it is manifest that the delegate has exceeded his authority; the trustee has not kept within the bounds of his trust. The excess is therefore inoperative, and it is the duty of the court to recognize and give effect to the constitution as the paramount law, and, by refusing to enforce the legislative enactment, practically nullify it.

Government is essential to the perpetuity of associated life, whether civil or ecclesiastical, and whatever may be its form, if it would endure, it must incorporate into itself the fundamental principles of justice and consistency inherent in all sane government, so that they may be applied in all departments alike and to all persons related to it.

Prior to 1792 the government of our church was centered in the body of ordained ministry created by the constitution of 1784, which gave to that body the entire and exclusive direction of the church. This power was exercised by the ministry when in the Annual Conference assembled, the action being completed by the concurrent action of the Annual Conference which met last in that year—usually this was the Baltimore Conference. In this way the ministry exercised absolute control for nearly a quarter of a century. It made and revised constitutions; it made and revoked laws; it made and reversed decisions. This system of ecclesiastical government having been constitutionally provided, and "the direction of" the church having been wholly intrusted by the constitution to the ordained ministry, when this body tacitly accepted this service it made itself subject to the authority of the constitution under which both the ministry and the service were established, and responsible for the service intrusted by it, and became obligated to render this service for the purposes declared and in the manner directed until this system was constitutionally changed. "The first regular General Conference" met in 1792 and thereafter met quadrennially in the exercise of these powers till 1812. In 1808 this ministry, in General Conference duly assembled, and duly authorized, so changed the constitution of 1784 that the General Conference became, after that of 1808, a *representative* and *delegated* body. This new constitution fixed the composition, the sessions, the quorum, and the organization of this new Conference, and placed distinct limitations and restrictions on its authority. This was a

new and different kind of General Conference from those which had preceded it. The restraints put upon it were such that it could exercise only the limited powers then conferred upon it, and could not exercise the unlimited and original powers hitherto exercised by the General Conferences which had preceded it. And just here is the embarrassment of the whole contention for supreme powers. For if the General Conference was put under restraint, it became subordinate; if subordinate, it was no longer sovereign; for sovereignty is that authority over which no other is superior. This new constitution did not abrogate the authority given the ordained ministry in 1784, to have "the direction of" the church; nor was it abdicated by the ministry in possession. On the contrary, it was continued, over all constitutional questions, by the proviso clause, there to remain, and to be exercised by the body of ministry in the Annual Conference assembled when it so agreed. Beyond dispute the constitution of 1808 *did* limit the authority and curtail the powers of the General Conference which it had created; and this limitation continued till the laity, admitted to representation in the legislative body in 1900, was admitted to equal participation in constitutional amendments in 1904.

Of the General Conference as organized prior to 1808, Dr. Bangs says in his History of the Church, vol. ii, p. 239:

> The Conference adjourned, never more to meet under the same circumstances, as hereafter the Conference was to be composed of delegates chosen by the respective Annual Conferences.

And further he says:

> It appears that both preachers and people were generally satisfied with what had been done by the last General Conference, and the experience of thirty years has abundantly tested the wisdom of the plan of securing an equal representation from the several Annual Conferences, acting, when together, under the limitations which that Conference saw fit to impose.

Whatever may be one's preconceived opinions or his personal repugnance to this new arrangement, the interests of dignified statesmanship and stability in government justly demand for it the respect and loyal support of preachers and people, Conferences and charges, until, if doubtful or obscure, its provisions and intention

are constitutionally interpreted; or, if changed, until changed according to the proviso clause incorporated for that purpose at the close of the document itself.

It will not be overlooked that the first provision of this new constitution (1808) changes the composition of the General Conference from one consisting of a continuous membership made up of the entire body of "traveling elders" to one made changeable every four years by the election of representatives from and by that body. The purpose and intent of the provisions of this new constitution will best appear from the declaration of that document itself. The first of these (see Discipline of 1808) limits the composition of the General Conference and makes it only a part of the ministry of which it was previously composed; the second, third and fourth refer to its sessions and organization, which they fix; the fifth discriminates between the "full powers" hitherto exercised by the body of ministry assembled as the General Conference, and confers on the newly constituted General Conference only one kind of those heretofore exercised, which it describes as "full powers to make rules and regulations." Whatever interpretation may have been made and accepted in times past as expedient, or may have seemed then to be demanded as necessary, in a given case, it is, somehow, offensive to our native sense of right, and to a just conception of righteous interpretation, that because the phrase "full powers," etc., was then so construed, and for the reasons named, therefore a delegated and representative body was put in permanent possession of full legislative, full executive, and full judicial powers. These differentiations between the "full powers" enjoyed by the former General Conference and those conferred on that then constituted are a noteworthy fact. So palpable a departure and so distinct a distribution of only one part of the powers previously enjoyed, and the "limitations and restrictions" so deliberately fixed upon those actually conferred, discourages the belief that it was the intention of the constitution of 1808 to confer on the delegated General Conference, then created, the full powers previously exercised by the body of ordained ministry under that of 1784. For unquestionably that body had exercised "full powers" when in the Annual Conferences assembled until 1792, and in the General Con-

ferences assembled until 1808, inclusive, while to this new General Conference is clearly granted authority to exercise only "full powers to make rules and regulations," and even that is put under "limitations and restrictions," which lie at the very foundation of the whole ecclesiastical system established in 1784, manifestly for its protection and so carefully set forth as to be unmistakable. The first of these limitations protects and perpetuates the "standards or rules of doctrine" then established and existing. The second protects the composition of the General Conference by withholding the control of the ratio of representation from the power of the General Conference itself, and placing it under the final control of the ministry in Annual Conference assembled. The third protects and perpetuates the episcopacy and the existing system of ecclesiastical government by placing it beyond the reach of the delegated General Conference, and at the same time leaving all authority to make changes within the power of the body of ministry as heretofore. The fourth perpetuates the General Rules of the United Societies as they were then published and accepted. The fifth protects and perpetuates the constitutional rights and privileges of both the ministers and members to trial and appeal, by placing these rights beyond the authority of the delegated General Conference and retaining them under the control of the body of ministry. These several provisions and the limitations and restrictions constitutionally fix conditions of restraint on the new General Conference, and establish for it relations of subordination which had not existed before, and the moment the new General Conference entered upon the exercise of the limited powers then conferred it accepted and completed this subordinate relation by its own act, and then forfeited all rightful claim to the exercise of sovereign powers thereafter. Nor, indeed, was this claim distinctly made until the great debates of 1844 developed this contention.

The fact that, according to the proviso clause, all amendments of the constitution must first secure the concurrence of the ministry before such amendments can have authority, and the fact of the proviso clause itself, are evidence not only that authority for the exercise of supreme powers was *not conferred,* but that it *was reserved and withheld* from the new General Conference. While it

is hardly believable that a constitutional measure proposed and adopted by the body of ministry in the Annual Conferences would meet with nonconcurrence by the delegates elected to the General Conference from these Annual Conferences, or that the General Conference would persist in a measure which, originating with itself, was frowned upon by the ministers in Annual Conference assembled, yet, should such a collision occur, we are driven to consider the question, What tribunal could determine the constitutionality of the matter under our present conditions? As all courts of dignity must hold impartial and impersonal relations to all persons related to the cases coming before them, it seems impossible that a representative and delegated body should be such a court, and it is not difficult to perceive why the General Conference has now declared that this delegated body is not wisely constituted for the functions of either an Appellate or a Supreme Court. It will be remembered that the body of ordained ministry which assembled as the General Conference in 1792 and until 1808 was the same, and was that created in 1784, and that it had full authority to constitute a representative General Conference if it desired, and to confer on it such powers as were deemed wise; and it may be safely assumed that it had sufficient intelligence, moral character, and ability to select suitable language by which to make plain what it desired and intended to do. It will be conceded that, in the event of obscurity in expression, or of doubt as to intention of the constitution then adopted, in that case the right of final determination must be that of those who originated the document, namely, the body of ministry in the Annual Conference assembled, or some tribunal equally constant and definitely constituted by it, and not by a body so ephemeral as a delegated General Conference meeting quadrennially, for the principal is justly entitled to the right of interpretation of his own language and the determination of his own intention. So that in the end the authority to determine the constitutional powers of the General Conference rightfully remains in, and may still be directly exercised or conferred by, the body of ordained ministry and laity now constituting *the church,* in the manner provided by the present constitution, and not by their representatives, the delegates to the General Conference. If this were

not true, we should then have an oligarchic, and not a democratic, government.

Constitutional powers originate by authority of the constitution and are clear, positive, and direct; they are not inferential, neither are they expediential. Such powers, if questioned, can be determined or changed only by the principal who made the constitution, or by some tribunal duly constituted by him for this purpose. Judge Cooley in treating this point in his Constitutional Law says, on page 33:

> The constitution itself never yields to treaty or enactment; it neither changes with time, nor does it in theory bend to the force of circumstances. . . . While it stands it is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men at all times and under all circumstances. Its principles cannot, therefore, be set aside in order to meet the supposed necessities of crises. No doctrine involving more pernicious consequences was ever invented by the wit of man than that any of its provisions can be suspended during any of the great exigencies of government. Such a doctrine leads directly to anarchy or despotism, etc.

The claim of authority by the fact of long user hardly escapes "begging the question," and it is hardly consistent, or conservative, to rest a question of the constitutionality of authority solely on such a basis as that—even though such fact may have been for so long as a century—while at the same time the means constitutionally provided have been at hand for placing all authority on the sure basis of a constitutional grant. Was not all this the underlying inspiration and the conviction of the General Conference when it adopted these resolutions and appointed a commission and instructed it to report to a future session a recommendation concerning the whole, and as to what steps are necessary to place the constitutional powers of that body beyond question?

Robert J. Miller

Art. IV.—PROMETHEUS, BOUND AND UNBOUND

Æschylus is colossal. Like the huge mountains around which he made the gods to frolic and fight, he is part of that Titanic world which never can perish. His thoughts are ponderous. One of the three masters of Greek tragedy, Sophocles and Euripides the other two, he is said to have produced seventy tragedies, only seven of which now are extant. He won renown on four battle-fields, Marathon being one, and this triumph in war is supposed to have added fire to his conception in tragedy. The old Greek tragedian was first a teacher, then an entertainer, so that thought, powerful, and burning with white heat of intellectual passion, stands in bold contrast to action, of which there is just enough to carry the thought. In Shakespeare, action is quite as prominent as thought—indeed, more so, for Shakespeare wrote to entertain. The modern mind feeds upon action. The God of the modern mind is active; whereas Zeus sat upon Olympus and nodded his assent. This was his characteristic. The Greek mind of that time was content with ideas. It dwelt within. It was an age in which a Plato and an Aristotle were the most natural products. Socrates partook somewhat more of the modern type, and we see in him action; not that which would build bridges and cover the seas with commerce, but action nevertheless. Prometheus Unbound is lost, and we are left to guess of what stuff was the tragedy. Shelley sought to reproduce it, and certainly he had somewhat the type of mentality to at least undertake the task. But Shelley's Prometheus Unbound is a product of his inexperienced youth—lacks vigor. It has been said that Æschylus was a man of faith, whereas Shelley was skeptical, irreverent. Æschylus might not stand for Shelley's effort. Prometheus Bound has attracted the learning of philosopher and poet, of women and of men. It belongs to those world conceptions that attract genius, and men of thought can no more

pass it by than they can pass Vesuvius on fire without wonder and fear. For, it is a fearful sight to see a mind on fire, or, if you please, to look upon an Atlas whose gigantic strength is giving down, not beneath a world, but beneath one awful, eternal thought; one big enough for God Almighty only to deal with. The bending giant mind wrestling in despair with the law of fate, or the fact of retributive or penal suffering, and in despair defying fate and the whole marshaled army of gods—that, indeed, is sublime. Æschylus, then, is a brother-man with a task. What is he trying to do?

The Tragedy. Prometheus was a mythical superhuman being. His name means "Forethought," or "Providence." He was brother to Atlas and to Epimetheus, whose name meant "Afterthought." He rebelled against the government of Zeus and stole fire from heaven and gave it to men. For this offense he was condemned by Zeus to be chained alive to a rocky cliff in the Caucasus with great iron wedges driven through his chest. The drama begins by a conversation between Hephæstus, the blacksmith, and Strength and Force, who are commissioned to execute the wrath of Zeus. Sea nymphs hold a prolonged conversation with Prometheus, and seek to comfort him. According to some a vulture is sent to tear forever at his vitals, while others represent the Thunder sending forth his lightnings, breaking into fragments the rocks, in which Prometheus disappears. Prometheus claims to possess a secret upon which rests the permanency of the government of Zeus. He perishes with a prophecy of the overthrow of Zeus. He is the culture-hero, the inventor, the teacher of arts, the lover of men, the thinker, and in haughty defiance he endures the penalty of his act. The chain of the Caucasus, reaching from the Black to the Caspian Seas, the rib of the world dividing the Orient from the Occident, as if on this precipitous cliff the race should find its eternal friend and be forever united, that was the place of his agony and of his prophecy. Æschylus has woven into his conception strength and majesty.

The Interpretation. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Prometheus Bound is a translation. Percy Bysshe Shelley's Prometheus Unbound is a creation, as the original by Æschylus is lost. Neither is an interpretation. The mythology of the Greeks was "an idealization of the æsthetic in nature and nature's forces; the Romans deified war, order, and law; Egypt, the Nile and its denizens," but in every instance it is an effort to discover the cause of things; to account for the disharmonies; to disentangle nature's mysterious interweavings. Hence the mythologies are apologetic and explanatory. The Greek mind was scientifically inquisitive; it ever was searching for the sufficient reason; and is in type most akin to the Occidental, though it was picturesque and dreamy where the Occidental is practical and projective. The drama under consideration has been frequently mentioned in literature, but it is astonishing "how utterly lacking literature is in interpretations of it." Very likely the reason for this is that the drama is supposed to carry its own exegesis—which, indeed, is no more the case than that the visions of Ezekiel carry their explanation. The drama certainly was intended by Æschylus to present some solution of the problems of suffering and human guilt; to set forth the necessity of expiation in atonement, to establish moral government in reason, and to reveal the law of compensation which so frequently is obscure in the moral government. This interpretation is offered in a modest way by the writer, in the hope that it may lead to a larger study of the mythologies in which, he believes, can be found the *instinctive* unfolding of the mind unaided by science—an unfolding which, because it is instinctive, is a most valuable contribution to the cardinal doctrines of the New Testament Scriptures—and to the fundamentals of true religion. There is no finer genius than that seen in the interpretative art. It is admitted that great freedom must be exercised in revealing the meaning of this drama—as is true with the Shakespearean dramas. In the study of such masterpieces we should frankly acknowledge that even the writers may have put into their work a truer and larger

significance than they knew. The spirit of prophecy is testimony to the truth—and in so far as the masters of the drama presented the truth they were prophets. Æschylus stood at the forefront, at the threshold of history, at that interesting boundary where the prehistoric emerges into the historic. He was contemporary with Ezra, Nehemiah, and Malachi, though unknown to them. He had no Bible but the myths, no philosophy but fable, no teacher but Nature. The legendary lore of his people had been his reason's candle—and in this majestic drama are seen and felt the instinctive hungerings, insatiate longings, and the struggle for a rational theodicy which he considers the *sine qua non*. To class him among the prophets, the forth-tellers—those who speak forth the truth—is an honor justly his due. The fact that the drama is picturesque and symbolic robs it of none of its truth. Like the vision of the wheels in Ezekiel, it is filled with a language which abides.

If the drama conveys eternal truth of a particular kind, what is the extent and quality of that truth?

I. The Greek believed in a spiritual universe. That is, the universe was animated; a living, throbbing thing. If in the last analysis he reasoned in a circle—if he started with nature and came back to nature—he must be credited with the spiritual conception. The Greek mind was hylozoistic, and could not think in materialistic terms. The universe was the product of Eternal Reason immanent in the world. Though Æschylus preceded Plato and Aristotle several generations, he was as thoroughly imbued with this conception as they. He had no definite conception as to the Eternal Reason, any more than had Plato in his ideas, but he received the universe as a living whole. Consequently, he filled the earth and the sky with gods and demigods. They were creatures of passion and strife. They carried on wars among themselves, formed alliances, and supplanted one another, but the spiritual conception was permanent. The forces of nature were symbolized in the gods, but man was subordinate, and owed allegiance, and it was his supreme duty to bow to their authority. It was frequently matter of con-

jecture what that authority was, but the Greek was so saturated with the spiritual conception that he saw no inconsistency in concluding that fate hedged him about and the gods would have their way with him in spite of himself. Thus, he was an atom, a thinking atom, with likes and dislikes, fears and hopes, like as the gods. Men and gods were under the law of fate—even great Zeus himself was not wholly free nor beyond the danger of overthrow. But it did not matter. The universe was spiritual. This was fundamental and immutable. To this conception Æschylus was severely loyal. In the final interpretation of life and its issues he who starts with this conception, be it ever so crude, has a mighty advantage over him who sees only subtilized matter and force.

II. In this drama the world is anthropocentric. Humanity is the biggest thing in the earth. While all energy originates in and is directed by the gods, yet the world was made for mankind. We are told that the Greeks had no word synonymous with our word "humanity," but they had the conception. That conception lacked the breadth of ours, because conceptions grow as do words; but individualism was lost in race and the race was the Greek. Humankind was Greek kind—but it is fair to say that Æschylus was of that sort who could see and feel with other than the Greek. At least the drama bears that interpretation. Prometheus will, therefore, be made to represent humanity. It would be possible to make him typical of inexorable justice, of the evolutionary process, of that power which laughs at fate; but, looking at him as humanity's prototype, first, he was a thinker. He represents intellect. Man is rational. Thought makes us men. Thought is precocious and inventive and audacious. When no more than that it is dangerous. A courageous thinker has, more than once, fallen under the frown of superior authority. Prometheus, the culture-hero, thought out a scheme for man's betterment and executed the same. The souls of earth who have dared to think contrary to high authority, the truth-seekers and the truth-givers, our fathers burned and killed—they are martyrs now and we canonize them. They are

our Galileos and Ridleys. But Zeus was the chief god, and the intent of Æschylus is, plainly, to reveal the point at which moral government can be broken by the thinker. This is a great matter. Moral government must, if it be permanent, rest upon absolute will. In the drama Zeus is that will. Prometheus, the thinker, erects his will against that of Zeus. He crossed the forbidden domain; he filched the forbidden flower of the celestial land, and, hiding it in the hollow of a staff, gave it to men. It is more than a passing fancy that Æschylus puts the vulnerable point of law at the attempted subversion of absolute authority by the will of another. This is the essential message. Moral government is transcendent. Whenever, in that government, another than absolute will becomes ascendent sin and guilt result. The origin of evil is not a dead issue. Profoundly interesting is it that Æschylus should fall upon the very reason set forth in that earliest drama of Eden; and the psychological fact that an inferior will can subvert sovereign will—that man can subvert God—is the mystery herein interpreted. Eve sinned in trespassing a sovereign command because of inordinate ambition, Adam sinned for love of his wife. We discover how profound is the truth herein set forth, when we can see deep enough to understand that the symbolism of the drama is the swaddling clothes in which the truth is wrapped. The clothes we care nothing for. Æschylus and the author of the Genetic record both convey the same fact. To this day moral turpitude results whenever man erects his will against the will of God. And a sure consequence of moral turpitude is guilt and suffering. In other words, thought, in order to be original and projective, need not be irreverent and rebellious. And whenever, even for a good, a soul trespasses he may expect to undergo the penalty of the act. The universe is moral and exacts obedience. Without question this, the most difficult, is one of the last things which man learns. Even to this day thousands seem to think that moral government is the creation of crazy-brained dreamers, or that they are sharp enough to trick the Almighty, or that he will wink at moral offense—and so

the tragedy of sin and death goes on. The awful fulminations of Zeus against Prometheus are Æschylus's way of saying, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Prometheus was high in the realms of knowledge and power; Zeus himself owed to Prometheus the stability of his throne, as he had fought for him against the Titans; yet even so great a being could not with impunity trespass against moral government. It is a tradition that Satan was once high in the councils of heaven; that he and his followers erected their wills against absolute will and thus evil was introduced into the universe—but he and his host were cast out into outer darkness. Power is no excuse for moral turpitude. Sin in high places will not be tolerated. God is no respecter of persons. Though Michael sin he shall fall. It is a great and tremendous message. Jesus Christ understood the mighty sweep of this fact when, in the wilderness, he resisted evil. The Temptation reveals the necessity of absolute obedience to absolute will. God is supreme. It is the New Testament counterpart of Prometheus Bound.

Prometheus's capacity for suffering was astounding. He hung, fastened to the rocks, for ages. Great iron wedges were driven through his chest. Even Hephæstus shrinks before his task when Strength says:

> "Still faster grapple him;
> Wedge him in deeper: leave no inch to stir.
> He's terrible for finding a way out
> From the irremediable."

That done, Hephæstus again shrinks, so awful is the sight, when Strength says:

> "Now, straight through the chest,
> Take him and bite him with the clinching tooth
> Of the adamantine wedge, and rivet him."

That done, Hephæstus exclaims:

> "Alas, Prometheus, what thou sufferest here
> I sorrow over."

He then declares to Strength:

> "Thou dost behold a spectacle that turns
> The sight of the eyes to pity."

Strength answers:

> "I behold a sinner suffer his sin's penalty.
> But lash the thongs about his sides."

Hephæstus continued to drive the wedges and fasten the chains about him until the victim was "netted round with chains." It is awful truth—that there is in the universe power which could bind a god if that god should sin! The thought is stupendous, and reads like the very Word. Then the tragedy of agony is fearfully portrayed. Prometheus becomes the spectacle of all the gods. A vulture tears his vitals and the sight is one of horror. In literature I know of no picture of the terribleness of suffering occasioned by sin equal to this. The Old Testament is abundant in instances of unutterable suffering for sin. True it is that humanity has been the pitiful spectacle of excruciating agony because of that malady which we call sin. Shakespeare has exhausted words to show us that sin cannot escape penalty. The mountains will break in pieces and topple from their base but that the sinner be taken. The palace cannot make secure him who in his heart strikes virtue down—nor will the hovel keep from power him who exalts purity and marries himself to righteousness. The Bard of Avon rings clear always. How came it that Æschylus saw what Shakespeare saw? For many centuries of Christian light fell upon the page of the one, while to Æschylus was given only the light he might gather from heathen altars. Was it that a larger light, an inner light, that which more luminously burned in the bosoms of the great prophets, was given him? Sure it is that he rings true. His gospel of sin, if it lacked propitiating mercy, is a philippic terrible in its earnestness and filled with the same fury which Milton pours forth in Paradise Lost. This is preëminently the distinguishing conviction of the greatest master of English drama, that he discovers no law or

process by which sin can be rewarded as virtue. He never laughs at crime and counts it small. The earth is in the domain of moral government, and man is amenable to that government. The whole is balanced upon justice and there is meted out to each his due. Love, with Shakespeare, and no one has pictured Love with steadier or truer pen, is never excused by Justice in unwarranted license. She is notified that a sword of fire turns at the gate protecting the tree of life. Hell is not a creation of the Bible or of theology. The fabric of moral government is not woven out of the cruel imaginings of irrational prejudice. "The wrath of God" is not a silly notion of outraged churchmen. The very essence of moral government is justice, and the fidelity and exactness with which it is administered is guarantee of its integrity. Jesus Christ, to be the Son of God, must be holy—that is the eternal dictum from the white throne from the beginning. Eden was lost, and will always be when moral government is overthrown. The integrity of the moral government puts limitations upon God. "It is impossible for God to lie." Here is answer to that guild of small minds that seeks to undo moral government and characterizes it as the creation of zealous religionists. Shakespeare was not pious but he had moral perception, and most tremendously does he hurl his javelins of fury at the one who holds nothing sacred but his own sweet will. He was too deep a student of nature not to see it ablaze with the commandments. The marvel is that Æschylus saw with Shakespeare's eyes. Prophets they were when it came to this. Indeed, Æschylus saw deeper; namely, that satisfactory atonement could not be made for sin in penalty only. Prometheus is humanity suffering for its sin. Ages long it has continued. Humanity is yet fastened to the rocks. Iron wedges have been driven through its chest. Avarice and sensuality are worse than iron wedges. These and kindred bestial tendencies still effectually chain humanity, as if the doom of fate was eternal bondage. Beneath it all man has hoped, and planned, and agonized, and fulminated against justice, while the vulture of selfishness has picked into his vitals. His attempts to

get free have amounted to no more than the empty songs of the sea nymphs offered in consolation to Prometheus. The problem is deeper than that of fairies and nymphs. The efforts of man to free the race have been as sincerely proffered as were the sea nymph songs to Prometheus. To make a ladder whose top would reach the skies and whose foot would rest on the earth, and stout enough for the race to climb, has been no more than a dream. His tower erected to reach to heaven has always turned into a Babel. The reconciliation of man and God is not an academic problem for an adolescent race to solve. Man, great though he be, is still a pigmy. His lilliputian thought cannot compass the place of justice in universal moral government. He does not rise to the comprehension of infinite love and infinite justice. The whole line of impotent and decaying religions, his own invention, is proof of his inadequate wisdom for such a task. In these modern times, this twentieth century, about which we talk so grandiloquently, shows an astonishing incapacity to more than apprehend the difficulties of the problem. An adequate atonement for sin—what is it? The problem is not one of theology but of the universe. Prometheus is not only to be taken from the rocks, he is to be reinstated as if offense had not been given. That is the problem of man's redemption. Prometheus claimed that he possessed a secret which would make him free, and in doing so overthrow Zeus. Æschylus saw deeply enough to leave Zeus upon the throne while, seemingly, Prometheus was lost. In the sequel is revealed a high order of genius, akin to the prophets. Prometheus cannot extricate himself. This is doubly significant. Deliverance must come from without. There is pathetic terror in his cry:

> "And I—O Miserable!
> Who did devise for mortals all these arts,
> Have no device left now to save myself
> From the woe I suffer."

There is a ruggedness here like Michelangelo. Inventive and artistic genius is inadequate to bridge the chasm that lies between

the sinner and infinite justice. The sea nymphs helplessly exclaim:

> "Most unseemly woe
> Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense
> Bewildered! Like a bad leech falling sick
> Thou art faint at soul, and canst not find the drugs
> Required to save thyself."

Humanity is conscious that it is bound to the rocks, and it struggles to be free. At this late hour it hangs helpless, notwithstanding the modern press, science, and the best civilization of the world, the power of suffrage and free speech, a literature enriched by Christian ethics, and noble music. That which it has of redemptive virtue has been bestowed. Æschylus saw the significant truth that humanity in and of itself did not possess any cure for its dreadful malady. That class of praters who would puff away the fact of sin and moral turpitude, and are forever seeking a remedy in the heart of humanity itself—who freely talk of the law of evolution on the one hand, while they ignore the law of at-one-ment with God on the other—need the vision of Æschylus. Whatever there may be of virtue in nature's law of upward development, and we accept that law, moral government demands reconciliation; and that is not a matter of evolution, but of repentance. But the grounds of repentance do not originate with man, nor can he at his pleasure ignore repentance. It is but a step in the plan, and the plan is God's. Æschylus saw clearly that moral government reached deeper than the man side. Sin strikes the throne of God, and no scheme of reconciliation can originate with the transgressor. It is significant that the prophecy uttered by Prometheus was not his own plan, but a matter foreseen by him. The plan was that which would unite a disrupted government, and sprang from the heart of Eternal Reason. Prometheus is thus made to get hold of the secrets of the gods. Here Æschylus is prophet again. Prometheus cannot be redeemed at the expense of the government, and he is altogether too important for the government to go without mor-

al turpitude unless an adequate effort be made for his deliverance. The burden upon God for the redemption of a lost race is a matter which we cannot but know lies fundamental to the whole scheme of redemption presented in Jesus Christ. "God *so* loved the world." This love was not a sentiment, not a holy impulse, nor was it a love exhausted on man or the race, but a love of that high and unusual sort belonging to the Infinite; a love of moral government, of which man was a part by a divine act of creation and had remained a part by divine permission. Though moral government be universe wide, and many grades of moral intelligences be under its scepter, and man of them all had sinned, still were it incumbent upon God, who is Supreme Love and Justice, to leave the ninety and nine and go after the one that is lost. That God did. When one considers the powers of priestcraft, of money, and the political powers which have as often driven the wedges in humanity as otherwise; when one remembers the intellectual errors, such as might makes right, arbitration by the sword, and the dark results of superstition and ignorance, and withal his passional nature often unrestrained, it is not difficult to understand that only some plan wrought out in the secret councils of God would prove adequate for his restoration. Such a plan with all its amplifications and conditions, its benefits and responsibilities of eternal import, is set forth in the Book and unfolded in the matchless life of the God-man Jesus, the Son of man and Son of God.

Æschylus, who had no contact with the holy prophets of Israel, nevertheless saw somewhat the mighty truth. It is here that Æschylus has risen in Miltonic strength and grasped the powerful secret of humanity's way out. The wonder is that he should have seen even dimly that which so clearly was seen by Isaiah. The fact that Æschylus made utterance of such prophecy admits him to the role of the prophets. The Lord has always "other sheep, not of this fold." Isaiah and Æschylus were akin in soul, and each in his way spoke the message of God.

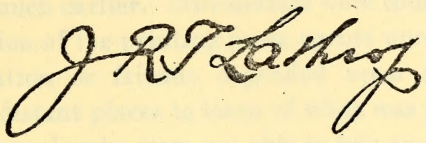
While Prometheus writhes in agony there comes upon the

scene one Io, who because of her love for Zeus was condemned by Hera, Zeus's wife, to eternal wanderings as a heifer forever stung by a gad-fly. Her misery she had thought greater than all the misery of earth, but the sight of Prometheus causes her to stop and to inquire into the wherefore of his agony. He tells her all. She asks if there is any hope that he shall be delivered. He replies there is, and then gently unfolds to Io that, thirteen generations hence, she shall give birth to a son, whom Prometheus calls He, and that this son shall overthrow mighty Zeus and Prometheus shall be free. Io is overwhelmed with the prophecy.

To the student of this drama not the least astonishing feature will be the prevision of Æschylus; that he saw that deliverance was possible only through the birth of a son who should, in himself, be supreme justice and love. Zeus lacked love—for he hated the race of mankind. Prometheus lacked justice. Æschylus conceives a *new* god—in whom would be conjoined both these attributes in perfection. When that son should come Zeus would lose his empire and Prometheus would be redeemed. It must be remembered that in the Greek thought Zeus was supreme but not perfect. He was neither omnipotent nor omniscient, nor all-good. The drama does, therefore, reach out after an unknown god as well as after the redemption of man from the woe which for ages had been upon him.

It is certainly a remarkable fact that thirteen generations from Æschylus reaches well on to the birth of Christ. He has come, and "unto him shall the gathering of the nations be." Zeus has fallen from empire. Æschylus, born near Athens, had not the joy of hearing the great apostle to the Gentiles four centuries and a half afterward preach to the Athenians the new gospel of the resurrection, when on Mars' Hill he told them of the Unknown God whom they ignorantly worshiped. Humanity yet agonizes, is yet fastened to the rocks, but the wedges of might makes right, of arbitration by the sword, of superstition, are well-nigh extracted, and though bestial passions too much control the race, never was it

so free as now, and He walks through the earth ever declaring, "Whomsoever the Son maketh free is free indeed." Humanity Unbound is the Utopia toward which prophecy points and the ultimate ideal for which Christianity stands.



Art. V.—DE FOE—THE JOURNALIST

English newspapers were started in the seventeenth century, but traces of them appear much earlier. Newsletters were common, and even before the invention of the printing press agents were employed to gather information or friends depended upon correspondence with friends in distant places to learn of what was going on. The vast majority of people who were not able to pay an agent got their news in the gossip of the street and the ale house. Before the regular newspapers appeared, and while the press censorship made them hardly possible, news pamphlets and doggerel news rhymes were put out, sometimes with, and sometimes without, the sanction of the authorities. One of the earliest of these is entitled "News out of Kent," printed in 1561. A similar publication, called "Newes from Spain," was "imprinted at London for Nathaniel Butler in 1611." This brings us to the first significant name in the newspaper history of England. Butler was the first newspaper editor. He printed in 1621 "The Courant, or Weekly News from Foreign Parts." The copy for October 9, 1621, is the only one extant, but there is little doubt that a regular series of news-sheets was published by Butler, though so many numbers have been lost and the title was varied so frequently that it is impossible to trace the line accurately. Butler declared once that he would "with God's assistance" continue his publications weekly "under a like title," but this determination was quickly forgotten. It appears that he did not think to number his publications until October 15, 1622, and then he continued to change the title, varying it as "News of the Present Week," "More News," "The Last News." Butler's experience continued over a period of about thirty years, and during this time he was the leading news-vender in the country. The advance in journalism received a check by the action of the Star Chamber of Charles I in restricting the press, and by Parliament's similar action in 1643. However, these laws were not strictly enforced, and in 1644 between thirty and forty news-sheets were started. By the close of the Civil War journalism had secured a firm

footing, journalists had learned to lash each other, and the term "yellow" was applicable to many of the articles published. At this time there appeared three men who were forerunners of the modern editor. One was John Birkenhead, a consistent Royalist of the most scurrilous type. He edited the "Mercurius Aulicus," issued from Oxford. It was said to "have much of buffoonery and wit" and was noted for "violent partisanship" and "coarse smartness." Nevertheless, it was a success, and against it there sprang up many rivals. Among these was one "Mercurius Britannicus," which started in London in 1643, and its editor was Marchamont Nedham—the second of the forerunners. He took up journalism when only twenty-three years old. Anthony à Wood says that "he sided with the rout and scum of the people and made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble, in his intelligence," and that "he endeavored to sacrifice the fame of some lord—nay, even of the king himself—to the beast with many heads." Yet Nedham was more than a match for Birkenhead and had an extraordinary influence with the common people as the champion of the Puritans. He made a regular business of journalism, but, unfortunately, he was a political timeserver; "he took each side of the fence, and then straddled it." After the "Mercurius Britannicus" he edited the "Mercurius Pragmaticus" and "Mercurius Politicus"—the former in the interest of the king and the latter for Parliament. He also later edited the "Public Intelligence," a contemporary journal with "Mercurius Politicus." The third of these forerunners was Roger L'Estrange, Royalist, who was imprisoned by Parliament, for his work in behalf of Charles I, charged with being a "spy and conspirator." He was sentenced to death, but escaped after four years in Newgate. With the Restoration he came to power as "surveyor of the imprimery," or printing presses, and censor-general of all printed matter coming under the Licensing Act. He was the editor of Charles II's two newspapers—"The Intelligencer," published on Monday, and "The News," published on Thursday. These were each of eight pages and contained all the news which the king's subjects were privileged to receive—at least with his consent; but newsletters came into favor again and supplemented the two royal sheets. L'Estrange stands out as the first representative man of

the newspaper. He broke away from old traditions in composition and was charged with degrading the noble English language. This has been a common complaint against journalists, but L'Estrange was especially denounced. However, he held his ground. He had to write for the man of the street, to produce his story with little time for revision and with no large library at hand that he might consult. His work was to teach and inform the people and to create popular opinion in the king's favor. To do it he must be readable and easily understood. This he accomplished, and it made him a flag-bearer, with De Foe, in the reaction against the involved classic style and in the introduction of a new journalism. While these early newspapers would not satisfy modern readers, they had in them the germ of present-day journalism. Especially did L'Estrange feel the demand of the common man for the happenings of the week in the language of the street, and for this did he work. We say the news of the week, and here comes much of the difference between the old and new; for what they needed weeks and months to learn and to disseminate we take but hours and days. In a much more definite and clearly defined style did De Foe predict modern newspapers.

Daniel De Foe was born in London in 1661. He was the son of a butcher in the Parish of Saint Giles's, Cripplegate, and his grandfather was a yeoman of Northamptonshire. His early biography is not easily followed, but we know that he was intended for the Dissenting ministry and to this end trained. Why he did not take up the work of a clergyman is summed up by himself in the explanation that it was neither "honorable, profitable, nor agreeable," and he turned to the trade of hose merchant instead. One of the advantages which De Foe had at the academy of Mr. Morton at Newington Green, where he received his education for the ministry, was that all dissertations and disputations were in English, and though the students may have known very little of the languages, they did become masters of English—a thing of great value to De Foe in later life. That De Foe was essentially a romantic spirit is seen in the change of his name from his father's simple Foe to the son's higher-sounding De Foe, or Defoe. The fact that he was of a roving and changing nature probably added much to his

fund of information and his business as tradesman put him in touch with a great variety of people. He must have been a deeply interested spectator of the political controversies of that troubled period, and in the Revolution of 1688 he conspicuously allied himself to the new king. Three years after he published his first pamphlet in behalf of the crown. It is in verse and bears the title, "A New Discovery of an Old Intrigue, a Satire Levelled at Treachery and Ambition." From this time on for many years De Foe was closely allied to the crown, usually in pay of his monarch, and produced numerous brilliant pamphlets until he went too far in one, championing the cause of the Dissenters, entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," printed in 1702. It brought upon the audacious De Foe's head a storm of clamor. He declared that it had no bearing whatever on the "Occasional Conformity Bill," but the authorities thought otherwise. The author's irony was so closely covered that the Dissenters, in whose behalf he wrote, were in terror for fear that the gallows and the galleys which he mockingly advised for them would be put into effect, and the High Churchmen, against whom it was written, seriously agreed with his views. When the truth leaked out that De Foe had been making fools of them all, the Dissenters were hardly more pleased than when they feared the gallows, and the churchmen, wrathful at being duped, vowed vengeance. De Foe had to go into hiding and the following interesting account of his personal appearance was published to aid in finding him:

> He is a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth: was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard in Cornhill, and now is the owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, Essex.

From his hiding De Foe published a defense of his action, quoting certain books which were written in a similar strain. It was of no use. The government was pledged to vengeance, and vengeance they would have. Finally De Foe surrendered. The pamphlet was brought before the House of Commons and ordered to be burned by the common hangman. The author was found guilty of se-

ditious libel, fined two hundred marks, to be paid to the queen, sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned during her majesty's pleasure.

De Foe possessed two qualities which had much to do in making him a successful journalist; namely, indomitable courage and facility of resource. In every incident of his varied life which smacked at all of difficulty he showed these qualities. The true-born Englishman is an example of ability to seize the opportunity. There was a great clamor against William of Orange because he was not English and De Foe was ready on the instant to show the absurdity of the objection by asking, Who is a true-born Englishman? and pointing out that the race is mongrel. Not only had he these talents, which are peculiarly beneficial to a newspaper man, but he used his opportunities to employ them and prepare himself for any emergency. By their aid he was ready to write up any incident that presented itself, or if news was scarce, to manufacture it to suit the people. Excellent illustrations of his ability to write of things which occurred in his absence are the Journal of the Plague, which he wrote as if he had been an adult observer, and in which he gave minute details of his feelings at the horrible sights which he looked upon, yet we know that he was only three or four years old at the time of which he wrote; and the Late Dreadful Tempest, concerning which he gave an accurate and minute account of happenings in many parts of the kingdom, declaring that he had his information by letters from eyewitnesses—a statement which is at least doubtful. To be cast into prison would be no great hardship to De Foe. He would not shrink from hardened criminals, as would many whose tastes and desires were different. Indeed, there is every likelihood that he made friends among the low and deficient and from their accounts of adventures was able to write such narratives as Roxana, Moll Flanders, and Colonel Jack. His first newspaper dates from his imprisonment in Newgate. Something of the audacity of his spirit is seen in this perhaps unparalleled case of a person imprisoned setting about publishing a newspaper written wholly by himself, and making it the most successful and most modern news-sheet of that time. The full title of the first issues was, "A Weekly Review of the Affairs of

France, Purged from the Errors and Partiality of News-writers and Petty Statesmen of all Sides." It appeared as an eight-page quarto on February 19, 1704. With the fifth number it was reduced to four pages but printed in smaller type, so that it contained about the same amount of material. With the seventh number it began to appear twice a week. Before the year closed the issues were increased to three a week with monthly supplements and the title changed to "A Review of the Affairs of France, with some Observations on Transactions at Home," and later altered to "A Review on the State of the English Nation." The latter title was adopted on January 1, 1706, and continued unchanged until May, 1713. For nearly two years the "Review" was issued by the prisoner, but we have no mention in it of his release, and the issues of the paper continued the same, and as regularly, before as after his pardon.

In size and appearance the "Review" would have little in common with modern newspapers. The four quarto pages were so printed that the amount of matter would be equal to about two leading articles in a modern daily. It was not in a strict sense up to date, as viewed from the twentieth century, but, nevertheless, it revolutionized English journalism and was a distinct step toward our present dailies. It is impossible to find an exact parallel. Nothing quite like it had been tried before and its equivalent has not been attempted since. In fact it is not probable that De Foe himself knew just what form it would take. No doubt, however, he intended to introduce a better sort of journalism than then existed, for in his opening paragraph he said:

> This paper is the foundation of a large and very useful design, which, if it meet with suitable encouragement, *permissu superiorum*, may contribute to setting the affairs of Europe in a clearer light, and to prevent the various uncertain accounts and the partial reflections of our street scribblers, who daily and monthly arouse mankind with stories of great victories when we are beaten, miracles when we conquer, and a multitude of unaccountable and inconsistent stories which have at least this effect, that people are possessed with wrong notions of things, and wheedled to believe nonsense and contradictions.

From this we see his intention to have a journal that would be both critical and instructive; to expose the falsehoods and follies

which possessed the minds of the people in respect to affairs in general. He has something of the discernment of a modern editor when he explains,

> Not that the author thinks it worth while to take up your hours always to tell you how your pockets are picked and your senses imposed upon; only now and then when 'tis a little grosser than ordinary.

From the beginning, in spite of his title, De Foe only in part discussed the affairs of France. His design was not to give the news of either France or the continent day by day, but rather to inform his countrymen of all the greater Powers in Europe—of their place in the present troubles, of their history as it affected affairs then in hand, of the extent of the power of each in case of war and the stand they were likely to take toward France and England. By knowing the policy of each country, and the power at their disposal, he considered he knew just about how they would move under given conditions. The affairs of Europe in general were the subjects of his more serious articles, but usually only those affairs which in some way complicated England. There are few men who could have equaled De Foe in his task. He knew thoroughly the history of Europe, his connection with William of Orange had put him in touch with all the movements and intrigues of the courts so that he understood their policy of political action, and he had his own clear and well-defined principles of foreign policy for England. To these must be added his power to place clearly before the reader his arguments and the buoyant confidence which made the statement of his ideas most convincing. The amazing amount of knowledge which De Foe possessed would have bewildered and perplexed many a man; yet with consummate ease he seizes one mass of evidence and then another and another, from the most diverse sources, and throws them at his adversaries with staggering power. Nor was he easily caught. He knew the art of retrenchment, he could retreat and recoup and quickly renew his attack at a diverse angle. His early digression from the affairs of France to other continental countries in the "Review" was quickly caught up and criticised. His reply has the characteristic assurance:

> How little you understand my design! . . . Patience till my work is completed, and then you will see that, however much I may seem to have been digressing, I have always kept strictly to the point. Do not judge me as you judged Saint Paul's before the roof was put on. It is not affairs in France that I have undertaken to explain, but the affairs of France; and the affairs of France are the affairs of Europe. So great is the power of the French money, the artifice of their conduct, the terror of their arms, that they can bring the greatest kings in Europe to promote their interest and grandeur at the expense of their own.

De Foe knew as well as the modern journalist that people liked to be amused, and he saw to it that his newspaper did not lack in this branch of its work. He introduced in the second edition of the "Review" a "Mercure Scandale or Advice from the Scandal Club, Being a Weekly History of Nonsense, Impertinence, Vice and Debauchery." This attractive title was given to from one third to one half of each number and in it were noted current scandals—the club being a court before which each scandal was brought, tried, and sentence pronounced. In this section De Foe not only aired the most entertaining scandals of his time but also freely criticised statements of other newswriters, "The Postman," "The Daily Courant," "The London Post" and "The Flying Post." While in prison he could not do much with their articles of daily news, but exposed errors in geography, history, dates, etc. This Scandal Club he declared openly to be for the amusement of the frivolous. More than this, De Foe knew the art of sensationalism which consists in flaunting paradoxes before the public in the most outspoken way in order to catch attention. For instance, when war was on with France, and other newswriters were crying up the wondrous power of England, he came out with an article where he depicted in the most glowing language the greatness of France and the number and power of her allies. Immediately a hue and cry was raised against him as a traitor, in pay of France, a Jacobite, etc. This was just what De Foe had played for—it brought him anew to the public eye, and he lashed back at his critics by showing that the true patriot was the one who saw clearly the power of the enemy and put his countrymen on their guard. In another edition he has a eulogium on the wonderful benefits of arbitrary power in France, and after he has led his reader through a series of these benefits he

winds up by showing that, after all, they are two: poverty and subjection. There is good evidence that De Foe did not stick at manufacturing a good newsy article when things seemed to be too tame, nor would it trouble his conscience to misconstrue the conduct or statements of anybody if it chanced to suit his purpose. In fact, the sensational which would attract, please, and make his paper "go," was what he worked for, and he accomplished it. Yellow journalism was well known to him in everything but three-inch scare-heads and name. One thing of which there can be no doubt is that De Foe was no favorite with contemporary newspaper men, for none of them was safe from his lash. With neither fear nor favor he hit where it suited his purpose, and it is natural that he should receive some sharp blows in return. He frequently complained of the insults and ribaldry to which he was subjected, but these complaints need not be taken seriously. He openly flung out insults which must have been deliberate attempts to provoke retorts and he never was unable to take good care of himself in the controversy. It was an age when choice of language was not made for its niceness but for its effectiveness, and De Foe could select and hurl such appropriate epithets that his opponents would find it impossible to make any adequate defense.

Though De Foe began his journalistic work with the intention of being an honest politician, saying, "I am not a party man—at least this shall not be a party paper," and possibly convincing himself that he was honest and working for the best interest of his country, to other people he appeared to be very much of a time-server. He was not much loved by either Tories or Whigs—he had laughed at and ridiculed both parties, yet he was received by each in turn and strove to adapt himself and the policy of his paper to meet the changing conditions of the basely corrupt society in which he lived. He was now with the Tories, now with the Whigs, according as one or the other party was in power, and he openly confessed the action and condoned it by the statement,

> It occurred to me, as a principle of my conduct, that it was not material to me what ministers her Majesty was pleased to employ; my duty was to go along with every ministry so far as they did not break in upon the constitution and the laws and liberty of my country, my part being only the duty of a subject; namely, to submit to all lawful com-

mands, and to enter into no service which was not justifiable by the laws; to all of which I have exactly obliged myself.

While the low tone of society in a measure covers the action of De Foe, since he was doing nothing but what hundreds of others were doing or would have done if they could, yet it was no other than time-serving, unworthy of so brilliant a man though not unlikely in one of his characteristics. During the years of the publication of the "Review" De Foe was almost constantly in service of the crown. He was an invaluable man to spy out communities and to learn the feelings of the people, as well as to create public opinion. For a considerable period he was in Scotland and "Scotland and Union" figured in the "Review" until his readers cried out against it. Yet his journeys, taken in behalf of the government, were of use to the journalist and helped to enrich the pages of his paper. No man of the time did more to explain to the people of England and Scotland just where their differences were and to reconcile all parties. Most diligently he labored, publishing articles in London and Edinburgh. To the English he showed that the trouble was not all on the side of the Scotchmen, and that the Presbyterians were not to be regarded as religious bigots. To the Scotch he proved that the Englishmen were not wholly to blame for the failure of the Darien Expedition or for the Glencoe Massacre. Naturally, he was accused, and truthfully, of being in the employ of party interests, yet he made a great show of defending himself, declaring that he worked for the good of the countries only and for the freedom and welfare of all, and events have shown that he acted like a true patriot and did the work of a statesman. In after years he admitted that he was in the employ of Harley and also enjoyed an appointment from the queen.

Another theme which De Foe delighted to exploit in the "Review," and on which he could discourse with boundless enthusiasm and inexhaustible eloquence, was the vast importance of England's trade. This he declared to be the foundation of her greatness, and that there was no more important work for statesmen, after protecting and upholding the Protestant faith, than the encouragement of commerce. No doubt he had made a wide and careful study of the matter, but there is little reason for men of today

to declare that he was an advocate of free trade. He did uphold with great earnestness the clauses in the Treaty of Utrecht which related to freer commercial dealings between England and France. Little farther than this did he go and he was in no way able to detect the underlying difficulties of the trade system of his time. However, his continued championing of the cause of commerce and his frequent articles upon its importance were effective for the betterment of foreign trade. Writing on such subjects as we have noticed, and having in mind that he intended both to please and to serve, we may well believe that De Foe had a great influence upon the people of that day. No man was better versed in the subjects he took up, no one could write in a more straightforward and convincing way, no one was more versatile in choice and treatment of his topics. We need no further proof of De Foe's influence on the thought of the time than the fact that, though no party liked him, yet each in turn was glad to obtain his services and the help of his pen in favor of their schemes. It is doubtful if there has ever been a newspaper writer that has wielded a wider political influence in England. His journalistic writings can hardly be said to have made much of a place in literature. Very naturally he is better known as the author of such narratives as Robinson Crusoe and Colonel Jack. Yet De Foe did write much that was worth while, though it applied chiefly to matters which had to do with his own age. The Appeal to Honor and Justice is not distinctly journalistic, but it may be said to be an outgrowth of his newspaper work. This pamphlet is not entirely in accordance with the ethics of today but it is well worth reading, and shows the dashing brilliancy of the author's style. Most notable in his work is the great step he took toward the modern newspaper. In this line he took the lead of the men of his day. There is hardly a mark of the great present-day journalist that De Foe did not possess. In political criticism he was the pioneer, and though he had no example to refer to he did it as well as most of the men who have tried it since. He also led the way in the development of all that stands for the best and worthiest in journalism. His ideal was high, and even if he did not possess the moral stamina necessary to keep up to it, the good influence was distinctly felt in his work.

The "Review" received a blow from the Stamp Act from which it never fully recovered, and the issues ceased in May, 1713. In the same month the "Mercator" appeared. De Foe denied that he was the author of this paper, but it was very evident that he was the prime mover. It carried on in the same spirit the work of the "Review," emphasizing free commercial relations with France and as much free trade as, perhaps, could be possible in the eighteenth century. From this time on De Foe was connected with numerous papers, and, no doubt, wrote hundreds of unsigned articles. He reached the height of his popularity in 1719, when Robinson Crusoe appeared. He was connected with four journals and had his salary from the government, so that he was in good financial circumstances. His path was frequently beset by troubles from this time on, many, no doubt, brought on by his own rashness. The end of his life is clouded with doubtful transactions over which an element of mystery hangs. His last days were embittered by poverty and by the constant harrying of creditors. Very likely, the absence of information concerning his last two years was caused by the necessity of the old man withdrawing into seclusion so as to avoid these men. He died at a lodging in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, in 1731.

From a moral standpoint De Foe the journalist was not admirable—he was shifty, "he was a great, truly great, liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived." But judged by the measures he supported, rather than by the means he used, he may be accorded a high place as a statesman and a patriot.

J. C. Charlton.

Art. VI.—BACK TO THE CHURCH

"When I was young listening thousands hung upon my words, but now that I am old I preach to a painful paucity." So said that gallant and gracious old gentleman, Dr. John A. Roche, for years an honored member of the New York East Conference, a few years before his death. "A painful paucity"—tens where once there were thousands, units where once there were tens; surely a paucity, and surely a most painful one. So says my brother across the way, so my friend of the church around the corner, so say I; though I must admit that the listening thousands never came to my church at any one time. The painful paucity is there at every service, even though there be no sermon nor serious work or worship of any dignity. Even the brilliance of the Junior League cannot fill the church as once it did. Ordinarily we say nothing about this. We receive the reproaches of our brethren who tell of departed glories, of the days when the galleries were filled, of the time when they had to bring in the camp chairs, of the scores seeking salvation at the close of every Sunday evening service; we hear these laments, say nothing in reply save some genial and glittering generality, go home to worry or to pray or, what is more likely, to disturb the good cheer of the family at the Sunday dinner by our moody melancholy, wrestle awhile in secret and then get ready for the next Sunday. This we do week after week, and this we will keep on doing except the church recover its rightful position among men and more severely limit itself and the one great work God has for it to do. For the fault does not always lie with the preacher, "present company always excepted." As a rule, he is as good a man as the saint of simpler and more satisfactory days. In many respects he is abler. He has had the training of the schools and very frequently the momentum of a Methodist ancestry and the experience of generations of leaders. He has had all this and the discipline of the fathers as well; not the privations, nor the hardships, but the discipline; for the days in which we live are days of strain on temper and faith, on loyalty

and singleness of purpose, on everything that goes into the warp and woof of character, as were the days of heroes whom affection that knows no analysis will ever honor. The fault, I say, does not lie with the preacher. Nor am I sure that there is any fault. What looks so may be only a blessing in disguise. It may be to the credit of my sensitive, suffering brother, with whom I am in unfeigned sympathy, that he has the "painful paucity" to hear him. If he had not prayed so much during the week, if he had not been so painstakingly loyal to the great Head of the church in spirit and in letter, possibly he would not have been granted the grace of the small audience. For 'tis that same small audience, and that alone, that drives home as nothing else can do the thought that something is wrong, and that he and the church of which he is a humble part must modify his methods or, at least, the general purpose and trend of his message.

The conception of the church prevalent today, the most "advanced" conception too, that of the federations and conventions reported at length with glowing approval in the church papers, to some of us seems radically wrong. The church is for worship, not work; for inspiration, not instruction; for the kingdom that cometh not by observation, not the Israel that may be so easily numbered. This is mainly due to the fact that the work of the church covers such an immense field, for the work of the church is the work of its membership, and the members are at "work" in their homes, their places of business, their schools, on the streets. The little that can be done in or around the house of prayer—the building we call the church—even though the little could be magnified to meet the most daring dreams of my brother of the institutional fads, that little at its best is only a small portion of the Christian work of any parish. Multiply the evening classes for instruction in the arts and utilities, assign every new member to some squad for well-defined service, plan for a class meeting or a festival or a supper in every room on every evening of the week, keep something going for seven days and seven nights, and then report what is done and see what a pitiably poor record you have of the activities of your people. You do not tell the story of one seventh of what is done; no, nor of one twenty-fourth of that

one seventh; you do not dare say that your members have done according to church schedule on an average one hour's "work" for weeks. Why then plan so unceasingly for that one hour? Or, if you can multiply it so that it covers a day, why turn the attention of the pulpit, in its topic and aim, to the life lived for one day in seven and neglect the other six? Why continually talk of what may be done in the guild house or vestry or committee room—or, if your ethical instruction takes note of other centers of industry, of the shop, the street, the "primary"—and ignore the fact that all such work is as nothing compared with that done away from the instruction and scrutiny and tabulation of the most painstaking pastor? "When I come to the church," said a most successful layman not long ago, "I do not want to be told by the preacher what to do. I know better than he does where my duty lies. I want to get the inspiration to go out and do that which I feel I ought to do." Worship, not work; inspiration, not instruction; the motive, not the minute manner in which that motive may be shown—on these should our emphasis be placed. Indeed, one might well hesitate to make his pulpit or his pastoral ministration a channel of information even if he could cover all the activities of his people. Work assigned to a man is not to be compared with work voluntarily sought after; work that can be reported not to be named alongside of work that may be forgotten when done; work along a blazed trail or over a beaten path not to be prized by one who has normal health and ambition, as work in the untrodden forest. "So have I strived to preach the gospel," writes Paul, "not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation." If the church could tell each member exactly what to do and how to do it and when, exactly how he should live during every hour of the twenty-four of each day of the week, it might gain in the quantity of work accomplished but it would lose most sadly in quality. "The man who believes because the presbytery has told him," said John Milton, "or because his priest has told him, is a heretic even though it be truth he believes." So the man who works simply because his pastor has told him, or because he is on committee and commissioned by its chairman to be busy, not because he has moved forward independ-

ently or prompted by the Unseen Head of the church, is a working heretic. If Milton teaches truth by exaggeration we may be privileged to do the same. Show me the church which says to the man asking to be told what to do for his Lord and Master, "I do not know what you should do; find out for yourself," rather than the church that prints weekly its program of piety. The truth of it is, we are afraid of the Ideal; afraid to see visions and dream dreams, afraid to let go our grasp of the prosaic and practical, afraid to speak of God's standard of perfection even though we put that blessed condition so far forward in the future as to call down upon our devoted heads the anger of the saint who quotes on all occasions from Wesley's Plain Account, afraid to speak of tomorrow because we must act in the living present, afraid in our most ecstatic moment to refer to heaven because just now we live elsewhere. We are forbidden to mention that there is such an episode in a man's life as death except when forced to account for the casket and profusion of flowers by the communion table. We are realists run mad; realists of the type the world wants and a petty "let alone" policy will even commend. And so we fail. We have lost our birthright in many a church. We have magnified the schoolmaster and the drill sergeant and have belittled the prophet and the seer and the leader who can plan large campaigns for the army of God. Back, we say, to the church. The hall, the kindergarten, the sewing circle and the soup kitchen have their place, so has the church; and each is distinctively its own. In these days of the specialist we are permitted to go back to the church; in these days of the materialist we ought to go back; in these days of perplexity and in many places painful defeat we hazard all if we do not hasten to the church as understood by our more spiritual fathers even as centuries ago men hastened to the cities of refuge. Back, we say, to the church.

This being the case, there should be fewer church buildings. President Stryker startled some of us a year or so ago when he said that it would be a blessing if five thousand churches could burn down and never be rebuilt. He startled some; he made others leap forward with approval. For the church that has little call to exist—built to save a lazy folk a bit of a walk up a hill or

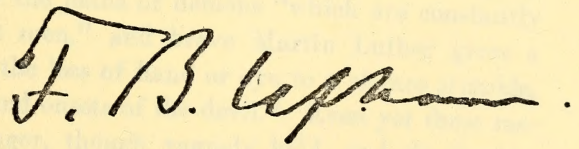
a few steps across a fairly crowded street, or to boom a real estate enterprise, or to spite an assertive majority, or to further the ambitions of some energetic brother who knows how to build up a Sunday school, started for these reasons and for no better ones—can give little inspiration to those who attend it. Not even in the establishment of a house of worship can the end sanctify the means. So with a church that has a precarious support. If money is always sought, in season and out of season, not for God's great work on the mission field but for expenditure very decidedly at home, if the words heard most frequently during the last three months of the Conference year are "debt" and "deficit," if the financial standing of new members received be as eagerly noted as the fashions are by the shop girls, that church will be of little inspiration in the community where it is found. "True, there is new blood coming into the church," said a saint ex-officio a few years ago when a group of humble people was received on probation; "it is new blood, but it is poor blood." The convert who will be judged by the cut of his coat, or the name of the street on which he lives, or the situation he holds—whether that judgment be intentional or unconscious—will get little help from the ministrations of the church that receives him. And until we have fewer churches, under better support and wiser management, such will inevitably be the case. So with the church that is poorly located. The idea that any lot that is cheap is good enough for a church has killed its influence time and time again. A commanding situation, solidity and dignity and generosity in size, nobility in conception and execution—such are the characteristics of the church that will hold the attention of the men of our day and send out unmistakably and persuasively a call to worship. Israel never had more than one temple at any one time.

There must be a radical readjustment of properties in many of our cities and the church must be brought to the front and out to the commanding corner, even if to do this there must be a combination of organizations and a suppression of individual ambitions to the point of sacrifice. For we are living in days of vast expenditure for other purposes. We spend millions upon our schools, our municipal buildings, our court houses, our post offices. We are

lavish in the college society hall and in the club house. Many of the saints who utter but the simple truth when they say with David, "I am poor and needy," live in palaces such as the kings of our fathers' days hardly dreamed of. If Haggai and Zechariah were to come back to us today, they might have great freedom in giving readings with a very few modern variations from their own writings. "Is it a time for you to dwell in your cieled houses, and this house be waste? Now therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts; Consider your ways." Yes, large churches and fewer of them and churches that stand for the large facts of experience and revelation. If worship is the end, not work, inspiration, not instruction, the man who enters the church must hear but one Name—and should be permitted to leave the church under the influence of that Name. John Calvin's name should not be spoken, nor John Wesley's either, nor John the Beloved. If inspiration, not instruction, be the aim, the church should not stand ready to ask a man what he knows, hardly what he wants to know; least of all what he says he knows out of regard for the men whom he gladly follows. For what a man knows may have little to do with his character. The devils believe, and yet they are devils still. Knowledge is a most variable term. One man uses it as possibly applicable to his attitude toward a certain truth only after ten years of hard study; another "knows it all" after ten minutes spent over a newspaper or in conversation with some dominant personality. One man says with Tennyson, "Behold, I know not anything," another with Kepler, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." So with a man's profession; it is of little worth. Our Lord tells of two boys who were bidden to go work in their father's vineyard. One of them said he would go but didn't; the other said he would not go but did. "Which of the two did the will of the father?" asked the Master. By his story and his question he showed his estimate of the worth of a man's professions. Why, then, insist as we do on one's saying that he knows certain statements to be true or that down deep in his heart he believes them to be true?—which is about the same thing. Even if we required this certainty regarding the great essentials of the faith, we would not be wise; most surely not, when we ask for certainty regarding smaller truths—the deliver-

ances, for example, of the Synod or Council or General Conference of a church as to the habits of daily life of the membership of the church. For we are a church, a church of God; and even Sinai forbids us taking that name in vain. We have no more right to put the sanction of God's name to a school or a society than we have to take it away from the church of his Son. When we say we are a church we must be careful about the conditions of membership we name. There are other restrictive rules than those found in the Discipline. And we are a church; not a society, not a school. Therefore, all who accept God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and who pledge to him their loyalty, and who are desirous of worshiping under the associations and influences of the church they have for varied reasons chosen to attend, should be welcome and should have the way made straight and plain before their feet for membership. Centuries ago it was said: "The Lord added daily to the church such as were being saved." Possibly not much more need be said today.

Simply because this thought may be carried too far is no reason why it should not be carried a good distance if necessity arises. And to some of us such seems to be the case. In these large cities, where conditions are so baffling and the powers of the present world so assertive and overwhelming, it is time for all of us to get back to a larger conception of the work of the church. Side by side with the teaching "Back to Christ," let us have a similar word, "Back to the church."



Art. VII.—THE LARGER GOOD

Nature gives little pause in the swift succession of catastrophes. Today she shakes down the cities of the straits of Messina, yesterday she thus laid waste Kingston and Valparaiso, overwhelmed the towns about Vesuvius with streams of molten stone and rains of fiery cinders, devastated San Francisco with fire and earthquake, and blasted Saint Pierre with an avalanche-cloud of steam and glowing volcanic ashes.

The old, old questions recur: Is nature just and kind? Is the God of nature good? Questions, these, as old as the book of Job, as old, no doubt, as the intelligence of man. The problem of physical evil is still so far from being answered, it is so near, so personal and so insistent, that we may welcome any suggestions which modern science may have to offer in partial explication. Perhaps the best gift of science to our race is a new conception of the physical order, a conception which takes from disaster any direct intention toward its victim and any malevolent design. The Greek man saw in the Calabro-Sicilian earthquakes the vengeful stroke of Poseidon, and in the eruption of Mount Etna the fiery breath of Enceladus. The man of the Middle Ages was thoroughly assured of the constant interference of evil spirits. Gentle Melanchthon saw in the filmy trails of light drawn on the evening sky by shooting stars only the paths of demons "which are constantly roving about amongst men," and brave Martin Luther gives a list of accidents from the loss of hand or eye to a chance stumble, all due to "the tricks and onsets of the devil." Even yet these mediæval conceptions linger, though vaguely held, and dissipating into thin air. How alien to the broad light of modern day are the revealments of a night now passed one may see in Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's recent book, Within the Gates. In a dramatic scene laid in the world beyond the grave, Cleo, an evil disembodied spirit, is explaining to Dr. Thorne the real cause of his death in a runaway. "I sat in the buggy beside you. I sometimes did that when your evil had you (I couldn't get there when you were good, you know).

I tried to take the reins. I tried to get the whip. I meant to hit the horse—my arm was held (there are always so many of these holy busybodies about—angels and messengers of sanctity—to interfere with one!). Oh, then I sprang out—over the wheel into the street. You didn't see me, but Donna did. When she shied, I clung to her bit and then she bolted. It was all very simple." Simple as the mediæval conception may be with its vision of the air filled with Cleos innumerable waiting their opportunity to do us ill, it certainly could never have made for happiness nor for confidence in the essential goodness of the cosmos. For the modern man this cloud-wrack of superstition, this murky night of viewless horrors, has passed away. Day has come. The sky is clear and sunlit. "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world."

Nor can we believe, with the erring friends of Job, that physical evil is directly sent of God with punitive intent. An explicit illustration of this view one may find in the Memoir of the Geological Survey of India on the Assam earthquake of 1897 in the report of an educated Hindu gentleman on the effects of the earthquake in a certain district, a report in which he discusses also the cause and cure of such disasters. "Apart from the physical causes," says the Babu, "which make the geological changes in the earth, the Hindus believe in a supernatural agency which excites the physical causes which make the change. That supernatural agency is, again, put into action by the vices and virtues of mankind. . . . We Hindus firmly believe that the sin of mankind has been causing all these woeful changes, and that unless there is an advance made toward beatitude there will be no end of these." The Babu suggests as a sure means of ridding India of earthquakes that the religious toleration act be abolished and that tracts of land in selected localities be allotted to learned and pious Brahmans to enable them to properly celebrate certain religious rites. But the geographic distribution of earthquakes does not coincide with the geographic distribution of maximum vice. The incidence of an epidemic of typhoid may be upon an area supplied with milk from an infected dairy, or upon that supplied with water from a contaminated reservoir, but hardly upon the area in which the vice of the city may have been segregated. Since Jesus an-

swered with an emphatic negative the question as to whether the fall of the tower of Siloam were due to the exceptional sinfulness of its victims, we are not at liberty to think of such disasters as that of Messina as divine interventions in punishment of sin. Although the physical antecedents of calamity may be freed from all immediate connection with powers purposing to do men harm, it remains to ask whether the mechanisms of which these antecedent forces form a part are maleficent or beneficent—do they resemble in their effects the ingenious instruments of torture of the Inquisition, or the powerful enginery of modern commerce and manufacture, useful in design, but occasionally and accidentally doing injury? The answer of science is explicit. Physical evil is always incidental to a larger good. Earthquakes, for example, are due to sudden movements of the crust of the earth. Under accumulated stresses the rocks are ruptured and dislocated, forming what geologists and miners know as faults. The sudden break, the snap and tear of the rocks as the fault is made or extended, sets up a transient quiver which may run scores or hundreds of miles with disastrous effects and may cause to vibrate every molecule of matter in the planet. Faults are not only fossil earthquakes, records in proof of earthquakes which occurred in consequence of their formation; they are also earthquake breeders, since along these planes of weakness repeated slips are likely to occur. Thus the California earthquake of April 18, 1906, was due to a renewal of movement along an ancient fault plane, known as the San Andreas rift, which extends for several hundred miles through western California, the maximum displacement being lateral and amounting to twenty feet. The California earthquake of 1868 found its cause in a similar slip along a parallel fault lying a few miles to the east of the San Andreas rift. The earthquake of Yakutat Bay at the foot of the Mount St. Elias range, Alaska, in 1899, was caused by movements along fault planes upheaving earth-blocks in places to the amount of nearly fifty feet. Few regions have been visited more severely or more often by earthquakes than Calabria and the adjacent parts of Sicily. The historic earthquake of 1783 shook all this area, leaving in Messina few houses standing and none uninjured. In the strait of Messina the sea-floor was deepened and the

shore slightly tilted seaward, indicating a renewed movement along the ancient fault which follows the straight eastern coast of Sicily. No reports have as yet reached us of scientific investigations of the recent earthquake, but the limits of the area shaken, the intensity of the quake along the strait, the report of great changes in the depth of the strait, and the destructive sea wave which swept it, all point to the great rift to which the strait itself seems due as the locus of the latest dislocation.

Earthquakes are thus the inseparable consequences of sudden displacements of the crust, and such displacements are a necessary part of the tectonic movements to which the earth owes its diversified relief. Without these movements of the unquiet crust the continents with their plateaus and mountain ranges could not have been. Throughout all the geologic ages the crust of the earth has given way from time to time over its greatest depressions, causing the oceans to withdraw their waters into deepening abysses, thus widening the area of the lands; it has been crumpled and folded, or broken and upheaved, forming mountain ranges and plateaus. Earthquake-shaken California owes to these inseparable antecedents of her earthquakes the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the coast ranges, with the rainfall which they bring; owes the gold-filled fissures of her mountains; owes the fertile soils washed from the upheaved mountains into the tectonic depression of the great California valley; and to a very recent downwarp she owes the magnificent harbor which has given rise to the metropolis of the whole Pacific Coast. To the continuation of movements of the crust from the earliest period of geologic history we owe the habitable lands. To the ancient mythology the tectonic, terrestrial forces were infernal, malign, and lethal, while the solar forces were personified in the bright gods of the air and sky. But though the solar energy gives light and heat and life, it also works destruction. It lifts the waters of the ocean to the clouds to descend as rain upon the lands and to return to their source in rivers. It sets in motion the wind and the wave. It operates the machinery by which the mobile envelopes of the solid earth are wearing down the solid lands and strewing their waste beneath the seas. So rapid is the process of destruction that, had it not been counterbalanced by the

movements of the crust effected by the plutonic forces resident within the earth, the lands of the globe would long since have been washed away and have disappeared beneath an universal ocean.

In the volcanic eruption nature robes herself as Kali, the very goddess of destruction. The column of steam and ash held to the height of miles in air by the quick succession of thunderous explosions, and turned to a pillar of fire by night by the glare from the seething lava of the crater; the drifting cloud of ashes darkening the sky, turning the sun to sackcloth and the moon to blood, and raining down destruction on field and forest and the dwellings of men; the flows of molten rock creeping down the mountain sides like colossal fiery serpents implacable and resistless—with such a menacing aspect the volcano has seemed the very incarnation of fear and death and hell. It has supplied some of the symbols of the deepest conceptions of moral evil—the lake burning with fire and brimstone, the bottomless pit, and the ascending smoke of its torment, the stars falling from heaven, and the rain of fire and blood burning up the trees and the green grass. To exculpate the volcano it is not enough to show that eruptions are short and are separated by long intervals of repose, that cinders and lava decay rapidly and form soils of exceptional fertility. We must take the cosmic view which sees in the volcano, as in the earthquake, incidental manifestations of the earth's internal heat, the inescapable consequences of an earth with its stores of energy still unspent. Perhaps in the not distant future our race will learn to utilize the resources of the earth's interior heat and will find here its chief source of power, thus enriching and vastly prolonging its stay upon the planet. The alternative to a living earth, vexed with earthquakes and volcanoes, is an earth dead, cold like the moon to the core, and with its ocean and atmosphere absorbed. Moreover, as the earth and sun both derive energy from the common source—the energy of the nebula which gave them birth—the two may be so conjoined that when the earth has so cooled that volcanoes and movements of the crust have ceased, the sun also will be unable to supply sufficient heat to support life upon the globe.

Some of the most fatal catastrophes of history have been due to the floods of rivers. In 1887, for example, the Yellow River of

China broke from its banks and, taking a new course across its alluvial plains, laid waste fifty thousand square miles and destroyed, according to some estimates, three million human lives. But the possibility of such wholesale destruction lay in the vastness of the beneficence of the river in past ages—in the far-stretching plains built by prehistoric floods and in an inexhaustible fertility which from time immemorial has supported countless myriads of men. I know of no physical evil which is not part of a larger good. The eddy of the tornado is bound up with the whirl of the planet on its axis; the lightning stroke with the beneficent force of electricity; the fall of the Tower of Siloam with gravitation which holds our race close and safe to the bosom of mother earth. And if the supreme disaster should arrive, if a star, drawn to our sun by mutual attraction and colliding with it, should cause "the heavens to pass away" and "the earth to melt with fervent heat," even under the swift and certain approach of such a cataclysm man can say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." And his faith will be no less sublime in that it will be based on reason. For man will know that the end of one cosmic cycle is but the beginning of another. The destruction of sun and planets is a re-creation. Their dissolution in a nebula of glowing gases is the antecedent of another evolutionary process, and the new order, like the old, shall be but part of the manifestation, endless, perhaps, in space and time, of an infinite and all-wise Creator.

Rising from the realm of impersonal nature to that of living organisms, we find evil assuming a direction and intent not seen on lower planes. To early man the great carnivora and the venomous serpents seemed, no doubt, the deadliest foes, and the impersonations of unseen powers of evil.

> Tiger, tiger, burning bright
> Through the forests of the night,
> What immortal hand or eye
> Could frame thy fearful symmetry!
>
> . . . .
>
> Did he smile his work to see?
> Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Men of all centuries have asked these questions, and it is but a partial answer to show the economic place of the carnivora and the

swift and well-nigh painless death they bring. Today we find the chief enemies of mankind in microörganisms. It is from these, the direct causes of tuberculosis and pneumonia, diphtheria, tetanus, the plague, typhoid, and all the infectious fevers, that the majority of men meet their severest sufferings and at last their deaths. A little light breaks in when we see that, as a whole, microörganisms are so beneficent that they form the very foundation stones of the House of Life. There are poisonous bacteria, as there are poisonous fruits, but who would claim that an earth without fruits would be better for man than ours? Still, this view of the larger good will hardly satisfy those sufficient souls who from Alphonzo of Castile to Ingersoll have felt that had they been consulted at the creation of the world, they could easily have suggested a number of radical improvements. Mr. Ingersoll, for example, would have made health catching instead of disease. That is to say, he would have had health something to be caught by chance infection, rather than the normal and natural result of right living through the generations. Why should not all weeds be flowers, all bacteria harmless, all insects butterflies or bees, all birds, birds of song and brilliant plumage, all fish fit for food, and all quadrupeds ready for domestication and use by man? Why not a world in which no one is ever sick or sorry, and in which no one ever dies? Those who find difficulty in believing in the beneficence of the God of Things as They Are would do well to study modern biologic and geologic science. In an evolutionary creation the plasticity of organisms fundamentally necessary to the process involves the possibility of plants and animals harmful as well as helpful to humankind, just as the freedom of man's will, necessary to righteousness, involves the possibility of sin. The capacity for variation in species which permits the evolution of the rose permits also that of the thistle; the process which brings the song-thrush and the deer cannot shut out the hawk and tiger. Struggle, pain, and death are not afterthoughts of the Creator; they are intrinsic parts of the world process of creation, and coeval with the appearance of life upon the planet. Death, as every student of biology knows, is the *sine qua non* of evolution. In the continuous ascent of life, in its slow development by gradual change from lower to higher and still

higher forms, the succession of generations separated by death was inevitable. The new wines of life demanded a continual succession of new bottles. Death is so essential to the progress of the world that nature cannot leave this act of supreme unselfishness to the will of the individual; she sets the normal term of life in each species at that limit which best subserves the species' good.

The struggle for existence with all its attendant suffering has been from the beginning of life one of the factors in the evolutionary creation. To the narrow view this struggle makes of the earth a battlefield strewn with the dead and dying. To the cosmic view it is a beneficent process necessary to the ascent of life. The earliest horses on the earth were slow and clumsy little beasts. Natural selection, watching over all variations, and giving the advantage to the favorable, ever extinguishing the less fit, and preserving the fittest to propagate their kind, has aided in bringing in the horse of the present with his fleetness, grace, and strength. The earliest mammals were creatures of small brains and feeble intelligence, some as large as elephants having brains no larger than a terrier's. The struggle for existence by placing the premium continually on larger and better brains has been a factor in the development of the quick-witted mammals of our fields and forests.

The struggle for existence still keeps each species to its maximum efficiency. Deer remain swift because the individual that is slow is soonest caught and killed. At the opening of the nineteenth century Wordsworth wrote in his great Ode to Duty:

> Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace;
> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face:
> Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
> And fragrance in thy footing treads;
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
> And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

And long before the century was done the biologist could reverently use this sublime stanza with reference to the evolutionary process, substituting only the life on earth for the stars and ancient heavens. Although the world is far from being a Paradise,

and far from being an infant's nursery, padded and cushioned and provided with paper toys so that baby cannot injure itself, it somehow has proved itself fitted to the development of men. Recurring winters have made men provident. Dangers and mortal risks have made men brave. Pain and sorrow have developed sympathy and kindness. Natural laws impartial in their action have taught the first principles of righteousness. Forces of nature, undeviating and constant, have made men wise in mastering their secrets and skilled in their control. During all the millenniums of his history on earth man has been wrestling with the God incarnate in nature as Jacob at the brook Jabbock wrestled with the Angel until the dawn. "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me," has been his cry. And through his wrestling during the long night whose dawn is now approaching man has received the blessing. By struggle he has gotten power and mastery, he has developed mind and heart, he has risen from the savage of the cave to the stature of civilized man today. Science with her cosmic view is optimistic:

> The world is full of meaning and it means well.
> To find that meaning is my meat and drink.

Science sees the world process as one of the highest beneficence. And this, after all, is no new view. For health and happiness are normal; disease and pain are exceptional. Sympathy is as old as strife; love is stronger than hate; the sources of joy are permanent; those of sorrow are transient. Physical evil—and it is only of physical evil that I am writing—is the shadow which the earth casts behind it as it swings onward toward the sun—a narrow cone of night dwindling to a point and lost in the floods of light which fill all the interplanetary spaces.

To the view of science nature is divinely impartial. "He maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and on the unjust." Below the realm of personalities nature is morally indifferent; she has no regard to motive or moral quality. She neither rewards nor punishes. Each force administers its own natural "justice," if we may call it so, and within its own sphere of action sees that consequences invariably follow causes. To all outside its own domain each force is

completely indifferent. Gravitation cares as little whether the body of the man who slips upon the edge of a cliff is positively or negatively electrified, whether it is an equal weight of human flesh or stone, as she cares whether the man is saint or sinner, and whether the fall is incurred in an act of murder or in the rescue of a child. Below the plane of personality nature does not punish directly sins of motive and intent. Such sins are left to be avenged by their consequences within the soul of the transgressor, by the reactions of the social order, sometimes evitable, and by the wrath of God, inevitable in this world and in the world to come. The fact that each force of nature acts without caprice or favoritism, without variableness or shadow of change, is the very bond of the universe. The moral indifference of nature is an even-handed justice writ large upon the cosmos; nay, more, it is a supreme kindness. To all who suffer from such catastrophes as that of Messina it must be a blessed consolation to believe that the earthquake was neither punitive nor malign.

And so, instead of complaining of the moral indifference of nature and the injustice and heartlessness of the cosmic process, men today are realizing that their task is to bring in the reign of justice and love in that province of nature where justice and love belong in the sphere of their own activities. Instead of pondering the "inscrutable Providence" of the Messina earthquake, we are sending millions of money to alleviate its distress. To abolish war, to abate poverty, intemperance, and vice, to discover the sources of disease and to remove them, to abrogate privilege, to secure swift and sure justice between man and man—this is our proper work on earth, and until it, at least, is well begun any criticism of the cosmic process as cruel or unjust would seem inopportune.

W. H. Norton.

Art. VIII.—SOME MINISTERIAL BY-PRODUCTS

My eye was recently caught by an alphabetical list of by-products. Nothing, ordinarily, is deader than an alphabetical list; but this was much alive and greatly enlivening. It catalogued the modern utilizations of the one-time waste of Packington. Every letter of the alphabet save "x" and "z" began the spelling of some merchantable by-product, some gathering and transformation of the once loose ends of a great American industry. Startling in suggestion was the list, and I am frank to say that, in sheer admiration of the mental alertness represented in such a catalogue, I half forgave Packington for certain of its more notorious sins. Somebody suggests that nowadays, instead of measuring civilization by the per-capita consumption of soap or the letter-writing habit, we should more scientifically rate progress in terms of economic administration of what was formerly reckoned waste. The bridge between bankruptcy and bounty is built of "rubbish." Dividends are paid out of by-products, whether in starch factory or human service. In a thousand beautiful ways, and for ten thousand gracious purposes, the by-product may indeed be more valuable than the advertised main output. Such, surely, was the lesson which nature kept illustrating long before man got his eyes open. What is the glory of sunrise, its crimson and the gold, what but a by-product? I doubt not the sun could get up to a day's business without flooding men's hearts as well as their meadows. In one sense, at least, the fragrance of a flower is a by-product of nature's vast food-laboratory. The coal beds of Pennsylvania—even President Baer, who was pleased to confess himself divinely appointed to administer certain anthracite fields in the interest of Philadelphia and Reading dividends, even he would hardly claim that carboniferous age and grinding glacier were timed to meet the needs of modern cookstoves. Nay, the coal deposits of all lands, together with the gush of petroleum which spouted Rockefeller into fame, not to say the diamonds of Kimberly and the yellow ore of Yukon, are all, in a deep sense, by-products of the cosmic process; all an-

swers to a fiat older than the hills among which Jesus repeated it: "Gather up the fragments—that nothing be lost." It may even be said that man himself is chiefly an illustration of this conservative law. Indeed, that is precisely what is being said by Bernard Shaw, Nietszche, and others of like perversion. Not for man has the "whole creation been groaning and travailing in pain until now." What for they do not clearly state, but certainly not for man. Only in a frenzy of arrogance does this creature of threescore and ten fling out his chest and prate of himself as the consummate flower of an age-long process. Man at his best is a sort of cosmic experiment, a curious by-product whose economic advantage to the universe is by no means apparent. So ends the dream when the arch-dreamer awaketh! But I must deliberately shut the door in the face of some provokingly seductive applications of the theme, for example, to the problem of evil, to the waste of human history, to the slaughter of innocents, to the havoc of pain. Except by some such doctrine of conserved remnants how shall we ever stay our hearts or steady our people against the despair of Dryden?—

> Fooled with hope, men favor the deceit;
> Trust on, and think tomorrow will repay.
> Tomorrow's falser than the former day;
> Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
> With some new joys cuts off what we possest.
> Strange cozenage!

What indeed is our ministry but a ministry of recovery and redemption; a declaration of the eternal value of society's pitiful moral rubbish, the wastrel and the wanton; a passion to build into Christ's eternal temple all of the stones which by reason of flaw or obduracy "the builders rejected"? What of happiness save as a by-product? It is oftenest gathered out of the fragments that remain from task and altar. Woman, they say, loves a stormy lover, gives herself to the man who in some sense takes her captive. Not so is it with happiness. Whether for pulpit or pew, it forever eludes those who too eagerly woo it. Even if Bentham were right, and happiness the highest good of life, it is oftenest attained by indirection. The "constitutional unhappiness of ministers," of which a modern pastor writes drastically, is perhaps not so truly the reaction of

heroic labor as the chagrin of looking amiss for happiness. Joy watched for is like that dawn which comes all too tardily to those who expect it; joy at its best pours like a flood of unexpected sunshine through low-lying clouds.

But this paper will itself be an illustration of by-products, and not, perhaps, of their value, unless I return to the theme. Ministerial by-products—I sometimes fancy they are more valuable to God than what we are pleased to consider the main output of our calling. When we are least professional then frequently are we most truly men of God. Phillips Brooks with his coat off, playing with the children he so tenderly loved, may have more validly served his day than when in sacerdotal robes he mounted Trinity pulpit. What pastor has not come down from the desk to preach a far better sermon with a casual word or gone home at night to round up in most unintended and perhaps unconscious service the real work of a day in his Lord's vineyard? Not our set declamations but the asides which break out of our hearts, not our magisterial motions but the sudden instinctive clutch of an eager hand at some staggering pilgrim, not our well-advertised journeys on behalf of man but our impromptu excursions into nearby fields to gather some wayside flower before its dew has dried—these more often than we realize, but not oftener than we ought devoutly to believe, declare the real profit of our ministry. Take, for example, the by-products of our pen. Who today cares for the vast literary progeny to which the learned Bishop Ken gave his name? He was proud of them, doubtless. He would have trusted his immortality of remembrance to them. But he is loved today for two little strays from his brain, two hymns whose parentage he might perhaps have preferred to deny. When the great Bernard came to sum up the output of his marvelous life I doubt if he would have troubled to include the few stanzas by which millions of worshipers know him today. "Jesus, the very thought of thee," "Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts"—these were songs breaking spontaneously from his own full heart. He sang them into the very face of his Christ. An impassioned lover, he sang and then forgot his song in the ecstasy of possession; but some listening winds caught up this strain and floated it on down the centuries to us. There hangs in the Metropolitan Gallery one canvas

with this title: "Jerusalem the Golden." An invalid chair with its wan occupant; close at hand the set-lipped husband—and from somewhere a glint of that light that never was on land or sea. What matter for the monastery he founded, or the perverted discipleship he taught, so long as Bernard of Cluny helped us sing of that

> Sweet and blessed country,
> The home of God's elect,

that

> Sweet and blessed country
> That eager hearts expect.

But for the national hymn the Reverend Samuel would have been swept into oblivion on the tide of the Smiths. Not the great sermons he preached nor the movement he captained, but his "Lead, kindly Light," a mere intellectual trifle caught out of the rubbish, makes the sweetest fame of Cardinal Newman. Someone wonders "how Paul compared his epistles with the other output of his life." Not favorably, I suppose. He was a man of affairs, preacher, not correspondent. He loved the clash of steel in open arena. His letters bear the marks of haste, of a soldier called from his tent to the breastworks. Yet those same hurried letters, soiled with the grime of the battlefield and stained with the blood of the writer—as veritable by-product as the cottonseed oil—have given him to the centuries and have shaped the subsequent thought of mankind.

Speaking of letters, I believe in the gospel of the stray letter. Few sermons will, perhaps, bear rereading, though they cost days of mental toil. But some single page of friendliness or solicitude, nay, some almost casual and perfunctory missive whose sending took perhaps five minutes of time, will be read and reread until its lines are dim. Pardon a personal item: In a systematic effort to revise my Church Record I sent out a number of personal letters to absentee members whose addresses I had been able to secure. One letter went across the continent to a man who had gone West some thirty years before. Had I stopped to particularly consider I should doubtless have reproached myself for spending church funds on such dubious sowing of good postage stamps. But the sequel made me glad for many days. "If your letter had dropped out of heaven," ran the scarce-expected reply, which went on to

confess the strange heart-searching, the turning of steps toward a church, the public confession, and the restored joy and song. Thus in many a gracious instance does the wayside sowing of a few chance sentences yield a harvest of felicity to the man who has, meantime, preached his heart out to sermon-surfeited congregations, without result. So in a somewhat different field. One of our most effective modern preachers makes it his practice to cast some of his spare moments into the smelter of a single great theme. Not for notoriety, he says, but for self-expression. Reading, meditation, ripening experience—all are contributors to that unadvertised by-product of a busy life; and some day it may happen that, when his sermons and debt-raisings are forgotten, the world will know and bless him for the gathered up fragments of his quiet hours. What else are the "Confessions" of Augustine? the "Imitation" of à Kempis? the correspondence of Eloise and Abelard? the Journal of John Wesley? the scattered leaves of Maltbie Babcock? What, indeed, but the gracious by-products of gracious souls whose main strength went out in other channels of production? But let me apply my theme to our speaking life. A Scripture text flung out upon the air of a supposedly empty auditorium, arresting the soul of a chance workman, becomes a classic instance of an immense ministry. The speaker was merely trying his voice, but he won an immortal trophy. How many such casual words have been thus used we may not know. Perhaps it were better so, else we might forfeit the gift. The greatest sermon ever preached by Dr. Kendig (formerly pastor of Calvary Church) comprised less than a half dozen words. I remember the entire sermon, which is more than I can say of any other sermon I ever heard from him or anyone else. I recall the place and the hour. "God bless you, my boy!" That was all he said. But his hand was on my head—I thought it burned, somehow—and in his deep, unmusical voice was an apostolic tenderness mingled with command. In those days I had no purpose toward the ministry, but I have sometimes believed that was my ordination. He did not know; he does not yet know. That ordination was a by-product of his large ministry. Captain Philips's, "Don't cheer, boys, they're dying," was an aside from the stern dialogue of the guns. It will be remembered, however, when

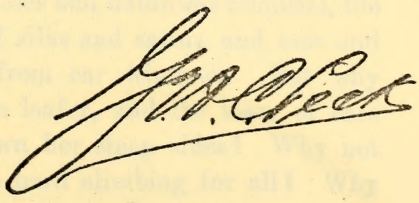
the chief business of that historic day might otherwise be forgotten. I had almost said that such word was worth more than the humbling of Spain. Napoleon's famous aphorism at Marengo, Garfield's at the steps of the Subtreasury, the praiseful word which made Benjamin West a painter—these were all by-products caught up by the Great Producer and turned to the account of man. How little did our man of sorrows dream that the few sentences of his Gettysburg speech would be handed on to generations of school children to learn by heart! He was not consciously talking to posterity. That now famous address was the fervent "aside" of an overburdened soul; more sigh than set speech, more prayer than oration. "What can I do for you?" was Maltbie Babcock's favorite salutation to his most casual caller. No wonder that heart-doors swung open wide to him; it was the leaping of heart to meet heart. Who stopped to particularly inquire if he were a great preacher so long as the by-products of his ministry were so rich? The world will as soon forget the Sermon on the Mount as the few phrases Jesus spoke to Bartimeus or to the Mary who brought the spikenard.

But let me carry my theme a step further; to the wayside ministries of our lives. Thorwaldsen's famous marbles went from Italy to Denmark packed in Italian straw, and when the marbles were unpacked the straw was scattered, but before the next summer passed one street in Copenhagen bloomed with the flower-children of southern skies. Likewise, often, the seeds of the best blessing we carry to the northern climes of human life go as packing about our more obvious achievements. When Lord Bacon climbed down from his coach during a snowstorm to stuff a fowl with snow, in order to determine the practical value of cold in the preservation of meats, he might in a double sense be said to have "come down," but it may be doubted if anything and everything else he ever did contributed so much to the comfort of humankind. Certain it is that a multitude which cares not for his essays or metaphysical profundities ought to bless him for the hint which has given us cold storage. From the pulpit to the street is not necessarily a "come down." Jesus won the world's heart by the roadside and in a fishing boat. The fault he found with priest and Levite was their professional absorption to the neglect of personal helpfulness; their willingness

to keep appointments with God at the expense of man. He scandalized a church while he was building his kingdom of kindness. Men knew his touch who did not even know his name. To go in person instead of sending Gehazi with our official staff; to put our own shoulder against a stubborn wheel; to count nothing human as beneath the notice or grade of the King's ambassador—this is to find enough wayside triumphs to offset some platform failures. They say in Boston that whenever Phillips Brooks went downtown the whole neighborhood brightened. Men felt their hearts warm as if the sun had broken through the murk and down the dim alleys of the city. He "wist not that his face shone" any more than Moses did, but while he transacted the business of a day, men about him grew kinder and happier. To such he was more than Bishop of Massachusetts; he was bishop of their souls. Perhaps the sermons he preached by his life were more cogent than those preached by his lips. Peter got several thousand converts with one sermon, but his greatest sermon was wordless. It was preached on Easter morning, when by the impetuousness of his own love he drew the hesitant John into the empty sepulcher to "see and believe." Grant making it impossible for men to tell salacious stories in his presence; Lamartine safer with his doors unlocked, during the Revolution, than kings behind palace gates; Wesley awing an audience into silence before his lips opened; Saint Francis declaring Christ by the Christ-marks in him; Elisha convincing the Shunammite woman by passing and repassing her door; nay, Jesus giving out power to a woman lost sight of in the crowd—these are merely examples of by-products which supplement and sanctify the more obvious ministry. Manhood is radioactive. In a higher sense than that used by Lamb of Coleridge, its "whiff and wind" are tonic. Not the mantle but the man is what counts!

This leads to two or three observations. First, that this doctrine of by-products is a strong corrective of clerical professionalism. Every calling, however high, tends to become stale and perfunctory. The professor grows idolatrous of his phrase, the doctor of his bearing, the judge of his gown, and the minister of his ecclesiastical motions, but the by-products are least of all professional. They are personal, vital, "deposits from the unseen." "Do you

know why that is called 'The Maiden's Leap'?" asked a tourist of the guide, who had just bawled out the name of a certain fall in the National Park. "Know?" was the reply; "I don't know nothing: I'm hired to holler." That is the danger toward which the ministry always gravitates—a hired "hollering." But, according to our doctrine of by-products, his "hollering" is perhaps the least influential thing the preacher does. Second, in the application of this same doctrine we find often our best apologetic. A shrewd English observer expresses the conviction that "public meeting religion" is destined to go entirely out of style. Certain it is that the modern man looks upon it with ill-concealed toleration. According to the opinion of the man on the street the man in the pulpit is a non-producer. For rejoinder it will not suffice to prepare a better sermon, but there are certain kinds of human service which never fall below par, even in Wall Street, and when a minister touches human life at those points of sheer human interest, when his manhood distills itself silently on jaded lives and walking problems, his by-products may save the face of his main output. Third, the surprises of the judgment will be the declaration of the value of the by-product: "When saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?" They had served their Christ best when they had been least conscious of doing anything worthy of him. By the fragments of unconscious fidelity they had won their crown. Edison says that the idea of the phonograph was a spark struck off from his experiments with the telephone. Certain rich oil wells of Indiana were discovered while prospectors were following a small vein of coal. And some day our own surprised hearts may find that we made our supreme contribution to the kingdom unconsciously; that we struck the oil of a surpassing gladness along the dark track of a disappointing vein of loyalty to Christ.



Art. IX.—THE PASSING OF THE ALPS

When Cicero said, after Cæsar had conquered the northern Barbarians, "Now let the Alps fall, since the gods raised them to protect Rome in her weakness," he could not have dreamed of a time when his statement would come true. Yet today, to all intents and purposes, those towering mountains, so long forming impassable barriers to the might of man, have been leveled, and the Alps of the past are no more. True, gigantic walls of granite covered with eternal snow are still there, the crags and rocks still cling in the same precipice places, the thundering torrents still leap from cave and cloud to distant depths below, and

> The glacier's cold and restless mass
> Moves onward day by day.

But around the snow-covered summits wind unsightly cogways, upon the lofty crags perch barnlike hotels, and amid the torrent's roar and along the icy trail are heard the barter of porters and the buzz of idle society.

There is but one Switzerland in all the world, and but one chain of Alps; and here those whom nature inspires find their goal, and from the Alpine fountain drink their fill. But since the modern engineer has made nearly all places easily accessible, and the hotel has become omnipresent, the crowd has taken possession and the mob has appropriated all things for its own. The sight-seers, tourists, and loafers press closer and closer to the mosses and snows, and the "O mys!" and "How beautifuls!" tramp irreverently over altars where deep-flowing souls are wont to kneel. The lighthearted fill all space and the pleasure-seekers turn the world upside down for the "first class." Over paths once dared only by goats and herdsmen, by intrepid guides and dauntless climbers, the puffing engine now bears its load of silks and satins, and ease and laziness survey inspiring scenes from car windows. But why should not the pleasure-seeker, the loafer, and the lover of ease see the Alps and ride up and down her steep sides? Why not steam, steel, and electricity do the hard climbing for all? Why

condemn the hotels that give comfort and the cogways that make easy of access the places once dared only by the strong and brave? The answer depends upon the point of view. First, there are a few places in this world too holy for the mob and too sacred for the money-changers. Jesus drove them out of his Father's temple long ago. Again, it is not best for the student that his teacher should solve all the problems, or for the little boy to be carried by his nurse when out for his morning walk. There are some things in life that cannot be had except at the expense of personal ease and comfort. The plunging cataracts and the somber gorge cannot be appreciated at so small a cost. In the Alps the fleeting sight-seer is omnipresent, and the noise makes nature worship unsatisfactory. Thought and meditation, the prerequisites of the proper appreciation of the sublime, flourish best in the stillness of the moss-covered rocks and under the magnetic power of the Alpine rose. But these are dispelled by the noise, and the worshiper turns in disgust from the vandalism and sacrilege everywhere prevalent. The "lightning-express" tourist might as well not visit the Alps, so far as his personal good is concerned. Great impressions are not had on moving trains any more than a master painting can be appreciated at one glance though its every excellence is pointed out by the guide. Railroads are a good thing, and the writer has no quarrel with the trans-Alpine lines necessary for the commerce of the continent, nor with those roads leading up to the walls of granite and snow. Also he considers a good hotel "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever." But that every solitary gorge and mossy height should resound with screaming whistles and noisy porters, and that hotels, like specks on the astronomer's glass, should mar every grand and glorious prospect of rock and peak, passes far beyond his appreciation; and when these conditions grow worse with each returning season he joins the pessimistic crowd and stands with those who weep the passing of the Alps. To be alone with God and nature, to breathe the spirit of the All-Powerful, one must soon seek it in other places than in the Alpine snow and ice.

The Alps are not "beautiful," not even "perfectly beautiful." They are the very charm of music, the melody of the ocean, the

awe of the tornado, the mystery of the falling stars. Here one has an experience like to that of Moses when he stood on quaking Sinai, or of the ancient seers to whom God talked face to face. The soul that does not feel Omnipotence in those billowed convulsions is dead, and the sooner his funeral oration is pronounced the better. He who stands upon some crag, thousands of feet below which are the pines and plunging torrents, with far above the ice and eternal snow, he who from this vantage surveys the wild, awful vistas of depth and height, of length and breadth, all covered with vast stretches of stone, groves of green firs, great gray bald precipices and fields of glistening ice, is thrilled with a soul-trembling terror that comes to one who stands face to face with God. To reckon with a power which in a widely extended upheaval lifted those gigantic pillarlike masses, such as Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Dent Blanche, and the Matterhorn, as seen from Gorner Grat, is to reckon with the power that formed this terrestrial ball and planted the stars in distant space. Here is nature's poise so grim and terrible, seemingly speaking in tones of angry thunders yet silent as death and as incomprehensible as eternity. As I stood at the foot of Jungfrau and looked far up over those illimitable, somber, gray-colored mosses and rocks, far above which was the nightcap of eternal snow nature put on that queen of the Alps eons and eons ago, there stole into my heart a feeling of terror which gradually changed to wonder and then into something inexpressible and full of glory. The raging turmoil ceased, and methought I heard a voice saying, "Peace, be still." Then a sweet silence filled my breast and I was satisfied.

The guidebook says it takes a level head to do mountain climbing. It certainly takes a level spirit and a great big soul to grasp and hold the truths and messages the gorges and mountains are constantly giving.

In Switzerland the greatest engineering feats are accomplished. The work of evolution has been but the space of a day. First the path of the goat and herdsman, then the trail of the Alpine mule and the old guide, and now the cogway; and the last climbs steeper mountains than the first. Old things are rapidly passing away, and the members of the old school are being pushed

to the wall or turned into modern pagans. There is no more a place for the old guide and his faithful mule, and ere long they shall be gathered to their fathers. Even now they belong to the annals of the past. As I plodded my way over the barren rocks near Grimsel Pass I overtook a bent form, a relic of days gone. He reminded me of a pilgrim, weary, worn, and sad. I accosted my new companion, and finding him congenial, I made bold to speak of the things near his heart. How he loved the dizzy heights and the everlasting white! And many a tale of adventure he had to tell. But his heart beat fastest and his zeal grew warmest when he told of leading some member of the old school across untrodden wastes of ice and snow, up beyond the clouds, to the summit of the monarch of the chain. But as I spoke of the projected cogway that was to cross the Pass near the place where we were standing, thus opening to the crowd the very center of the solitary and sublime, his ardor cooled and his spirits fell. In his youth he was the best guide in the Alps, reading the secrets of the elements with ease; he now earned his bread by keeping the loose stones out of the postway that had been cut from the mountainside; in his declining days he expected to find employment in digging the iron trail, then, the last of his race, pass on into the great silence. As he paused a moment before turning to his little cabin under the cleft just above, a stage drawn by six strong horses dashed by. A woman dressed in silks and buried in cushions looked listlessly out upon the Alpine scene, and a young man with kid-covered hands pointed with a smile at the grizzly mountaineer and the young student at his side. The crack of the driver's whip reëchoed back and forth from vale and crag as the old man turned with a sigh, saying: "Yes, my day is past, there is no longer room for me." I watched him as he slowly ascended the path, put his shovel under the humble shanty, and entered the door. For a time I stood and looked at the fir-tree cabin, at the rocks, the stunted grass and mosses, and my heart went out to the old man whose life, home, and country had been invaded by the vulgarity of luxury. Turning into a footpath and going up the mountain a short distance, I met three pack mules coming down the precipice way. But they bore no burdens and, like the

old guide whom I had just left, seemed out of place. Going farther up the path to a high ledge, I looked down upon the narrow, somber gorge and saw the mules turn down toward the Aar and disappear; then across at the cabin, but the old man could not be seen; then far up the Pass, and the stage slowly crossed the divide and was lost from sight. Then fancy carried me into the future, and I heard the puff of the locomotive and the shrill blast of the whistle and, turning, I saw those dizzy heights dotted with large white hotels. Then I looked for my old friend the guide, for the shanty, the stage, the mules, but they were gone.

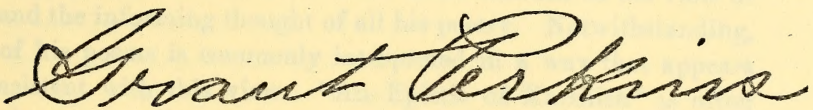
Crossing the pass and descending to the Gletch I entered a large hotel, but found rest there impossible. I had become a rough mountaineer and was not at home. Turning away, I crossed the foaming Rhone, went along the mountainside to a small Swiss village and put up for the night. So the days passed, and everywhere the solitude was broken by noise, the trail swarmed with the mercenary, and the wayside resting places were filled with the noise of porters and the buzz of idle society. When the last climb had been made and I had come down from the last mountain, when the firs and mosses had been left behind and in a comfortable hotel in Geneva I had counted my blisters and bruises—good arguments for the new school—I determined to take a few lessons in the modern way of seeing the Alps. Taking the train to Luzerne I began the experiment of seeing things from car windows. Around, up, and down! I must admit that this was easier. Majestic scenes open and close, and one ascends to the top and beholds. But the car keeps moving and gives no time for absorption. The soul's windows remain closed. After days of rushing from one side of the car to the other, of craning or tiptoeing to see over the heads of others, I reached Milan dissatisfied. Not so after the time spent on foot in the Oberland and at Zermatt. I felt that I had not seen that matchless region of snow and ice in the eastern Alps, and said to a friend: "The next time I cross those mountains I shall walk." If one wishes to see things, the advantage is certainly on foot. In this way he may stop, sit down, study, and let his very soul be filled. The train goes on schedule time. So does the stage. Even the mule has his own ideas and

it is hard to divide time with him. And Switzerland is not the only sinner in nature vandalism. There are others. In many places the awe-inspiring, the sublime, the solitudes, the great, bare, unvarnished temples of God, are being defaced and destroyed and their places filled with dirt, yea, worse, with noisy machinery and screeching whistles. There is a feeble voice raised now and then, perhaps a spasmodic outcry, but when the noise ceases and the dust clears away the vandals may be seen working, silently though surely, on their task of destruction. Monetary considerations should never enter into questions of soul and spirit. Great nature pictures cannot be computed in terms of cash. Their worth is beyond the conception of dollars and cents. These have been and are the wonder and inspiration of painters, poets, writers, teachers, and preachers—the men who count most in the moral fabric of the world. The blue Italian sky and the beautiful Italian landscape crept into Raphael's soul, being reflected in his paintings, the greatest pictures of modern times. The awe of the storm, the sublimity of the ocean, the grandeur of Alpine cleft and snow, gave Michelangelo the key with which the fountains of his genius were opened when he painted those superb frescoes, the culmination of modern art, on the ceiling and walls of Sistine Chapel in San Pietro. The best pictures are truest to life and the greatest impetus to art are the great wonders of nature. The spiritual demands are the greatest; the life lessons of the stars, the ocean, the forests and the mountains are the most permanent. But they whose highest aspiration is the material will have bodily comfort even if it must be purchased by nature's ruin. Few and far between are the specimens of God's highest genius. Likewise those men who have wrought on the top round have been few. There are but few buildings in the world before which the architect stands in awe—the Pantheon, the Coliseum, San Pietro; few works of sculpture that stand as the model of the ages—the Medici Venus, Michelangelo's Moses, Clinger's Beethoven; few paintings that kindle the latent fires on the altars of art—Raphael's Sistine Madonna, Rossetti's Last Supper, Sarto's Holy Family. These and their kind are the product of the concentrated genius of art, the union of the streams of the ages. The men who gave them gave

more than all the rest, save One who gave life on yon distant Calvary. As art has sown sparingly, so has nature. There are few masterpieces of the great painters, but fewer of the Master Painter. The Creator left his messages of daily life everywhere when his hands fashioned this world of ours, but his elegies, his epics, his lyrics, his tragedies and his rhapsodies he distributed with sparing frugality. God's great masterpieces are few—the Alps, Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon—but these and their kind awe the soul, inspire imagination, and awaken life in dead bones. They speak to man a varied language, and like Bethlehem's star lead him across the trackless desert to the eternal city beyond. But we are better to the handiwork of man than to the masterpieces of nature. The one we preserve with the greatest care, the other ruthlessly destroy. It is the crime of the ages that the great pictures are being bartered, sold for money, and the monkey that nibbles the paint and penetrates the canvas to see what is behind has come into possession. The wealth of these nature-pictures is inestimable. To put it in dollars and cents would be blasphemy. As well compute in terms of cash a mother's love, or a wife's tender devotion. The Alps are the wealth of Switzerland, yea, more, the wealth of the world. In ages past men of brain and soul lingered long before those vistas of rocks, mosses, and snows, all engulfed in silence supreme, and from thence went out to bless the world.

But why should an American condemn those in another continent who persist in ruining one of nature's great classics when in his own country the least attention is paid to such things? Perhaps it would be better to clean house first—more logical, at least. But some problems can only be solved by inversion. At any rate, it is easier to see the faults of others than one's own. We, on this side, have our share of nature vandals—those who would stock Mammoth Cave with skunks, cover Central Park with apartment houses, and turn Niagara Falls into a veritable power house. But is it not time to call a halt? Can the world afford to be deprived of its great nature classics? Shall not the vandals be hanged on the gibbet of public scorn, and their bodies thrown into the crematory of public wrath? If not this, how shall go the race when the forests, the mountains and the roaring torrents shall be

turned into commerce and bartered in the markets of the world? How shall live the prophets and seers when buyers and sellers fill the once awful solitude of gorge, mountain, steppe, and icy trail? Where shall dwell the sons of God when gold shall have destroyed the ideal and the dreamer is laughed to scorn? Will not the dews cease to fall and the rains refuse to water the earth? Will not the fountains be sealed, and the world and all its bounties perish? When Niagara is no more, and the great nature classics are destroyed—when the Alps are fallen—then the gods must needs again rear them high and again paint them beautiful in order to protect their chosen people and teach them the ways of life.



Art. X.—BROWNING'S IDEAL OF LIFE

An Interpretation of "An Epistle of Karshish"

In every essential particular Browning was an idealist. He believed in the supremacy of spirit, but at the same time thought that the body and the soul should work together as a unity in which flesh could help soul as much as soul could help flesh. This reciprocal helpfulness, however, does not mean the equality of flesh and spirit, for Browning regards the spirit as supreme, and life, in its final term, as spiritual. This is the chief element in his view of life and the informing thought of all his poetry. Notwithstanding, one of his poems is commonly interpreted in a way that appears inconsistent with this view. "An Epistle of Karshish" is often thought to mean that life is injured by being too spiritual; for to be overspiritual is as fatal as to be overworldly. One critic, who seems to have led in this interpretation, says that "in this crucial example Browning shows how the exclusive domination of spirit destroys the fullness of human life, its uses and powers, while it leaves a passive life crowned with an unearthly beauty." Another expresses a similar thought as the meaning of the poem: "For a wise and proportioned conduct of this life we must not be too conscious of the spirit and its ideals." And many others follow in the same strain. There is not wanting, however, a feeling of dissatisfaction with this type of interpretation, though, perhaps, no one has done more than to suggest its inadequacy. One writer, indeed, after apparently accepting the usual interpretation, ventures only to say that "Karshish . . . is incapable of understanding Lazarus." An examination may show that this is the case, and that the entire poem should be interpreted from this point of view.

The poem presents no criticism whatever of the mental and spiritual condition of Lazarus. Its motive is to present the inability of Karshish to appreciate the spiritual experiences and the resulting rule of life of Lazarus. Its subject would not appear to be the raising of Lazarus, as one critic suggests, but the opinions of Karshish on the strange case of the resurrected Lazarus. And

here, as Browning frequently does, he presents dramatically the views of another not to approve them, but to expose their shortcomings. Whatever criticism, therefore, appears in the poem is directed to the scientific and intellectual Karshish rather than to the spiritually-minded Lazarus. Karshish is a physician wholly given up to the scientific view of things—or, at least, as far as possible—and in interpreting his "strange case" he exposes not the defects of the spiritual condition of Lazarus but the shortcomings of his own point of view. The poem really is an arraignment of the mere scientific view, that disdains spiritual conditions and causes, and ignores spiritual phenomena, and by implication is a tremendous plea for the reality of the spiritual. This is the keynote of Browning's view of life. Any interpretation of Browning would seem questionable that involved the suggestion that one of Christ's miracles was injurious to a man's spiritual condition or detracted from his fullness of life. Browning so completely believed in Christ as the perfect and Divine One that he would not so present any of his miracles. Moreover, a plain interpretation of the poem seems, rather, to be that Karshish is incapable of understanding the high spiritual and altogether excellent condition of Lazarus that resulted from the wonderful miracle wrought upon him. The poem presents, incidentally, the moral and spiritual significance of one of Christ's greatest miracles. It is necessary to distinguish between the facts that are reported by Karshish, which as a scientific man he is able to report correctly, and the opinions he expresses about these facts. If one takes the trouble to go through the poem, observing the facts recorded and overlooking the opinions, he will probably be surprised to find that the facts recorded about Lazarus are altogether commendable, but that the opinions of the scientific interpreter of these facts are full of fallacies. Only once in a while, when Karshish allows his spiritual nature to assert itself, does he express adequate opinions. This is seen especially at the close of the poem, where, casting aside his science for a moment, he expresses, not without considerable doubt, the idea that, perhaps, after all, the All-Great is the All-Loving too. But even this he does not allow himself to consider except with fear and trembling. It, nevertheless, expresses his

deep and heartfelt conviction; and it is this impossibility for the scientific mind utterly to cast out the spiritual that Browning seeks to express. From the opening lines of the poem it is clear that Karshish is not altogether a materialist, but a scientist given up wholly to worldly knowledge. For this he is ready to make sacrifices and to endure great hardships. He travels about as a "vagrant scholar," through many countries, in search of knowledge to send to Abib, his "sage at home." Here and there he picks up bits of learning, about this herb and that spider, till he comes into Palestine and encounters the strange case of Lazarus. This, too, as a bit of medical experience he must report to his master. He proceeds to discuss the case in true medical fashion and to account for it on medical principles. Lazarus has not really been dead and raised to life again; he is merely the subject of a kind of mania, or, perhaps, has been in a trance for three days. Then he was restored by some drug or some kind of art that "'twere well to know." However, he is left "whole and sound of body," though not of mind, and fully believes he was dead and restored to life by a "Nazarene physician of his tribe." Karshish then considers how Lazarus "takes up the after-life," for this is the test of the good or bad effect upon him of the delusion, or miracle, and the first thing he says about him is that "this grown man eyes the world now like a child." Though this seems not to meet with the approbation of Karshish it cannot be called a bad characteristic, in view of the fact that the same One that restored him to life demanded of all his followers that they should become as little children. The mind of Lazarus was so preoccupied with other things that he was not even sufficiently interested in the scientific inquisition of Karshish to pay much attention, but instead watched "the flies that buzzed; and yet no fool." The condition of Lazarus is further described as:

> "Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
> Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing heaven";

A condition, he might have added, had he known enough of the history of the "physician," which was also true of Jesus. As a consequence, in the opinion of Karshish, Lazarus has lost all sense

of the right proportion of things. He does not take any interest in great political movements, such as the threatened war, and is no more concerned with besieging armies than old Archimedes, or than Browning himself. He would not be distressed even by the death of his child, but was very much concerned about what might happen to the child "at play or in the school." Karshish cannot understand why he is less concerned about death than about life, for he does not know that, to a man who sees things as they are, life is much more serious than death. But Lazarus is so spiritually-minded that even while his feet are on the earth, like the Homeric heroes, his heart and his head are in the heavens. He does not even see right and wrong as does Karshish, but has such high ideals that he is forever seeing " 'It should be' balked by 'here it cannot be.' " It is very difficult in this world to realize moral and spiritual ideals.

But Lazarus is not altogether indifferent to the earth life. He engages in his trade as ever, though "professedly the faultier" in worldly matters "that he knows God's secret while he holds the thread of life." He cannot any longer live for himself; but now his especial marking is "prone submission to the heavenly will," a characteristic he apparently acquired from his association with the "Nazarene physician." Lazarus, then, had reached that ideal relationship with God which marked his master as the Perfect One. Toward man, too, Lazarus had come to live the ideal life. He did not "preach the doctrine of his sect," but practiced it instead. He is not fanatical, nor is he apathetic; but lives a kind of life that even Karshish is almost ready to acknowledge is the ideal life:

> "Contrariwise, he loves both old and young,
> Able and weak, affects the very brutes
> And birds—how say I? flowers of the field."

Lazarus had reached the exalted condition of soul described as ideal by Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner," and he also had reached it through an unusual spiritual experience:

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all.

He had found out how to love God and man, and even the brutes and birds and flowers. He was, moreover, as harmless as a lamb, a creature almost as harmless as the dove that Jesus told his disciples to emulate. Nonresistance had become his doctrine, as it was his master's. The only thing he resisted was evil; and this only for a moment:

> "Only impatient, let him do his best,
> At ignorance, and carelessness, and sin—
> And indignation which is promptly curbed."

All this was after the fashion of "the Nazarene physician." Lazarus had attained to the divine ideal of life as exemplified in Jesus, who represented the perfect life to Browning as well as to Lazarus.

Karshish cannot conclude without reference to the physician who had worked this miracle, at once physical and spiritual. He goes on to say that

> "This man so cured regards the curer, then,
> As—God forgive me!—who but God himself."

And the poet presents him as wondering if that can be true. Karshish is not yet ready to believe that the great healer is divine, but after turning aside to a few words about herbs, etc., he comes back and almost hopes that it is so. He thinks it really would be excellent if God would reveal himself not only as Great but also as Love:

> "The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
> So the All-Great were the All-Loving too."

In this poem, then, Lazarus is not condemned but Karshish, if "condemn" be not too strong a word. Lazarus, because of his experience of the eternal, through the miracle of Christ, is enabled to live the ideal life. He now has a much larger than a worldly view of things, and is able to see things *sub specie æternitatis,* to use Spinoza's phrase. Hence he is interested but little in the coming and going of armies, or anything else of a worldly nature, but is wholly absorbed in the moral and spiritual welfare of his children and others. He is now entirely spiritually-minded, and

lives with his eye on the larger and eternal relations of things. He lives in perfect submission to the will of God, is a good father and a good man, and loves all things.

Browning was not lacking in due appreciation of "the wild joy of living"; nor did he fail to know "how good is man's life, the mere living," for he was healthy and hearty in body and in mind. But among English poets he takes, perhaps, the most transcendental view of the world and of human life. His place in modern thought is that of a prophet of the spiritual. His idealism did not call for the neglect of the body but for its complete domination by the spirit. Neither need annihilate the other, but the two should form a complete union in which, however, the spirit, as the greater factor, should be supreme. Such was the life of Lazarus as presented in the poem. And even Karshish, deep down in his heart, sees its beauty and tacitly acknowledges its excellence. He is, furthermore, almost ready to believe that the "Nazarene physician" who brought about such an ideal condition in Lazarus must be divine, the union of the All-Great and the All-Loving. But he knows what the intellectual Abib will think, and so apparently casts aside all disposition to give credence to the story by making the concession that Lazarus is but a "madman"; yet is still haunted by the lingering thought that, perhaps, after all, Lazarus may be right.

A. W. Crawford.

Art. XI.—"NEW WORLDS FOR OLD"

"New Worlds For Old"! There is challenge in the phrase. One may not pass unheeding its call to eager discovery, high adventure, arduous toiling. "It shakes me like the cry of bugles going by," as the call "Westward ho!" shook the manhood of England in the days of good Queen Bess, as the vision of "a new heaven and a new earth" has shaken true men in all the centuries.

The world owes much for impulse toward noble achievement to the heralds of Utopias, whether they would build them in Virginia or in the moon. The men of the market place will always scoff at the coming of the dreamers, but now and again the dreamer saves the nation, takes the reins of world-empire in his hands and incidentally feeds the scoffers. No man will ever tell how much of the achievement of the Elizabethan age in English literature and government was due to the new life set moving by the sturdy seamen who sailed the Spanish seas with undiscovered land always gleaming before their prow. So let us give glad welcome to the men who call to the making of new worlds, for this is not the bugle blast of some lone knight errant, but the war cry of a host whose very spirit and purpose finds interpretation in the title of this "little book of explanations."[1] Their dreams, if dreams they be, are such stuff as the world is made of, for they have been working while they dreamed and show us the new world making before our eyes. Their Utopia, if such it be, has enough of sober science for its foundation, and of definite construction in its program to chill the spirits of the visionary and stir the blood of the practical idealist. And all is set forth with such sweet reasonableness; "with no presumption of finality," as "no panacea, no magic 'Open sesame' to the millennium"; with such delightful modesty; "with a lively sense of his individual weakness and the need of charity for all that he achieves," and again, "For us the best is faith and humility, truth and service, our utmost glory is to have seen the vision and to have failed—not altogether," that one understands when one

[1] New Worlds For Old. By H. G. Wells. 1908.

has read the book why the movement whose voice it is includes some of the strongest preachers of the English Nonconformist pulpit: Clifford the Baptist, veteran of the Passive Resistance fight; Rattenbury, the most brilliant of the younger Wesleyans, and Campbell of the City Temple, to say nothing of a group of the finest minds in the Established Church. For when the ideal sounds in such fashion of calm reason and practical achievement, what else dare a man do but go with it? If it be dinned into his ears with the continual clash of brazen trumpets he may refuse it for sheer weariness, but when it softly sounds afar the strains of choirs unseen it haunts his dreams by night, and by day it will not be denied. He must rise up and follow it. Now that multitude whose spirit and purpose are thus set forth are called—let me say it softly, for there is something in a name, as the bad dog and the man from Nazareth well know—Socialists, though not all of them would call themselves by the title. It is our misfortune that the type of Socialist whose spirit animates this book is not more fully represented in the United States. In this respect we are twenty-five years behind England, but may find some comfort in the fact that we move quickly when we do move, for our irrational and destructive individualism does not "reign unchallenged," as Mr. Wells believes. It is true, however, that a man can hardly be a Socialist and be considered respectable among us, and he finds it very hard to own that name and retain his intellectual self-respect. But the time has now come, notwithstanding that the Socialists are the Samaritans of the orthodox commercial world, for the full acknowledgment of the fact that they are also its idealists. Any and all of their recent books make that plain. Says John Graham Brooks, a competent critic:

> The most obvious of facts is that no world movement now carries with it a more impressive idealism. The more recent literature is so informed with it that one seems to be dealing with a religion. In Spargo and Janres we are in the presence of the same moral revolt against competition, and the same religious faith that men are capable of a nobler and more unselfish social order.

This is the fundamental thing in Socialism; its passionate faith in the possibilities of life in a day when, under the sobering

influence of science, faith had grown dull and sluggish even in the temples of religion; its fervent proclamation of new worlds when life seemed to have grown cold and weary with the old world's age and our pessimistic literature was filling the air with the wailings of despair and the gaspings of death. With these goes the strong constructive purpose. There has been no lack of destructive criticism, and on our side of the water we have heard little else, but "you will find upon analysis that this criticism amounts to a declaration that there is wanting a sufficiency of *Constructive Design.*" The "essential Socialist idea" is to make "an orderly plan for the half-conceived wilderness of human effort." It strives to make humanity collectively self-conscious, to give it a "governing idea of itself"; it would bring order out of the present confusion and chaos of the collective mind and so develop a collective will; that is, it would have humanity take hold of the forces that constitute the social order and shape them to a desired end; in short, consciously control social progress, and so turn natural law into moral law. Here we have a union of two elements that have never come together in like fashion before. The conception of a new world of human relations, an unselfish social order, is religious. The conception of the orderly organization and control of social processes is essentially scientific. The latter is the contribution of the Western world to the civilization of tomorrow, the former is the gift of the older Orient, voiced supremely in the words of Jesus. They come together in the Socialistic conception of social progress despite Kipling's claim that

> East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet,
> Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.

It may even be that this union ends the old conflict between science and religion, that here they join hands with common purpose for a common task. Therefore this movement has supreme interest for the teachers and the preachers of religion, who above all others must know its spirit and its aim. As one reads its interpretation there come ringing into the background of one's consciousness, like the strains of some old song, phrases of the Prophets, the Gospels, the Apocalypse: "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men

shall dream dreams"; "Jehovah hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the poor . . . to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted them of low degree." "The kingdom of God and his righteousness." "Thy will be done on earth." "The city of God . . . coming down from heaven." "A new heaven and a new earth." Do these sound faintly as some lost chord in our anthem of praise? With all our religious doing, have we left undone the development of this heritage of social ideals? With all our intense activity to set the individual free from his sin and bring him into conscious fellowship with the great Father, have we failed of time for the present building of the kingdom? In short, if there is work of social reconstruction going on, if men are to be met with the imperative challenge of a new social order of unselfish relationships, if new worlds are to be made, whose is the business?

Most emphatically must it be said that Socialism cannot be understood unless it be considered as a social movement, and that not merely as a blind process of social evolution, but an increasingly self-conscious development, "a moral and intellectual process." One who would comprehend it must be sensitive to all our complex social activities as well as a student of its literature, and here is where its critics have failed. They have attacked its political programs, but "it is not a political movement: it may engender political movements, but it can never become a political movement; any political body, any organization whatever, that professes to stand for Socialism makes an altogether too presumptuous claim." They demolish its constructive proposals as utterly impractical, unaware of the fact that "to many questions the attitude of Socialism today is one of confessed inquiring imperfection," that it presents no cut and dried social plan, but some general principles to be gradually applied and practically developed, that it claims nothing more than to be "the imperfect and still growing development of the social idea, of the collective good will in man." They destroy its economics and philosophy to their complete satisfaction, utterly abolishing Marx, in entire ignorance of

the fact that modern Socialism does not depend upon any great leader, saying, "None are too great to serve this idea, and none so great they may control it or stand alone for it"; that it is rapidly revising the Marxian analysis of economic activities with its neglect of psychologic, biologic, and moral factors; that it rejects his fatalism and its forecasts, seeing "that there is a possible alternative to . . . the triumph of the revolving proletariat . . . their defeat and the establishment of a plutocratic aristocracy"; that it utterly refuses the dramatic climax of his "class struggle" process: "It repudiates altogether the conception of a bitter class war between those who Have and those who Have Not," believing that the industrial democracy may come "methodically and unromantically, a revolution as orderly and quiet as the procession of the equinoxes. . . . And the class war come disguised beyond recognition with hates mitigated by charity and swords beaten into pens, a mere constructive conference between two classes of fairly well-intentioned, albeit, perhaps, still biased men and women." This notwithstanding those American Socialists who cry, "You can believe in anything else you like if you only believe in the Class Struggle." Far beyond the boundaries of political organizations, economic creed or social philosophy extends the general movement which may be included under the term Socialism. Even though Wells has a tendency to "brand all the mavericks on the range," as the cowboys would say, while it might perhaps be more strictly limited to those component parts of it which have attained self-consciousness, yet it is unquestionably the synthesis of an increasing number of intellectual and moral tendencies, the movement not of a class but of the "best elements in every class," the coalescence of many practical social efforts.

> Its worst enemies are those foolish and litigious advocates who antagonize and estrange every development of human good will that does not pay tribute to their vanity in open acquiescence. Its most loyal servants, its most effectual helpers on the side of art, invention, and public organization and political reconstruction may be men who will never adopt the Socialist name.

This may seem somewhat vague, but the reader of Wells will find no lack of definite classification of Socialistic activities and tenden-

cies. He will find the nature of these determined by their contribution toward the orderly and conscious organization of the social process, the "essential Socialist idea." He will find a further concrete test in their relation to the two "main generalizations of Socialism," which are set forth with clearness. The first of these is that the "community as a whole . . . and every individual in the community . . . should be responsible for the welfare and upbringing of every child born into that community. . . . It is not simply the right but the duty of the state . . . to direct, to inquire, and to intervene in any default for the child's welfare." Now the chronicle of current social reforms is full of the practical recognition of this principle and of the actual extension of the responsibility of the community in preventing and supplementing parental default. How far this will go, to what extent it will become positive in the endeavor to raise the standard of children at birth, is for the future to determine. What is important now is the shift of modern Socialism from the economic to the biologic basis, the recognition that "reproduction, and not production, is the more central part of social life." Religion, too, must recognize that this matter of reproduction is fundamental to the realization of the kingdom of God, must concern itself vitally, not simply with divorce but with the whole question of sexual relationship. No cheap sneers at "the stud-farm theory of social progress," or "the stock-breeding idea" can obscure the simple fact that the development of a finer, more spiritual social order depends upon producing a generation that shall be better than its parents. No thrashing of the argument over "heredity" and "environment" with windy controversy can blind us to the fact that both can be controlled and made to contribute to the development of nobler beings. We must realize the community responsibility for the conditions of birth and upbringing as well as for the entire relationship between the sexes before our city of God become practicable. The second main generalization of Socialism is that "the community as a whole should be inalienably the owner and administrator of the land, of raw materials, of values and resources accumulated from the past, and that private property must be of a terminable nature, reverting to the community, and subject to the general welfare." The fact that

this principle of public ownership is being continually modified by Socialists is interesting, but the important fact for religion is that the argument against the private ownership of the necessities of life is based entirely upon its moral results. "The love of money" may not be "the root of all evil," but no man can observe the spiritual disasters of our industrial conflict, the moral tragedies of the struggle for possession without becoming convinced that the whole question of property, its ownership, and its relation to life, has to be reopened in the light of the teachings of Jesus if his commandment of brotherly love is to be anything more than a beautiful abstraction. If religion ever expects to realize upon earth the brotherhood that Jesus commanded she must first apply practically his principles regarding property, and these, the Socialist says, will result in the substitution of public for private possession and use of all public necessities and utilities and will find the basis of title to all other property, not in power, nor cunning, nor the accident of birth, but in service. In the enunciation of the forces upon which this movement depends for its realization there soon appears the justification for the statement: "In a sense Socialism is a religion; to me it is a religion." This has more definite basis than the familiar statement: "The ideals of Socialism are the Christian ideals." The intelligence that Socialism presupposes, the collective mind without whose creation it cannot be brought about, appears to be something more than mere mental stuff. It is "the *soul and moral being of mankind*" as well as "the collective mind of humanity." "The necessity of the collective will" is "implied," for the collective mind has "to will social order and development." Therefore the claim that when the desired mental changes are effected "Socialism becomes a mere matter of science and devices and applied intelligence" falls to the ground. It is necessary not only to develop a social self-consciousness but to set it to work not only to get men to see what has to be done but to get them to do it. This is perceived by Wells, even though he has not clearly worked out this part of his subject. He recognizes that here spiritual forces enter his problem, though he is not fully aware of their nature. It is the "breath of life already confessedly there" which must be realized in "this shaping body of the civilized state of the future." The task is

"to ennoble the intimate personal life." "It means a general change in the spirit of living, it means a change from the spirit of gain (which now necessarily rules our lives) to the spirit of service." And this personal change, upon which the creation of the social self-consciousness and the effectiveness of the collective will must depend, is being achieved by "Good Will," which is "working through the efforts of men," bringing about "a secular amelioration of life," "constantly working to make order out of casualty, beauty out of confusion; justice, kindliness, mercy out of cruelty and inconsiderate pressure." And something more:

> Here is my creed tonight. I believe—out of me and the good will in me and my kind there comes a regenerate world—cleansed of suffering and sorrow. That is our purpose here—to forward that. It gives us work for all our lives.

Thus does the meaning and challenge of this movement to organized religion begin to appear. If the spiritual forces dimly emerging in it are to be made clear and fully developed, if men are to understand the nature of this "Good Will" working in men, if men's lives are to be changed from selfishness to brotherly love, if the spirit of service and not the spirit of gain is to rule our collective life, who is to do it? "New Worlds For Old." "A New Heaven and a New Earth." Again I say: Whose business is it?

Harry F. Ward.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

EMERSON says: "The scholar's secret is this—Every man is my master at some point, and at that point I learn from him."

A PREGNANT and illuminating statement was made by the German philosopher, Jacobi, when he said: "Man anthropomorphizes in thinking God, because God theomorphized in creating man."

ALL the reasons for trusting God at all are equally reasons for trusting him utterly; and all the reasons for consecrating anything to his service are equally reasons for entire consecration. In both cases anything less than utter and entire is unreasonable.

THE following passage from Adam Bede is pregnant with wisdom, common sense, and religion: "Paint us an angel if you can, with a floating violet robe and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands,—those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house,—those rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world,—those homes with their tin cans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people, who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness. *It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes.* . . . There are few

prophets in the world,—few sublimely beautiful women,—few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellowmen, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. . . . I herewith discharge my conscience and declare that I have had quite enthusiastic movements of admiration toward old gentlemen who spoke the worst English, who were occasionally fretful in their temper, and who had never moved in a higher sphere of influence than that of parish overseer; and that *the way in which I have come to the conclusion that human nature is lovable—the way I have learnt something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries—has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar, of whom you would perhaps hear nothing very surprising if you were to inquire about them in the neighborhoods where they dwelt.*"

A HUMBLE spirit, manifest in submission to Providence, is wise and decorous. A recent critic contrasts Sir Henry Wotton's large and sane humility with W. E. Henley's lack of it. Wotton makes a brave protest against the world's dominance, in his immortal verses entitled "Character of a Happy Life":

> How happy is he born and taught,
> That serveth not another's will;
> Whose armour is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his utmost skill;
>
> Whose passions not his masters are;
> Whose soul is still prepared for death,
> Untied unto the world by care
> Of public fame or private breath. . . .
>
> This man is freed from servile bands
> Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
> Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And, having nothing, yet hath all.

This, says our critic, is a note struck many times before Sir Henry Wotton's day and caught up from him by innumerable poets since then. Perhaps the latest echo of it in our own age is in the defiant lines of W. E. Henley:

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

"Whose passions not his masters are!" wrote Sir Henry Wotton. By the side of his calm strength and clear-eyed submission to Providence is it too much to say that Henley's tortured challenge is but a poor bit of fanfaronade after all? Defiance is a passion like another, even a tawdry and insubstantial thing for the most part, and in this rebellion against fate a man may forget that he is still a slave to his own insurgent heart. It was not in such a spirit that Wotton, the Elizabethan, prayed to be *lord of himself,* but *in the large humility of self-knowledge,* wherewith by comparison the romantic revolt of modern song is but a feverish tossing within the bondage of egotism. For it must not be supposed that the true source of Wotton's poem was any pique at fortune; rather it came from that self-recollection which he carried with him through all the contrarieties of life's game. A humble submission to Providence is better than a passionate defiance of Fate.

"A SUCCESSION OF STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS"

THAT is what certain psychologists say you are—you who have been supposing yourself to be somebody, in fact posing as a person in the universe. How do you like your new name? It does not resemble the one by which you were baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. There is no Christian ritual which recognizes you as "a succession of states of consciousness." We heard the heathen, Swami Vivekananda, of India, say to a room full of men and women: "There is not a person in this room. We are not persons." Our "advanced" psychologists seem to have caught up with the ancient and musty doctrine of this Buddhist monk. We are reminded of the speaker who began his address thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are three kinds of progress—progress forward, progress standing still, and progress backward." In such a time as this it is comforting to learn that Professor Bowne's great book on Personalism is one of the "best sellers" in our book stores.

An Irish policeman understood that it was his duty to disperse rioters. Reporting to headquarters that he had found a riot on the street, cross-questioning elicited from him the fact that the riot had consisted of one man who was uproarious and disorderly. Being asked what he did with this rioter, the guardian of order answered, "Sure, I dispersed him." That is what certain scientists and philosophers have attempted to do with a Personal God. And it is interesting to note that having finished to their own satisfaction that somewhat gigantic task, they next proceed to "disperse" the human personality and to show that man is only "a succession of states of consciousness."

Some who have supposed themselves to be persons, living souls, morally responsible free agents, are vaguely indignant at being called "a succession of states of consciousness," as the fishwoman was when Dr. Johnson called her a parallelopipedon or a quadrilateral hypothenuse, or words to that effect. But an eminent English physician, perceiving the shallowness of such teaching and resenting such degrading and deadly doctrine concerning the human being, delivers his soul's disgust in definite denunciation and keen ridicule of the advanced psychology which calls man "a succession of states of consciousness." There is no denying that the one-sided business of dealing with the body alone tends to make materialists out of some medical students and practitioners. Yet a goodly proportion of the ablest physicians are avowedly Christian men. (No doctor not a Christian should ever be allowed to enter a Christian home professionally. Any other policy is variously dangerous. We speak what we do know.) Not a few men of highest rank in the profession are of like spirit with a famous gynæcologist who, on parting from another physician of note, presented him with J. Stuart Holden's book, The Price of Power, writing on the fly-leaf: "To my Friend in the Faith, a good-by gift. 'Be filled with the Spirit.'" The doctor who received that earnestly spiritual little book carried it about with him in his coat pocket for weeks, dipping into it at every opportunity, until he must have been filled with its spirit.

An inspection of the long list of names on the faculty of one great and far-famed medical college, and an inquiry into their attitude toward religion, discovered that the professors who dealt with anatomy and physiology—with the mechanical and material side of the human being—were more apt to be skeptical of spiritual realities; while those whose professional business was more nearly related to the

mental side, and to its physical implements, such as the nerves and the brain, were preponderantly men of faith. And one other suggestive fact which appeared in the list of professors was that all whose specialty was to minister to women were reverent and believing men. There is something in the spirituality and religiousness of a good woman's nature which will not let the man who comes near her be an unbeliever in things high and holy. Good women are the purification and ennoblement of the world.

The eminent English physician above referred to, addressing medical students, began thus:

"I want to say what I think about current psychology. I believe that many students, by a loose and offhand notion of psychology, go into practice believing what is not true. Illogical talk drifts like a mist through hospital life, all tending to deny that the word 'psyche' (the soul) has any meaning. I hate that sort of talk." He warns his students against the dangerous and deadly influence of the materialistic notion that man can be explained on the theory that he is nothing but temporarily conscious and self-conscious matter, and shows the absurdity of describing him as only "a succession of states of consciousness." To the young doctors he says: "The soul is or the soul is not: we must choose between the two doctrines, and our choice is a serious business for us and for those who take their cue from us. It is said that in Paris, all through the Reign of Terror, there were stupid people in the quiet parts of the city who never heard the tumbrils rumbling on their way to the guillotine, nor ever knew that anything more was happening than the usual discontent, the usual mob-oratory. If that be so, they have their parallel today in the stupid people who never hear the tumbrils of experimental psychology escorting Psyche, the soul, on her way to be explained away. . . . As for me, I cannot believe that I am 'a succession of states of consciousness,' or a stream, or anything of the kind. How a stream of states of consciousness can be conscious of itself, conscious (as is my case) that it is neither a stream nor a state when all the time (according to certain psychologists) it is a state of a stream, and therefore is not a stream of states, yet is a stream and therefore is nothing at all, yet is conscious of streaming, and therefore must be something—how all this can mean anything in reason and common sense, let them elucidate who hold that 'psyche' means nothing at all. There is something in man which is neither matter in motion, nor mere sensation, nor states in succession. This something lives on experiences, which

it judges, and places, and times, and connects, and compares, and remembers. It abides in a flux of objects, all of which it has and is aware of, none of which it is. Out of ether-waves striking the sensory nerves, it creates sensations; out of sensations experiences; out of experiences its proper life. Yet these achievements are trivial compared to its more active work. For it has a will of its own, this psyche, this soul in man. In a world which is made of results, it manages somehow to be a cause. It is real, nonmaterial, permanent. It cannot be explained in terms of matter. I never could see why everything or anything should have to be made of matter in order for it to be real. . . . I believe in the reality of myself, and in the freedom of my will; and I believe that we, addressing ourselves to the universe, are as real as the universe, addressing itself to us. . . . I find no logic in the fashionable but nonsensical phrases about streams of states of consciousness. I stick to the old and respectable conviction that *I am what I am,* which is a comfortable doctrine, and more than comfortable since it does not outrage logic or common sense."

For a man to call himself a psychologist, a student of the science of the soul, and then teach that there is no psyche, no soul, is as absurd as for a man to call himself a physician and then insist that there is no body. To such psychologists our physician says: "I do not see the good of researching into Psyche without believing in her. If a man believes that she is only a succession of states of consciousness without any body there to be conscious that these states are successive, his researches will be as vague and resultless as those of a blind man looking in a dark room for a black hat that is not in the room." Believing in psyche, this doctor believes in the communion of spirit with spirit, in the influence of soul upon soul, in telepathy and premonitions, and hypnotism, and thought-transference. He says: "I believe that psyche may call to psyche; but I do not believe that a succession, which is a word, not a thing, can call to another succession, or do anything, or be anything. I could as well imagine two calling to two, begging it to come and make four." Doubtless he agrees with Tennyson's lines:

> Speak to Him, thou, for He hears; and spirit with spirit may meet.
> Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands and feet.

Goldwin Smith, writing of the poet Cowper's religiousness, and noting especially his habit of using frequently religious forms of expres-

sion, says that such expressions can easily be translated into the language of psychology or even of physiology; and that a skeptic (he himself, for example) can bear such expressions like a philosopher, because, the implication is, they mean nothing to him beyond a mere matter of the nerves. The skeptic, to be consistent, would have to maintain that a man's love of purity, and truth, and right, and honor can be explained by physiology, and that a mother's love for her child is a mere physiological phenomenon. It is to be hoped that the skeptic's mother is dead and beyond the affront he offers her in return for her devotion. In comparison with him the man who merely botanizes on his mother's grave is a noble and elevated being.

That man cannot be completely stated in terms of physiology is the emphatic and somewhat needed message of this eminent physician to his medical students whom he endeavors to safeguard against the unspirituality, the crass, shallow, purblind, and degrading materialism which sometimes infects hospitals and medical circles, and which with the aid of so-called physiological or experimental psychology (which our physician says is really mere physiology and not psychology at all) explains away the human mind and soul until nothing is left to be conscious except the cerebral hemispheres of the man. That it is the brain which is conscious and self-conscious is a most preposterous notion, as this incisive surgeon shows in the following caricature of the random talk which he hears calling itself psychology:

> Listen now to materialistic psychology's explanation of consciousness. When we strike a match there is a splutter and a flare, which are the atoms of the match and the atmosphere performing a new sort of dance. Nothing is added to what was already there; no fresh elements or forces arrive on the gay scene. The atoms are the explosion, and the explosion is the atoms. They hurry up, they change step, they exchange partners—that is all. Before we struck the match they were dancing, as it were, the second figure of the Lancers; now they are dancing the third figure, pulling and pushing in that hilarious fashion which is called Kitchen-Lancers—that is all. Even so it is with consciousness. When something strikes us, there is a splutter and a flare, which are the atoms of our cerebral cells performing, in the crowded ball-room of the brain, a new sort of dance; and that is all. That dance is consciousness, and consciousness is that dance. Consciousness is neither the music which accompanies the dance, nor the reaction which follows the dance: it is the dance; it is atoms in motion. Of course to dance this particular figure the atoms must be accustomed to dancing, and there must be enough of them to make up a set, so many ladies and so many gentlemen: and then they can dance till they are tired, and that dance is consciousness. But, we know, it is possible to dance less than sixteen; indeed, a child will dance all alone, without so much as a barrel-organ. Even so it is with consciousness. In its simplest form consciousness may be observed even in very humble structures. As, by putting a penny in the slot, we obtain,

if the automatic machine be going, a measured projection of chocolate or of scent, or of two foreign bodies called cigarettes, or an electric current, or the exhibition of a moving picture, or the liberation of a balance, so, from the amœba, if it be going, we get something out, some faint consciousness, a mere glimmer; still, it is the real article, what there is of it. When we stand in the presence of nobler creatures, such as the oyster, we see movements more definitely purposive; and begin to feel fairly sure that the sun of consciousness has arisen. We are for a time puzzled, because the oyster has several centers set apart, and far apart, for consciousness; and it is hard to see how an oyster can be conscious in three or four places at once; and this difficulty is not diminished, but rather is increased, when we contemplate the earthworm, which is a sort of common lodging house of consciousness, with a double row of cubicles right and left all the way up. But, when we come to the frog, we know where we are; for we can see at a glance that the cerebral hemispheres must be conscious of the rest of the frog, and that the rest of the frog cannot be conscious of the cerebral hemispheres. Here, at or about this level of life, we find special organs, brains, so complex that they must of necessity be conscious. But of what are they conscious? Is it of themselves, of their own atomic motion, their own chemical changes? Not a bit of it; they are conscious of sensations, dim pleasures and pains, heat and cold, light and darkness, taste and smell. They feel, they perceive. From this point onward, it is easy to observe the development of consciousness; the brain, as we ascend the scale of life, beginning to divide its experiences into self and not-self. At first it was conscious; at last it is self-conscious. Henceforth, it remembers, imagines, thinks, and wills, or thinks that it wills. It reads and writes, pursues the fine arts, invents God, takes an active interest in politics, and, if it be lodged in a male skull, has a vote. Behold, gentlemen, yourselves: you who are so highly differentiated brains that you can understand anything, even the false doctrine which I have here repeated to you. For I no more believe that my brain is self-conscious than I believe that two and two make five. All the same, I have given you a fair caricature of the random talk which calls itself psychology.

Our physician thinks he sees where psychology has gone wrong and he points it out to his students as follows:

She is so anxious to be a complete science that she refuses to be surprised at the universe: she affects the cold matter-of-fact demeanor of the sciences which are exact and complete. They cut me, they cut me dead, these sciences; they fix a vacant stare, and slay me with their noble birth; and psychology, that she may get into their set, imitates them. It is not their way, to wonder that the universe is here; they are sure that nothing in nature is unnatural or supernatural, and that the infinite is only the rest of the finite. Chemistry is not surprised when salt dissolves in water, nor botany when a bulb turns into a hyacinth, nor biology when an egg, discarding its original design for a pair of gills, turns into a chicken. They would be ashamed, these quiet gentlewomen, of gasping and exclaiming over normal phenomena; they never forget themselves in Ohs and Ahs, like the crowd at the Crystal Palace when the rockets explode. Therefore psychology, that she may be admitted to their circle, apes their tone.

She insists on it, that she is a science. In vain her wise servant, Professor James, tells her that she is not; and that, of all places, in his Text-book of Psychology. His first words to her, on page 1, are to the effect that she is not a science: and his last words, on page 468, are to the same effect. He begins by shaking the dust of her house off his feet, and he ends by shaking them again, to make sure. On page 1 he calls her a provisional beginning of

learning, and says that she must stick to her own arbitrarily selected problems, and ignore all others. "Psychology," he says on page 2, "as a natural science, deals with things in a partial and provisional way. In addition to the 'material world,' which the other sciences of nature assume, she assumes additional data peculiarly her own, and leaves it to more developed parts of philosophy to test their ulterior significance and truth." On page 468, the last page of all, he fairly lets himself go: "*This is no science, it is only the hope of a science.* The matter of a science is with us. Something definite happens when to a certain brain-state a certain *sciousness* corresponds. A genuine glimpse into what it is would be *the* scientific achievement, before which all past achievements would pale. *But, at present, psychology is in the condition of physics before Galileo and the laws of motion,* of chemistry before Lavoisier and the notion that mass is preserved in all reactions. The Galileo and the Lavoisier of psychology will be famous men indeed when they come, as come they one day surely will, or past successes are no index to the future. *When they do come, however, the necessities of the case will make them 'metaphysical.'*"

The italics, I am proud to say, are mine. And there the book ends, with a final warning to Psychology that her assumptions are provisional and revisable, and that she is groping in great darkness. . . . Now I love a textbook of psychology which begins and ends with the assurance that I need not be frightened, though the experimental physiological psychologists furiously rage together, and imagine a vain thing. Professor James is like Jehu. Psychology paints her face, and tires her head, and looks out of the window; and "*Throw her down,*" says he, and treads her under foot. Then, when he has gone in, and has eaten and drunk in the house of Philosophy, "*Go,*" says he, "*see now this cursed woman, and bury her: for she is a king's daughter.*" And they go, and find no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of the hands.

She *assumes* the material world. It has an inverted comma on either side of it, and she assumes it in spite of those warning signals. She *assumes,* also, certain additional data peculiarly her own, which have not had their ulterior significance tested, nor their truth. Who told her that she might do that? Who gave her those data? If nobody gave them to her, if she simply took them, in what sense are they her own? I might *assume,* provisionally, the name of John Sebastian Bach: but would it be my name? And what is the difference, if any, between the ulterior significance of a datum, and its truth? Or between ulterior significance and any other sort of significance? And what measure of faith do we owe to the hope of a science?

"*At present psychology is in the condition of physics before Galileo.*" That is a blessed sentence; and I will have it framed and glazed, and hung where I can lie in bed and look at it next time I am ill. It is a great help; it leaves the mind so free, to have such a text before the eyes. Even more soothing is the promise that future psychologists, who will really know what psyche is—alas, I shall not live to see that day—will be, by the necessities of the case, philosophers. There they are, that angelic host, the necessities of the case. Far above the additional data which have not yet been tested, and the great darkness in which this unscientific science gropes, the necessities of the case stand and wait. What will they do, what will they not do, in that day of Armageddon when they shall take Psychology seriously in hand?

Suppose that I ordered a coat; and that it arrived piecemeal, a loose lot of parts, cut out but not sewn together. With the coat, this letter: "Please to kindly regard this consignment as provisional and revisable. We are forwarding to you the data of your coat, as per esteemed order. Their ulterior significance

must be tested by some more developed firm. This is not a coat, it is only the hope of a coat. We send you the matter of a coat, something definite, which has happened: but we regret that we have not been able to obtain a genuine glimpse into what it is. When we do you will be pleased to find that the coat, by the necessities of the case, will put itself together. Hoping for the continuance of your valuable patronage." Such a letter would make me think that tailoring is not an art, any more than psychology is a science, for all her assumptions. And I make bold to say that Psychology, or, at any rate, a certain talkative lady who calls herself by that name, is not very scrupulous what she assumes, nor very careful of her honor. . . . And when she says that we are streams of states of consciousness, she is talking nonsense, not science. The soul is not explainable by physiology.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS

Heaven and hell are within us. Many a man is damned long before he is dead. Many another is sainted although not yet ascended. And still others, the vast majority, neither angels nor devils, are in the intermediate state while yet in this mundane sphere.

"Heaven" is a word which stands for certain moral qualities far more than for any definite location. It is a convenient, concentrated, symbolic expression for a particular condition of soul, a special grade of character. The material imagery which Oriental taste selected for representing vividly and visibly this blissful condition, so that the crudest and least spiritually developed minds might not be without comfort and stimulus from this source, has passed away, as it has in the case of the darker region; at least, it means but little to us. It has become not so much a help as a hindrance. It confuses and misleads the mind at present, so that we need to make an earnest effort to put it out of our thought in order that we may the better grasp that which is really essential and free ourselves from these extraneous matters which too long have usurped the foreground and assumed an importance not belonging to them.

Primarily and essentially, what is heaven? It is a constant vision of Jesus, and a perfect oneness with the will of God. These are the essential things. Secondary and superficial are the physical joys and immunities which we commonly associate with the state of bliss. These may be possessed without conferring any genuine happiness. They may be absent and yet the all-conquering soul, in the very midst of privation and pain, may rise superior to circumstances and assert its glorious supremacy, its unfettered freedom. That the soul, when it reaches its fullest development, its largest liberty, will shape to itself a fitting investiture, will control outward conditions, may be

freely admitted; but the soul it is that rules forevermore, and heaven is nothing but a matter of its moods. Heaven begins for us when we begin to love God and gaze into the reconciled face of our Saviour. Heaven expands around us and within us in proportion as we grow in the knowledge and favor of our heavenly Father, in the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit, in the perception of, and assimilation to, our Lord Jesus Christ. Heaven does not reach its consummation, or take on supremest meaning to us, until our faith and love have attained their highest possible augmentation, and our oneness with the divine will is absolute. Hence our association of heaven preeminently with a future state of existence is correct; but it is not correct, not well, not wholesome, to let the word be monopolized by the future, or to fix our attention chiefly on mere accessories of a spectacular sort that are of minor consequence. The thing that counts is present character, not future surroundings. Increasingly this thought has taken, and is taking, possession of the mind of the age, and is finding expression in our poets and hymn-writers. Even Milton, two and a half centuries ago, put into the mouth of Satan (Paradise Lost, Book I) such words as these:

> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
> What matter where if I be still the same,
> And what I should be?

And still again, a little further on (Book IV) he says:

> Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
> And in the lowest deep a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
> To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

Another writer of the same century said:

> How far from here to heaven?
> Not very far, my friend;
> A single hearty step
> Will all thy journey end.
>
> Hold, there! Where runnest thou?
> Know, heaven is in thee.
> Seek'st thou for God elsewhere?
> His face thou'lt never see.

A more modern poet, after describing a stalwart, fire-proof faith, unfaltering, unwavering, unshakable by the tempests' might, defiant of all foes and woes, fearless, firm, immutably fixed on God, abiding invincible to the end, exclaims:

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

This is literally true. It is lack of faith, weakness of faith, failure of faith that keeps heaven out of our lives, robs us of our peace and joy; this, and nothing else. He who says, "I will not doubt no matter what may happen; I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain, and troubles swarm like bees about the hive; I will not doubt though all my ships at sea come drifting home with broken masts and sails"; he who says, "Be the situation what it may, I will not doubt," he lives in heaven and heaven lives in him. If his faith does not fail, his courage will not quail, and God's care will sure avail whatever may assail.

Love also is heaven,

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;

love, and the service to which it prompts, the obedience which from it springs. Hafiz, a Moslem Persian poet of the fourteenth century, says:

Look not beyond the stars for heaven,
Nor 'neath the sea for hell;
Know thou, who leads a useful life
In paradise doth dwell.

Most manifestly true is it that a useful life, if it has the right source and the right end, if it is God-inspired, God-directed, God-controlled, contains the sum and substance of heaven. To do all things, little and large, for God only, out of love to Jesus, with a pure motive, in simplicity and all sincerity—what is this but heaven?

While God is mine and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

Whittier similarly sings:

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

"In him all my wants are supplied," cries another, "His love makes my heaven below." And still others: "'Twas a heaven below my

Redeemer to know"; "His presence makes my paradise, and where He is 'tis heaven"; "On land or sea, no matter where, where Jesus is 'tis heaven there." The poets take this tone, they catch this cadence so very generally and easily, because the facts of experience so fully bear them out. James Russell Lowell writes of an ancient saint this couplet:

> Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
> To know that heaven is in God's will.

He was most assuredly right, for the infallible Teacher, in the prayer which he put upon the lips of his disciples, impressed forever upon them two thoughts about heaven: one, that it is the abode of the Father; and a second, like unto it, that heaven is where the Father's will is done. And neither of these things is susceptible of postponement, or exclusive transference to the celestial regions. They greet us here and now. Granted that heaven is God's dwelling place, the Father's chosen house. It is precisely that which makes a heaven of earth; for God dwells in the hearts of his people, they are most emphatically temples of the living God, sacred sanctuaries where he delights to live. It is not a figure of speech; it is a most blessed reality. For "God is love, and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." To tell such an one to "practice the presence of God" is very much like telling him to practice being himself, for, so long as he is what he has become through divine grace, or what God has made him, he is all the time in the immediate presence of God; he constitutes a part of that presence; where he stands is holy ground; God speaks within him and speaks through him. They two are so joined, so identified, that "neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creation," nor all creation combined, shall be able to make any separation between them. For such a one heaven is not simply or chiefly a glorious prospect, it is a present aspect; it has more than dawned upon him; it has poured into his soul "the light that never was on sea or land"; it has given him to be attended by that vision splendid which naught can cause to fade away into the light of common day.

He who knows and loves and does the will divine, always, in everything, without reservation or hesitation, swiftly, easily, heartily, exultantly, has been brought into a large and wealthy place for which there is no more suitable name than heaven, for it is in this way that there God's will is accomplished. The chief step into this abode of

the blessed is through the gate of an absolutely surrendered will, is by the stopping of all contention, even the very least and slightest, with the everywhere acting God. When one has no smallest controversy with him at any point, when one is perfectly satisfied with all his arrangements and appointments, all his delays and denials, what is this but paradise, the inheritance of the saints in light, where there is no darkness at all, no night, no tears, no death? Their tears God wipes away, their sorrow is turned into joy, they find that in his service pain is pleasure, with his favor loss is gain. Their sun no more goes down, neither does their moon withdraw itself, for the Lord is their everlasting light, their God their glory, and all the days of their mourning are ended. They cannot die any more, for they are already dead unto sin and self. Dying with Christ, crucified with him on his cross, with him they have risen from the grave, so that they live to him and in him alone, live the resurrection-life of power over all evil; the ascended or heavenly life, in which they seek the things that are above where Christ is, and set their minds no longer on the things of earth. This is heavenly-mindedness. They who have this mind supernal, the mind that was in Jesus, look at all things from the standpoint of the other world. They take a wholly different view of sin, of money, of pleasure and honor from what is common. They see this earth with opened eyes, eyes very close akin to those of the little ones, whose "souls have sight of that immortal sea" which brought them hither, for "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home," and "heaven lies about us in our infancy." Yes, more, it lies within us then, and to preserve it or restore it is our task in later years. It is the infants, the little, little children, to whom the Master points us when we seek to learn the characteristic traits of the kingdom of heaven. He bids us look to them as models. "The kingdom is of such," he says. Which certainly must mean at least three things: that we are to be teachable, trustful, simple. Yes, to be free from artificiality and affectation, to be open, frank, sincere, not guileful nor crafty, unfolded for the inspection of all—that is a heavenly trait without doubt. So is freedom from suspiciousness, from being opinionated, obstinate, self-willed. How sweet and beautiful to be thus, to be humble, docile, care-free, love-full! It is heaven.

Such are they who do always behold the face of the Father, and have easy access to the throne. Such are they who, taken together, constitute the celestial city, the New Jerusalem, which has come

down to us from God and yet enthrones God, the bride of the Lamb, made up of those with whom former things are passed away and all things are made new, of those whose names are in the book of life, who drink of the water of life, who eat of the fruit of the tree that grows with abundance ever vernal on that rapturous river bank, who wear the crown of perfect righteousness. They have no part with that which defileth or worketh abomination or maketh a lie; they sit at the marriage feast; they shine with a brightness of which the stars know naught. Day and night in his presence they sing to him and serve him; they see his face and do not sin; they reign with Christ forever. Hallelujah! All this is ours here and now. So again we say, as at the beginning, heaven is within us. It is an atmosphere, a spirit, a policy, a manner and method of walk and work. O the blessedness which it shows to be our portion! O the restfulness and joy, the sweet satisfaction and solid security, the riches of glory, the radiant, redolent splendor! What a mistake to put it far away and think of it as beyond the sky. It is ours for the asking, if by asking we mean an absolutely irreversible surrender to the divine will. For that surrender brings a constant vision of the Christ, a communion with the Master over common things which makes the most ordinary life sublime. This is the philosopher's stone which turns the dirt of the street into purest gold. This is the fountain of perpetual youth, for over these death has no power. Their youth is renewed like the eagle's; their life is redeemed from destruction; they are crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy. Let us all have this, let us have all this, for it belongs to us. Then we shall never think of inquiring as to whether or not we shall *go* some day to heaven. The question will be an impertinence. Being already in heaven, no mere changes of season or place can make any change in our state. We shall wake up in that other land in God's good time, when the gentle angel of death shall have freed us from our earthly fetters, to pursue with emancipated powers the very same objects that so long have occupied us here, to enjoy the same blessed vision of the Saviour, only with clearer sight, and to meet again in a permanent reunion those loved ones whom for a little season we have sorely missed. Our surroundings will be different and, no doubt, better, but exactly the same spirit which bade good night to these familiar scenes will bid good morning to those unfamiliar ones; and the more of heaven we have on these earthly shores the larger and brighter and gladder will be our heaven where Jesus comes yet closer to the enraptured soul.

THE ARENA

"WELLHAUSENISM ON THE WANE"

THE METHODIST REVIEW for November-December, 1908, p. 974, contains an unsigned note bearing the title which I have placed above in quotation marks. The title does not surprise me, for I have long been accustomed to hear from various quarters that Wellhausenism was dead, or was dying. It must have had many lives to be able to die so often. However the case may be as to its vitality or its decadence, the paper to which I now refer ought, it seems to me, to be courteously corrected in at least one important point, because it is misleading and does an injustice to a personal friend of mine. The paragraph to which I desire to take exception is as follows: "One of the latest British writers to attract attention for his apparent relapse from Wellhausenism is the Rev. C. F. Burney, M.A., fellow, lecturer on Hebrew, and librarian of Saint John's College, Oxford. This erstwhile advanced higher critic has written a paper, entitled 'A Theory of the Development of Israelite Religion in Early Times,' in the Journal of Theological Studies. It is quite lengthy; for that reason it will be impracticable for us to give anything more than a very incomplete synopsis. The main contention of the article is to prove that Moses is, after all, the author of the Decalogue, and that the Hebrews were not as ignorant of the great principles of religion at the time of the Exodus—he believes in the Exodus and the wilderness journey—as Wellhausen and his disciples would have us believe." Now, in this curious paragraph Dr. Burney is called an "erstwhile advanced higher critic," and an attempt is made to show that he has suffered an "apparent relapse from Wellhausenism." Neither of these two things is true in any way whatever. In the very article to which reference is made Dr. Burney *expressly* avows his adherence both to higher criticism and to Wellhausenism. I beg the candid reader to consider carefully the following words of Dr. Burney which I quote *verbatim* from the first page of his article. The passage requires close reading, but its meaning will be plain to any man who knows anything of biblical criticism. These are Dr. Burney's words: "I have long felt that the commonly received critical theory of the development of the early religion of Israel (that is, prior to the middle of the eighth century B.C.) stands upon a very different basis from the documentary hypothesis of the Pentateuch, and the theory which is bound up with this of the priority (broadly speaking) of the prophetic to the legalistic period of development. This latter hypothesis, with the reconstruction which it involves of our view of the development of Israel's religion *after* B.C. 750, may now be regarded as proved up to the hilt for any thinking and unprejudiced man who is capable of estimating the character and value of the evidence. The former is, I believe, very largely a matter of subjective assumption." In this passage Dr. Burney

expressly claims that he accepts the very core and center of Wellhausenism. He goes so far as to say that it is "proved up to the hilt." He proposes in his paper to discuss only "the commonly received critical theory of the development of the early religion of Israel." But this is not an essential part of Wellhausen's theory at all. Numerous adherents of Wellhausen have differed with him upon that. The essential things in his theory are, as Dr. Burney says, (*a*) the "documentary hypothesis of the Pentateuch" and (*b*) the "theory . . . of the priority . . . of the prophetic to the legalistic period of development." Both of these Dr. Burney defends with all his might.

I am sorry that this sort of a correction should be necessary. It is lamentable that anybody in a most praiseworthy zeal to defend what he understands to be an essential point in Israel's religion should be betrayed into such misrepresentation of the views of another. I am jealous of the reputation of our Methodist journals, and cannot pass an instance of this kind. I take no exception whatever to the writer's expression of the hope that Wellhausenism is waning. That is his honest conviction. But I do say most earnestly, and I believe quite courteously, that there is nothing to be gained, and very much to be lost, by deceiving ourselves into the belief that Dr. Burney has had a "relapse." Wellhausenism seems to me to be a pretty vigorous theory still. If we wish to be rid of it, I fancy that we shall have to fight it with *weapons forged directly out of its own armory.* It will do us no good to make vain assertions that it is waning, and so delude the unthinking into the false notion that they need not pay any heed to it, for it will soon be gone.

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THE SPIRITUAL ORIGIN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT CANON

There is in the minds of some of our preachers and thoughtful laity a feeling of perplexity respecting the canon of the Holy Scriptures. Such questions as these are arising: "Who decided upon the canonical books of the New Testament?" "By what authority did they act?" "How do we know that they included all the inspired books and excluded all the uninspired?" "Why was this decision delayed till after the middle of the fourth century A.D.?" It is not our purpose to answer the questions seriatim but to make some statements which will relieve the perplexity. The delay was not the delay of the decision, but the delay of its announcement by a general council of the Christian Church. The real decision was made by the spiritual intuition of the pentecostal church in the apostolic age. Our Saviour said to the twelve: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he the Spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into the whole of the truth." This is the rendering of Tholuck, and it is sustained by the Greek grammar. The whole domain of religious truth, for the proclamation of which the Son of God came into the world, he promised his apostles would be laid open to them by the Paraclete. They were to receive it for the whole world through all its

successive generations on the earth. This implies a fixed standard to be completed during their lives. Such a standard could not wisely be left to oral tradition but to writing, the safest vehicle for its preservation. Luke informs us that different writings detailing the words and works of Christ were many. The spiritual instinct or intuition of the apostolic church made its choice, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, of the best documents for its standard or canon. But there were some books about which there was a debate and their admission to the canon was deferred. Those books which were immediately and universally received as the inspired rule of faith and practice were called the homologoumena, "the acknowledged," and those about which there was disagreement were styled the antilegomena, "spoken against." The first are the four Gospels, the Acts, thirteen Pauline epistles, First Peter and First John. The others are Hebrews, James, Second Peter, Second and Third John, Jude, and the Apocalypse. Have we, then, a perfect standard? Yes; it is found in the homologoumena. Every essential Christian truth is found therein. "But," says one, "the premillennial visible reign of Christ on earth is omitted, an essential truth." The church never so thought, since it is not found in any one of the summaries of fundamentals called creeds, the Apostles', the Athenasian, the Nicene, Augsburg, Lutheran, and Anglican. Then, again, should not a doctrine, like a fact, be attested by more than one witness? Chilliarm stands, or rather tries to stand, on a solitary text. When Christ said, "I have yet many things to say, but ye cannot bear them now," was premillennialism one of them? Would not the apostles rather have leaped for joy to hear him indorse their Jewish vagary of the Messiah's earthly reign enthroned in Jerusalem a thousand years, with James secretary of state, Peter the head of the war department, and John postmaster-general? Even after Christ's resurrection the eager inquiry was about setting up his earthly kingdom. When he said, "the Paraclete will show you things to come," what a comfort he might have bestowed by unrolling the scroll of the future and disclosing this pleasing doctrine! Why did he deny them this pleasure? Because it was not on that scroll. The epistles of Paul reveal things to come of a sad character, a great apostasy before his second coming and "the man of sin, the son of perdition . . . sitting in the temple of God—possibly Saint Peter's—setting himself forth as God." A sad picture is this "falling away" from Christ, which Christ left for Paul to disclose to the church, it being too heavy a burden for the twelve. Believing as we do that the antilegomena books are inspired, we can afford to omit them from our argument, because we have the WHOLE truth without them. To those who say that James teaches a doctrine of justification in opposition to Paul we reply that Paul insists on faith producing works, and James on works faith produced, and Paul's definition of justification is the pardon of a sinner, and James uses the same term to indicate the approval of one who has been already forgiven. Hence the homologoumena and the antilegomena are in perfect harmony, containing the WHOLE truth. They constitute a standard not made by the vote of any council, but by the consensus of the whole church, the council of 357 simply confirming it, just as the whole church changed the Sabbath

rest day, and the Emperor Constantine for the benefit of the courts proclaimed the first day a civil day of rest. When the Methodist Episcopal Church was formed in Baltimore in 1784 they confirmed the canonical books of the Bible, but they did not create an authoritative standard. They did exactly what the Council of Laodicea did in A.D. 367 and nothing more nor less. Neither of them added an item of truth found in the standard created by the apostolic church in the Biblia Homologoumena.

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THE OLD CHURCH AT THLAXCALA, MEXICO

IN Mexico's ancient capital, now a modernized and splendid city, are many notable buildings in an excellent state of preservation which date back almost to the time of the Spanish conquest. The building which has for thirty years been occupied by the Methodist Episcopal Church of Mexico City stands upon ground that possesses a strange history. Here, in the heart of the present business section, a great Indian ruler once maintained a menagerie of wild beasts which were pitted against each other in an immense arena built for the purpose. What a picture presents itself to the mind in this contrast of uses! On this spot, where, centuries ago, pagan rites were performed and wild beasts fought for the entertainment of savage spectators, a Christian sermon is now preached every Sunday. Where human lives as well as animal lives were probably sacrificed for brutal amusement, as in the Coliseum of Rome, Christian prayers now ascend and precious souls are saved. Surely this may be considered an eloquent tribute to the progress being made throughout the world. The spread of Christianity into the remotest parts of the world has redeemed benighted lands and the darkest corners are penetrated by the light of the gospel!

A few short city blocks away from this spot, where now the beautiful Alameda, with its wealth of foliage and bloom and lawn, offers peaceful rest to tired humanity, there was maintained through many sad years an Inquisition whose cruelties were never surpassed by those of the Old World. Now, in this sweet and restful spot, fountains send up their refreshing waters where once flowed the blood of innumerable martyrs, and the music of songbirds is heard where once the agonizing cries of men and women condemned to the cruelest torments ascended to heaven. And quite as near, but in the opposite direction, stands today a pretentious chapel more than two centuries old, which is said to have been built in return for the consent of Rome to the marriage of a brother to his sister in order that the title to vast properties might be perpetuated in the name of a powerful family of that period. Where, in the days of the Aztec rulers, a huge sacrificial stone was kept red with the blood of human beings, the lesson of Christianity is now taught in many tongues, to enlightened minds, and Christian churches, great libraries and institutions of learning flourish. In another part of the city are still standing the walls of the Inquisition buildings wherein were pronounced the horrible sentences that were afterwards enforced on the spot now occupied by the Alameda. And near these

forbidding walls, which inclose so many gruesome memories, is the official home of the honorable Minister of "Education and Fine Arts"—as if to emphasize the depth and breadth of the gulf separating the two periods of history which they mark. It has required hundreds of years to effect this transition from mental and spiritual darkness to mental and spiritual light. But has not the expenditure of time and effort, great though it may seem, been amply justified by the glorious results?

Until the coming of the Spaniards, almost four hundred years ago, Mexico had never known other than pagan worship. In the year 1519 the army of Cortez began the construction of the quaint little church at Thlaxcala, now the capital of the state of the same name, from the pulpit of which was preached the first Christian sermon in the New World. Near this pulpit is the onyx font from which were baptized the first converts to Christianity in the Thlaxcalan nation. These were the most distinguished members of the first Senate and were at least a dozen in number. Their names are carved on a stone tablet inserted in the wall of the church immediately over the onyx font and almost opposite the pulpit. These men had bravely resisted the advance of the intrepid Cortez only to capitulate to his priestly advisers and meekly accept the eternal truth and forever abandon paganism. Thus Mexico awoke from her spiritual lethargy, and today Christ is known throughout the length and breadth of that beautiful land.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

A POSITIVE THEOLOGY IN THE LIGHT OF EASTER

PROLOGUE: Occasionally there comes into the preacher's life an invoice of power aflame with moral truth. Into my own life there came, a few months since, such an evangel. Its message is quick and powerful. It revivified my faith, illuminated judgment, strengthened purpose. I refer to the Lyman Beecher Lectures, before Yale University, by P. T. Forsyth, D.D., in a volume, Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind, published by Jennings & Graham and Eaton & Mains. It comes nearer than any book which I have seen setting forth in discriminating language the issues now confronting, and many times harassing, the preacher. Never, in the centers of population, was the preacher more in need of helpful scholarship. The Book Concern did a service of immeasurable value in the publication of these lectures. This article is not a review of the book, but is the writer's summation of his own convictions as the truths of the book burned into his mind. Some of the words are Dr. Forsyth's, and the article is written in the hope that many a preacher will secure the book and study the sweep and force of the entire message. The larger the experience of the preacher, and the deeper his study, the more will he be enchained by the sublime and living message it is given him of God to speak. Ministers who are dealing with the "liberal mind," or with a laity impatient of the old gospel, wil see from Calvary Humanity's awful plight and will behold new glory in God's eternal tidings of love and judgment. I arose from the study with the above subject filling my mind.

I. THE PREACHER

The first asset of the preacher is faith grounded in knowledge; a faith which is the cause, rather than the effect, of his experience; a faith which has content and outstretches his experience—indeed, the combined experience of the church. For, as the cosmos outreaches his horizon, so the "*ethos*" of his message is greater than that of his age or of history. Positivity of utterance to the preacher is imperative. His message is based in soteriology rather than in cosmology. The center of his message is the historic Christ, as distinguished from the physical, or from the metaphysical Christ; Christ as Redeemer, Atonement, Mediator. In this threefold relation to man's moral need is the eternal fact that God has revealed in the cross his holiness, which is the basis of his love. Christ is the "only Son begotten in love," for we, "the other sons, are begotten of grace." Thus, the death of Christ is something done *to* God, but done *for* man. The cross embodies God's entire moral act. In it sin is exposed and condemned. The preacher deals with men through Christ by the way of Calvary. The real superscription written is not the word of Pilate, but God's decree: Mercy for the penitent, condemnation for the incorrigible, and the immu-

table holiness of God. It is this message, and only this, that makes the preacher a moral force, a creative agency for righteousness, and distinguishes him from other teachers, and makes his message a sacrament. This message brings Easter to the soul, for Easter follows Good Friday. The resurrection comes after the atonement and burial, and then but to them who believe. This is the preacher's message. Let him beware. But, if he understands, and has himself come into the new resurrection, it is his also to rejoice. If in the cross there is law, so is there love, and after the resurrection there is light.

II. The Modern Mind

How will such a message comport with the modern mind? The answer is, It is the most adaptable and vital and practical story the preacher can bring to his age. It is so because it is highly moral, founded in God's holiness. The cross exposes man's moral obliquity and condemns him. He is lost in iniquity and undone by sin. He is so in any age. The cross startles, it is full of moral poignancy. It uncovers man's egoism, selfishness, estrangement from God. The positivity of such a message to this hour is either a stumbling-block, foolishness, or the power of God and the wisdom of God. It segregates society because it discriminates between man's moral need and God's holiness. The preacher who administers at "the altar of the cross" is always modern. There is no official definition of the "modern mind." Likely it is the mind of each age. But what kind of a mind is that? The question gathers interest. Is there a New York mind? A London and Calcutta mind? Is it the mind of Goethe, or Nietzsche, or Kant, or Darwin, or Ibsen, or Tolstoy, or what? Let us linger here awhile. Shall we suppose that the historic modern mind began with the Reformation? Luther's slogan, "The just shall live by faith," rediscovered the individual, and faith as the point of spiritual contact. Man was reaffirmed to be a moral person whose right it is to deal with God at first-hand by virtue of the High Priest, Jesus the Christ. That made Protestantism. This age is full of that truth. It lives among us. Later, another element entered into our thinking, which we call evolution. It characterizes our thinking, for the place of evolution as a cosmic process is fixed. But let us understand, for this is vital. Evolution has to do with cosmology. The preacher is not a "cosmologian," but a theologian! There is a mighty difference. He is a messenger of grace, and a grace which is supernatural. He cannot, and if he is wise, he will not try to ignore the cosmical process, yet it is not in evolution he gets his message but in revelation. He is not to preach a "Christ evolved *from* our good, but a Christ *sent* to us from God." Christ is not a product but a gift; not a development, but the Eternal Son. His message is of a supernatural Christ. "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." That is his ultimate word. "The best contribution the preacher can make at present to the new theology is to deepen and clear the old faith."

But in the modern mind criticism finds a large place. What shall the preacher do with that? He is not true to his highest mission if he does not know what it is. The more he knows of it the more the evidence that

he does know will appear in his utterances, but that will not be his message. For he will know that the message is not the letter, but is *in* the letter. The sheep need pasture and water and shelter. The gospel gives all. The dates of the rocks, the ages of the hills, the period of the waterfall, the origin of the soil, these the sheep do not need to know in order to live. They might know them all and perish. Still, the preacher must not be an "obscurantist," for had Peter been that at Pentecost, the second chapter of Acts might not have been written. He need have no fear, and will not if his faith gives him knowledge. Nor must be become an "impressionist," playing upon the prejudices and emotions of the multitude. Nor must he precipitate into an "intellectualist," for a positive gospel does not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. And here is the crux. The preacher is "redemptionist." Thus are we back to the centrality of the cross: the cross, God's moral act; the gospel, his saving Word. The preacher declares an act and speaks a Word. But the act and the Word are both divine. This is creative of the new man, in Christ Jesus. Here rests the positivity of the message. It makes Easter. "Christ carries home to us not the existence of God but the grace of God." He opens to us not so much the tomb (though he does that), but he gives to us the abundant life. Life thus is one Easter Day, or, as another has said, a sacrament.

III. Speech

Language is the vehicle of truth. The preacher being the successor of the Hebrew prophet, rather than the Greek orator, his speech will betray him. He will speak the language of the kingdom. His emphasis will be upon saving, instead of speculative truth. He is a praying man, and prayer clothes itself in contrition, petition, supplication, repentance. He is the preacher-man, and his garments are fragrant of the Book, and he cannot but speak its great words. He believes in inspiration, but if he is a scholar and has searched the matter through, not in plenary inspiration; but (says Dr. Forsyth) he should always find it difficult not to believe in plenary inspiration. Still, he is a student of, and a heralder of, God's great words.[1] How far shall he reject the classic and historic terms and use instead the modern? Every preacher has asked that. The creeds are historic symbols, and it is supposed he is familiar with them. The creed words were born in the fire of controversy, and are full of learning, of well defined ideas, of burning passion. In this matter Dr. Forsyth cautions the minister that immanence must not be substituted for incarnation, nor infirmity for sin, nor, we may add, a so-called love, fit only for weaklings, for judgment. True love always is aflame with judgment. Conviction must not take the place of repentance nor education of regeneration. "I cannot conceive a Christianity to hold the future without words like grace, sin, judgment, repentance, incarnation, atonement, redemption, justification, sacrifice, faith, eternal life" (page 288). We may need to clothe the message in modern fabric, but great care must be taken that toggery, rags, or garments

[1] Word Studies in the New Testament, by Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, should be in every preacher's library.

too small for the man are not put on.[1] He is addressing men of moral need, and his message is more to the conscience than to the intellect. The preacher is declaring not principles and forces, but obligations, moral delinquencies, motives, the will of a Person to a person. He is not to declare a new theology, but the new life. He may do this in a new emphasis, and in new formulas, and should do so with a faith that has "grasp, mass, and measure." When he comes to his task thus he will not be perturbed by a restatement of doctrine, nor by a new theology. It will not be so much to him whether the theology is new, as to see that it is not "liberal," for that would be fatal. A modern theology may ring true to the old, and so may a new theology, but a "liberal" theology, never.

IV. The Church

The church is the custodian of a positive gospel. The Christian propaganda is: "Jesus died for our sins, and rose again for our justification." He came out from God and went back to God. The church carries neither the gospel of the synoptics, nor of John, nor of Paul, but the gospel of the New Testament, in which the Christ word is center, with the emphasis of the synoptic, the Johannean, and the Pauline. The church is militant, but must be vigilant; cosmopolitan, but individualistic. Her mission is world-wide and time-wide. The centrality of her message is the atonement, the practicality of it the resurrection. The church "is designed to be a brotherhood of moral persons dominated by Jesus Christ." This is the gospel for the anti-Christian mind of any age, or for the unsettled mind. It is the antidote for an unintelligible demand, that the church shall come to the plane of the age. So the church, in the crucified and living Christ, is the precursor of a new race,[2] which God has undertaken to create. "When a man is in Christ he is a new creation." This divine enterprise begins in grace, but it culminates in the individual who elects God as his King. "The rim of destiny is by God's decree, but the personal center of destiny is by man's choice." The church is often accommodative to a clamoring public, which is unbelieving, whereas Dr. Forsyth declares she should confront the public. She will win by breaking with the age.

This is a gospel of startling positivity—old but new. Not anything so modern. To this the church must be true. Her message is teleological. She (not the preacher so much, but he also) is the "hierophant" of God and of his purpose. The emphasis of her word is on her ascended Christ. Easter signifies an empty grave, but much more a humanity resurrected into eternal life.

The summary is: God, a Holy Person; Christ, the Atoning Person; the Spirit, a persuading, guiding Person; man, a moral person, but in Christ, a redeemed person, fitted for fellowship with God in the new brotherhood.

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[1] See Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, essay on "Clothes."

[2] The Christian Faith. Curtis.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

JERUSALEM

No city on earth is dearer to Jew and Christian, or has attracted more attention than Jerusalem, the ancient capital of David and the scene of the sorrows and sufferings of great David's greater Son. "Truly this is the most interesting city on the globe," and will ever continue so to be. Historians and poets have vied with each other to describe its sites and to sing its praises. Not the historian alone but the archæologist too has tried these many years to wring out its story from beneath its crumbled walls and subterranean passages. Excavations of the holiest of places have been carried on with more or less interruption for wellnigh a century, nevertheless, the greater part of Jerusalem remains unexplored, and owing to the density of its population and the sacredness of so many of its buildings a thorough excavation can never take place.

It was in 1833 that Bononi, Catherwood, and Arundale made a careful survey of some sites in and near the city. Five and nine years later our own Dr. Robinson, and several of his former pupils, who had now become residents of Palestine, spent a long time in a thorough and scientific study of the topography, ruins, and buildings of the Holy City. Then came, in quick succession, the surveys and explorations of Englishmen, most of them, officers in the British army, such as Aldrich, Symonds, Wilson, Warren, Conder, Gordon, Kitchener, and others of less repute. Other nations, too, have had their representatives on the ground. Of these we may mention Pierotti, the Italian; Clermont-Ganneau and other French savants; Architect Schick, who spent a long life of careful study in Jerusalem, Herr Guthe, and other distinguished Germans. And last of all, several modern Americans have rendered efficient services in the exploration of Jerusalem. Professor H. G. Mitchell has given us an excellent paper on the "Walls of Nehemiah," and Dr. Bliss, the expert digger, in connection with A. B. Dickie, carried on important excavations from 1894 to 1897; and then Dr. Selah Merrill, whom we shall notice later.

The literature on the subject of Jerusalem is very extensive and growing every year. A mere list of such books would more than fill the space allotted this paper. We shall, therefore, limit ourselves in this discussion to two works recently published. The first is by Professor George Adam Smith, who needs no introduction to Bible students in any English-speaking country. Some years ago A. C. Armstrong & Son issued Professor Smith's Historical Geography of the Holy Land, a volume without a peer in this line of study, and one which has passed rapidly through one edition after the other. The same firm now publishes two large volumes by the same author entitled Jerusalem: The Topography, Economics, and History from the Earliest Times to A.D. 70. The publishers have done a fine piece of work. The maps, the illustrations, and the type

are all that could be desired. The volumes, though large, are unusually light and easy to handle. Nearly every page in these two volumes impresses the reader with the versatility and wonderful erudition of the distinguished author, who begins his work with a chapter entitled "The Essential City," which, to use his own language, "became the bride of kings and the mother of prophets: a city conscious of her mission among the nations, and in which was felt the presence of God as in no other place in the world. It was here that monotheistic ideas were first grasped and a religion beyond compare was proclaimed to fallen humanity. Perched upon barren hills, practically without water, at some distance from the highways of the nations, with little facility to support a large population, its moral influence was for many centuries unsurpassed. Though other cities of Christendom—Antioch, Alexandria, Carthage, and Rome—were by far her superior in philosophy and spiritual empire, Jerusalem remained the religious center of the earth, the home of the faith, the goal of the most distant pilgrimages, and the original of the heavenly city, which would one day descend from God among men."

Notwithstanding the fact that Jerusalem was for many centuries the religious center of the earth, the meeting-place of the nations, probably no other city has endured so many privations and disasters. Famines, flames, earthquakes, sieges, twenty or more, and as many blockades and military occupations have all united to make life anything but bearable. A bare list of such calamities fills a page in fine print at the close of volume two.

Professor Smith divides his two volumes into three books. Book I is devoted to the topography, sites, and names of Jerusalem, Book II to its economics and politics, and Book III to its history in the fuller sense of the word. It is difficult to say which one of these parts is the most interesting. Different readers will be affected differently, though probably the second volume will be the more popular, inasmuch as the first part of volume one is somewhat technical. We can conceive of nothing written on Jerusalem which can be more readable than the second part of volume one.

Book I opens with the site of the city and facts and questions in the ancient topography. As is well known, this old city, though built upon three or more peaks, is in turn surrounded by higher eminences, so that Jerusalem is an elevated hollow basin between the mountains. This hilly hollow on the hills, with its sloping ravines, measures about two and one half miles from north to south, and in its greatest breadth from east to west one and one half miles. As a matter of fact, Jerusalem never in all its history covered all this area. The author's description of these peaks and ravines, more fully considered in chapters vi and vii, is very vivid. Due attention is given to the geology and water supply of this ancient city. This is right, for the latter depends so much upon the former. Then follows a chapter entitled "Earthquakes, Springs, and Dragons." This, in our opinion, is the least satisfactory and unscientific in all the work, and yet it is evident that Professor Smith is in dead earnest when he discusses earthquakes and dragons. Very often throughout the book he refers to earthquakes when a point is too difficult to settle. But lest we may do

him injustice, we can do no better than insert the following. He says: "For the earthquakes which we know to have visited Jerusalem not only may have affected that exact distribution of the waters on which so many topographical questions depend, but have certainly by their debris masked other features of the site, while the folklore connected with them has possibly influenced some of the names," as for instance, the Dragon's Well (Neh. 2. 13), for was not there a popular superstition that dragons were in some way connected with earthquakes?

The chapter on the waters of Jerusalem is both interesting and instructive. There are only two springs in or near the city, the Virgin Spring, and the Well of Job or Nehemiah, both in the Valley of the Kidron. It goes without saying that the supply from these is far from enough to satisfy a city of any great size. Thus Jerusalem, from very early times, was dependent upon the rainfall—about twenty-five inches a year—which descended upon its stony hills. "This fact explains the very large number and the immense size of pools or artificial reservoirs in and near the city. Besides these public pools there were innumerable private cisterns. Those in the temple area deserve special mention." There are still no fewer than thirty-six or thirty-seven of these great deep basins, thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty feet deep. One of them, called the "Great Sea," had a capacity of two million gallons. The exact date of their construction is not known. Nor is it known how they were filled. Did they depend upon the rains, or were they supplied with living waters from the beginning? Be that as it may, everybody knows that there were two aqueducts from the south; one is in fairly good condition today, and "still carries water from Solomon's Pools to the temple area." In passing we might say that water was brought to Jerusalem from about twelve miles south. The circuitous route taken by the conduit and aqueduct, winding in and around the hills, is fully forty-two miles long. It is also possible that water may have been brought from the north.

We shall speak farther on of the hills and walls of Jerusalem, for Professor Smith has his own views on some of these points. He discusses at great length the location of Zion, the Virgin Spring, which he identifies with Gihon, and places all these on the east side of Jerusalem. He locates the Altar of Burnt Offering upon es-Sakra, and the temple to the west of the latter. The question of the "second wall," as well as the details of the structure and arrangement of Herod's temple, he leaves unsettled.

No one can speak authoritatively of the first settlement of Jerusalem, nor, indeed, is it absolutely certain what part of the land on which it is now built was first inhabited. There is, however, no good reason for doubting that the first inhabitants of this old city were people of small stature and belonged to the stone age. The caves in its limestone hills, and particularly those south of the East hill at Silwan (Siloam), and the large number of flint implements discovered in the vicinity, bear clear testimony to a cave-dwelling population, similar to the early dwellers of Gezer. This primitive people were followed quite as early as B.C. 2500 by a Semitic race, the Canaanites or Amorites of the Bible. Professor Smith,

we think without good reason, "leaves aside the ambiguous narrative in Gen. 14," for it seems to us that Melchizedek, king of Salem, is just as historical as Abd-khiba of Unisalim. To him, the first "sober entrance of Jerusalem into history is about B.C. 1400," when the place is mentioned in seven or eight of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets. Strange to say, these earliest "historical" references to Jerusalem are those relating to a siege. Who can say how often it had been attacked before this time?

Let us now pass to the other book, that from the press of F. H. Revell Company, from the facile pen of Dr. Selah Merrill, sixteen years American consul in Jerusalem, and a lifelong student of Palestine, its history and antiquity. His volume, entitled Ancient Jerusalem, is one of the handsomest we have seen: finer specimen of bookmaking is certainly rare. The plans, charts, engravings, and photographs with which this beautiful volume is so profusely illustrated are genuine works of art, and all of them of very recent origin. Since these so greatly assist in fixing the sites and localities upon the mind of the reader, it would be difficult to overestimate their value. The book, unlike that of Professor Smith, does not profess to be a history of Jerusalem but, rather, a vivid picture of the city at the time when Titus and his cruel hosts entered it in A.D. 70. We doubt whether there is a man living who knows Jerusalem of our day better than Dr. Merrill. He has passed up and down its streets repeatedly, has examined with critical eye its springs and pools, its churches and mosques, its walls and towers, its hills and ravines from tower and minaret, inside and outside. We are at once impressed with his knowledge of localities and sites, so that we passively follow him as our guide through both ancient and modern Jerusalem. He places great confidence in Josephus, whom he regards as "the most defamed and maligned Jew that has lived during the past two thousand years." The Jewish historian may have been extravagant in many of his statements, nevertheless, he probably knew quite as much about Jerusalem of his day as do many writers of our time who discredit him whenever it suits their fancy or when he is not in agreement with them.

Dr. Merrill, like Professor Smith, devotes considerable space to the water supply of Jerusalem. This is well, for so much depends regarding the first occupation of the city upon the location of the springs. Dr. Merrill places Gihon at Birker Mamilla on the west, though Professor Smith unhesitatingly identifies it with the Virgin Spring in the Kidron Valley. It seems to us that Professor Smith's rendering of the Hebrew word *maarabah* is wrong, either in 2 Chron. 32. 30, where he gives it "westward to," or in 33. 14, where he has "west of." Professor Smith disagrees with Dr. Merrill on the location of Sion (or Zion). The former makes "Sion" synonymous with "Ophel" and locates it on the east hill. Sion is likewise the City of David, or the stronghold taken from the Jebusites. Dr. Merrill, on the other hand, locates all these upon the west side. This is in harmony with Josephus and Christian tradition, according to which David's or Zion's gate, David's tomb, David's tower, David's street, etc., are all placed on the west side. Dr. Merrill's chapters on the walls of Jerusalem are very entertaining. He naturally begins

with the present wall, built by Suleiman the Magnificent, about 1540, and traces them backward through the ages, giving special attention to those in the time of Titus and Nehemiah. Like Professor Smith and most authorities, he believes that there were on the north at least three walls in A.D. 70, when the Romans destroyed Jerusalem. "The outer or northernmost wall of the city was built by Agrippa I, and was the *third* wall in order of time. In the siege it is called the *first* of the three walls by which Jerusalem was defended on the north side." Dr. Merrill, agreeing with Dr. Robinson and many others, places this third wall at a distance of from 900 to 1,800 feet north of the present city wall, being farthest from it near the northwest corner. Formerly there were many traces of such a wall, and some remain still, as those near the Russian administration building, and also some 200 or 250 feet of foundations a short distance north of the Arab Protestant church. Indeed, many of the buildings erected near these old traces are evidently built from the stones of some ancient wall or fortification. Here again Dr. Merrill and Professor Smith disagree. The latter says: "On the whole, then, it appears to me that the third wall most probably followed the line of the present city wall." The difficulty of locating the "second wall" forces both Dr. Merrill and Professor Smith to the conclusion that it is impossible to locate either Calvary or the Holy Sepulcher.

The concluding chapter in Dr. Merrill's book, entitled "Rock and Quarries about Jerusalem," is excellent. Here he shows the influence of Phœnicia and Egypt upon Palestinian architecture. The rock in and around Jerusalem is almost entirely limestone. The city itself has little or no stone well fitted for great buildings. The best quarries are at Neby Samwil, about five miles northwest, and at Bireh, eight and one half miles north of the city. In the former we find even at present layers of stone three fifths of a foot thick and sixty feet long. The quarry at Bireh is solid rock without either vertical or horizontal seams. Here it would have been possible to find stones of the magnitude described by Josephus in the construction of the temple of Herod. Some of these are given as 25 cubits long, 8 cubits high and 12 cubits wide, others, 45x5x6. Before charging the Jewish historian with "romancing," let us remember that today the great ruins at Baalbek have three large stone blocks 62, 63, and 64 feet long respectively, and each is 13 feet high. How could such rocks be transported? Dr. Merrill answers thus: "The people who required such stones could have devised means of moving them."

Though the present walls of Jerusalem are less than four hundred years old, the stones used in their construction "represent nearly every era for the past thirty centuries." What silent testimony to three millenniums of history we have in this heterogeneous collection of stones, some large, some small, some perfectly square, some oblong, some rough, some polished and finely dressed, and evidently formerly used in the interior walls of palace or temple, and never intended for the ramparts of a city! Often there are two stones of precisely the same size, from probably the same quarry, the one in perfect state of preservation, the other decayed and ready to crumble.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

A MODERN GUIDE TO THEOLOGICAL STUDY

PAUL WERNLE, of Basel, is a brilliant representative of the most modern theology, the "history-of-religions school." His latest book, *Einführung in das theologische Studium* (Introduction to the Study of Theology), Tübingen, Mohr, 1908, 8vo, pp. 524, M. 7 or 8.60, is the amplest and most varied, though not the profoundest, exhibition of the views, aims, and methods of that school that we possess. The author would not have his book regarded as a formal encyclopedia of theology after the manner of Hagenbach or Heinrici. No attempt is made to give a complete analysis, classification, and history of theological studies, with the registration of all important literature in each department. Nevertheless, the general scheme of the work is essentially the same as one finds in the professedly systematizing encyclopedias. The organism of theology is exhibited under the three general heads historical, systematic, and practical theology, with all the more important subdivisions. Having gone so far in the direction of a rounded encyclopedia, should not the author have gone a little farther? For with all its wealth of subjects, points of view, names and literary references, there are some omissions that will be felt. These omissions, however, should not be judged without due respect to the intended limitations in the author's plan. His is a *present-day treatment* of theological study. But an ideal present-day introduction should, perhaps, give something more of the historical development of the various studies than we find noted here. The greatest names of the past, at least those who still vitally affect theological thought, we find frequently mentioned; but it seems strange to find no mention of men like Martensen, I. A. Dorner, and Beyschlag. Our author, however, addresses himself to actual students, and he strives by the shortest road to set them in the midst of the present theological situation. He seeks to arouse in them the greatest interest in their subject and to lead them to a full appreciation of its incomparable dignity and significance, but, above all, to help them to open-mindedness and sincere love of the truth. In keeping with the author's purpose the book is intensely personal and concrete. Herein lie its charm and power, for it is incomparably more stirring than most of its predecessors in the same field. In a clear and strong way the author leads the reader into the midst of actual problems and endeavors to point the way to their solution. His discussions abound in fruitful suggestions. Wernle is, of course, a most outspoken champion of "modern" theology, and the book is well calculated to win adherents to that school of thought. At the same time, and in spite of its—in our judgment—far too liberal standpoint, it should be welcomed by theologians of a more conservative type, not only because it is free from all narrow partisanship but also and especially because no book shows more clearly the tendencies which they will be called upon to combat.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

Perhaps the thing which most favorably impresses the reader is the author's passionate plea for truth-loving, unfearing, unrestrained research in matters of religion. The conscience is powerfully appealed to. The student is made to feel the "tremendous seriousness" of theological study, and is helped to the conviction that Christianity can have nothing to fear from reality but only from falsehood and error. What Wernle has to say in this direction is calculated to do great good, especially as he castigates a superficial and self-satisfied liberalism as severely as he rebukes an uncandid orthodoxy. With the frankest espousal of the newer liberalism he everywhere sincerely strives to help the student to a real understanding and an *independent judgment.* And while liberal theologians are quoted with much greater frequency than those of a more conservative standpoint, yet there is cordial recognition of men like Zahn, Kähler, and Schlatter. Of living theologians of more liberal tendencies those oftenest referred to are Troeltsch, Herrmann, Harnack, Wellhausen, Gunkel, Bousset, Jülicher. A highly characteristic feature of Wernle's standpoint and method is the frequent—and very serious—reference to non-theological writers, living and dead. Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Schiller, Carlyle, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, etc., are much in evidence. The author's breadth is manifested by his frequent counsel to study controverted questions from various points of view and by the aid of various masters. For example, touching the fundamental question whether the Christian revelation is to be regarded as an essentially independent phenomenon or as something inseparably related to the whole religious and intellectual development of the human race, Wernle says: "It is not a matter of little importance; it is rather a thing to be urgently recommended that every student that hears Herrmann should with open mind study Troeltsch's essays and everyone that hears Troeltsch should in like manner study Herrmann's Communion of the Christian with God. The one position is narrow, but full of power. . . . The other is broadly comprehensive, but it is lacking in the element that produces spiritual awakening." At another point he says: "An ideal plan of study would demand that the liberal theologian make a special study of Frank or Kähler, the conservative of Troeltsch, and both of them of some work or other from the school of Ritschl; without this there can be no judgment of one's own, only mere repetition."

No one who reads the chapters (in the Introduction) on "Truth," on "Piety," and on "Ministry" can get the impression that irreligion animates this "modern" theologian. Yet many a reader will feel obliged to contradict the author in some of his most fundamental positions. The evolutionistic philosophy of religion is here set forth with much vigor. It must be acknowledged, however, that the author's evolutionary theory is of that modified type that gives place for a vast amount of *originality* in the great religious geniuses—an originality as over against tradition and environment, but not an originality that makes God an object of human discovery; for Wernle holds to a personal self-revelation of the living God. And although not ready to affirm the absoluteness or finality of the Christian revelation, he does declare that "in the Christian world

no other watchword for the norm of Christian faith and dogmatic thinking . . . will be able to establish itself than *Jesus Christ and his gospel.*" For Wernle, however, this means the rejection of much of Paul and John, as being not "according to Jesus." This, of course, is characteristic of the so-called modern theology generally. Wernle is strongest (as one would expect) in his treatment of the study of historical theology, which he makes to include not only biblical and ecclesiastical history but also the general history of religion. But also in his view of the task and problems of systematic theology he is extraordinarily suggestive. The division on practical theology is strong, but yet on a lower level than the rest of the book.

On many important points the present writer differs widely from our author. Yet it must be said that one is fairly compelled to do fresh thinking as one reads the book. It is a most frank, warm, and stirring book, and one that must be fruitful of good. An essential part of its good service, however, should be to stir up some one to show with equal attractiveness a better way.

THE STUDY OF MISSIONS IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

For various reasons, political, ecclesiastical, and temperamental, the Protestant churches of Germany stand far behind those of Great Britain and America in missionary interest and activity. At any rate, the interest is less general. It would be unwarrantable to say it is less intense where it exists. But while the active enterprise is far less advanced than in the Anglo-Saxon countries, the scholarly study of missions has reached a high development in Germany. At the close of the summer semester of 1908 Dr. Gustav Warneck (born 1834) retired from the activities of his professorship of the science of missions at Halle. This post he had occupied since 1897. It has been the only professorship of its kind in Germany, though even before Warneck's appointment at Halle, a missionary inspector (secretary) in Berlin had given more or less instruction in the same field in the university there, but only as *Privatdocent.* At the time of his appointment to his professorship Dr. Warneck had already long enjoyed the reputation of being the highest authority in missionary matters in Germany. In 1874 he had founded the *Allgemeine Missions-Zeitschrift,* which he still edits. In this periodical and through books he had kept up a remarkable literary activity. He had organized and from the beginning had been the guiding genius of the General Missionary Conference of the Province of Saxony, whose annual gatherings he has made really notable events. In Halle he gave various courses on the history and theory of missions, and conducted a Seminar. He had always a large and enthusiastic hearing, and his lectures were masterly. It is altogether probable that in his grasp of the history and theory of missions he outranks every other man of his time. There are doubtless men who know more than he of certain aspects of missionary activity, and certainly there are some that have enjoyed the advantage of a more extensive

observation of the field; but there is no one that has shown so comprehensive a mastery of the whole subject. There seems to be no aspect of the missionary enterprise which he has not carefully studied. He has written the one standard work on the theory of missions (*Evangelische Missionslehre*), also the best short history of missions, besides other admirable books, articles, and pamphlets.

Other university professors have rendered noteworthy service in the same field. In this connection Martin Kaehler, of Halle, deserves special mention. Although this distinguished theologian never delivered a course of academic lectures on missions, he has published some weighty addresses delivered at missionary conferences; and so prominent has this subject been in all his theological thinking and teaching that he has exerted a marked influence in behalf of the cause. Special gratitude is due him because it was primarily through his influence that Warneck was called to Halle. Harnack is another theologian who has exhibited a marked interest in missions. He has declared that his Expansion of Christianity is his favorite among all his works. Several professors of practical theology have given special attention to missions, and some church historians. Mirbt, the Marburg church historian, is preparing to publish a history of missions for Mohr's *Grundriss* of theological sciences. So it appears that there is a general development of missionary interest in academic circles. Of course the Students' Missionary Volunteer Movement is represented in Germany, but as yet it has gathered no such momentum as in this country and Great Britain.

The so-called "history-of-religions school" is not indifferent to missions, but is skeptical as to the present dominant conception of the principles and methods which should rule. According to Troeltsch, the dogmatician of the school, Christians are in duty bound to carry on missionary work—but not to all peoples. Some non-Christian peoples have already religions which, with development, will prove sufficient! To such peoples we have no call to carry Christianity! To this argument Warneck made a vigorous reply, and then Troeltsch published a defense.

Warneck's professorship at Halle was an "honorary" one, that is, without salary. It is very interesting to note that his successor, Gustav Haussleiter, formerly missionary inspector at Barmen, is made full ordinary professor, though at the same time commissioned to do some work in other departments of practical theology. He, however, understands his office as primarily a "professorship of missions."

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE letters of the great sculptor, St. Gaudens, to familiar friends, published in McClure's Magazine, give intimate revelations of the inner life of a strong, ardent, and highly endowed nature. We quote a few bits. His best friend Bion, a Parisian sculptor and critic, had died, and St. Gaudens wrote: "Night and day, at all moments, it comes over me like a wave that overwhelms me, and it takes away all heart that I might have in anything. Today, however, I have had a kind of feeling of sad companionship with him; it seemed as if he were with me while I was working over the head of the flying figure in the Shaw monument. A feeling of death and mystery and love possessed me. In one of my blue fits the other day I felt the end of life and all things, and reasoning from one thing to another, and realizing the hopelessness of trying to fathom what it all means, a deep conviction came over me like a flash that at the bottom of all the mystery, whatever it means, there must be beneficence. It does not seem as if the bottom of everything can be something malevolent; and that thought was a great comfort." In like spirit St. Gaudens wrote at another time to a friend: "I got Schopenhauer's book that Shiff spoke about. I intended sending it to you, but it is so deadly in its pessimism, judging from the ten or eleven lines that I read, that I flung it away. What's the use of taking such black views, and weeping and gnashing our teeth over the misery of things? That doesn't remedy anything nor help anybody. I've been told all my life that it's best to put on a brave face and bear all cheerfully, but it's only lately that it is really coming into my philosophy in a practical way. It is better to be cheerful than to be melancholy; the latter does not help the situation, and the former cheers up one's comrades. The big world turns round and we all suffer, and men fight, and women mourn. Courage and love is what we all need, isn't it?" Ten or eleven lines of Schopenhauer's pessimism was more than the nobler and saner nature of St. Gaudens could stand. His reason and his soul resented such horrible libels on life and the system of things. Pessimism is the intense essence of blasphemy; indeed, it is essential insanity—a diseased brain. In line with St. Gaudens's conviction of beneficence at the bottom of all things and that the meaning of life must be good, is the recent statement of H. G. Wells, who, while calling himself an agnostic, yet declares his belief in the ultimate significance and rightness of things. "This," he says, "I call the Act of Faith. It is my fundamental religious confession. It is a voluntary and deliberate determination to believe." Agnostic though he calls himself, he yet goes on to confess his love for such phrases as the "Will of God," the "Hand of God," and the "Great Commander." He confesses that sometimes the sense of Personality in the universe is very strong within him;

and he adds: "While I am confessing I do not see why I should not confess up to the hilt. At times in the silence of the night and in rare lonely moments, I experience a sort of communion of myself with Something Great that is not myself. Then the Universal Scheme of things has on me the effect of a sympathetic Person, and my communion therewith takes on a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are to me the supreme fact in my religious life; they are the crown of my religious experiences." This rather remarkable agnostic goes on to say that the scheme of conversion and salvation as expressed by Christians is an exact statement of his own religious experiences; through despair and conviction of sin he has found salvation; he *believes*. That is doing pretty well for a professed agnostic. His agnosticism seems to be in unstable equilibrium. It is unsteady by reason of winds that blow on it out of the infinite and surges that rise in his soul. In a universe like this it is far harder for such a being as man to be steadily and consistently agnostic in his thinking than it is to be consistently Christian in his belief. On the old question of predestination and free will Mr. Wells remarks: "One *must* regard oneself as a free, responsible person living among free, responsible persons. On this theory, one's life will work; and on the theory of predestination, nothing works."——It is not surprising that wonderful Helen Keller, the blind and deaf and dumb girl, who has learned all she knows of the outer world through touch alone, should exalt and magnify the significance and power of the hand. One of the magazines quotes from what she says about touch and the hand: "I have just touched my dog. He was rolling on the grass, with pleasure in every muscle and limb. I wanted to catch a picture of him in my fingers, and I touched him as lightly as I would cobwebs; but lo, his fat body revolved, stiffened and solidified into an upright position, and his tongue gave my hand a lick! He pressed close to me, as if he were fain to crowd himself into my hand. He loved it with his tail, with his paw, with his tongue. If he could speak, I believe he would say with me that paradise is attained by touch; for in touch is all love and intelligence. My hand is to me what your hearing and sight together are to you. All my comings and goings turn on the hand as on a pivot. It is the hand that binds me to the world of men and women. The hand is my feeler with which I reach through isolation and darkness and seize every pleasure, every activity that my fingers encounter. With the dropping of a little sign-word from another's hand into mine, a slight flutter of the fingers, began the intelligence, the joy, the fullness of my life. Like Job, I feel as if a hand had made me, fashioned me together round about and molded my very soul. I understand how the psalmist can lift up his voice with strength and gladness, singing, 'I put my trust in the Lord at all times, and his *hand* shall uphold me.' The touch of the hand is in almost every chapter of the Bible. Why, you could almost rewrite Exodus as the story of the hand. Everything is done by the hand of the Lord and of Moses. The oppression of the Hebrews is translated thus: 'The hand of Pharaoh was heavy upon the Hebrews.' Their departure out of the land is told in these vivid words: 'The Lord brought the children of

Israel out of the house of bondage with a strong hand and a stretched-out arm.' At the stretching out of the hand of Moses the waters of the Red Sea part and stand all on a heap. When the Lord lifts his hand in anger, thousands perish in the wilderness. Every act, every decree in the history of Israel, as, indeed, in the history of the human race, is sanctioned by the hand. Is it not used in the great moments of swearing, blessing, cursing, smiting, agreeing, marrying, building, destroying? Its sacredness is in the law that no sacrifice is valid unless the sacrificer lay his hand upon the head of his victim. The congregation lay their hands on the heads of those who are sentenced to death. How terrible the dumb condemnation of their hands must be to the condemned! When Moses builds the altar on Mount Sinai he is commanded to use no tool, but rear it with his own hands. Earth, sea, sky, man, and all lower animals are holy unto the Lord because he has formed them with his hand. When the psalmist considers the heavens and the earth he exclaims: 'What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.' The supplicating gesture of the hand always accompanies the spoken prayer, and with clean hands goes the pure heart. Christ comforted and blessed and healed and wrought many miracles with his hands. He touched the eyes of the blind, and they were opened. When Jairus sought him, overwhelmed with grief, Jesus went and laid his hands on the ruler's daughter, and she awoke from the sleep of death to her father's love. You also remember how he healed the crooked woman. He said to her, 'Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity,' and he laid his hands on her, and immediately she was made straight, and she glorified God."———Several magazines are printing in whole or in part Victor Hugo's recently published creed, which he at one time intended to use as an introduction to his Les Miserables. We reproduce here what he says as to the Problem of Evil. To those who say, "Explain to us evil and we will believe. Tell us the why of the tiger, the why of the spider, the why of the hemlock, the why of Commodus, the why of the 18 Brumaire, the why of Lacenaire, the why of war, the why of the night, the why of life feeding on death; tell us the why of suffering and of sin, and we will believe. A God who creates or who permits evil is incomprehensible. Evil is; *ergo*, God is not." To those who reason after that fashion Victor Hugo replies:

"I admit that a God creating or permitting evil is incomprehensible.

"Now, let us understand one another regarding the importance of the incomprehensible as an element of negation.

"If it suffices that a thing be incomprehensible to prevent it from being, the atheists are right.

"But if the incomprehensible can exist, they are wrong.

"Let us examine the matter.

"The infinite is scientifically demonstrated. Ask algebra.

"Now, what is the infinite? It is the incomprehensible.

"The incomprehensible can exist, then, since it exists.

"Lift your eyes to the starry sky; you see it. Take up a fly; you touch it.

"If the incomprehensible exists, what does this argument, 'God is incomprehensible, therefore He is not,' prove?

"Nothing at all.

"Evil, being merely incomprehensible, proves nothing, then, against God.

"Not to understand is no more a reason for denying than for believing.

"The knowledge of God is given to nobody; the notion of God is given to all.

"Everyone has the drop of water; no one has the ocean.

"If I could explain evil, I could explain God; if I could explain God, I should be God.

"Place a blind man in the sunlight; he will not see it, but he will feel it.

"'Hold,' he will say, 'I am warm.'

"It is thus that we *feel*, without seeing the Absolute Being. There is a warmth of God.

"The argument of evil, then, cannot be soundly invoked; evil is a part of the incomprehensible. When you have explained to me the infinite, I will explain to you the incomprehensible.

"Prove God, yes. Explain Him, no."

An article by the Rev. James A. Geissinger, pastor of our Methodist church at Phoenix, Arizona, in the current number of the Harvard Theological Review, sets forth Louis Stevenson's value to his generation, and to all generations, as an interpreter of life and a preacher of good cheer. "In our childhood we have no suspicion of the universe. We never imagine that we could have made a better one. We are in 'eternal brotherhood with it.' Life then, whatever its outward seeming, always 'has a golden chamber at the heart of it.' Then we hear 'the nightingale singing' and the 'music of the runnel.' Life is an opportunity for admiration and joy. Even to the end, for not a few men, life is fraught with hope. Until the autumn time, many a man commits himself to the sunshine on the hills, the laughter of children, gracious women, true men, bird songs and apple blossoms; believes in these things as much as he does in 'old iron, cheap desires, and cheap fears,' and thinks of them more. Some, indeed, like Paul the apostle, grow in capacity for faith, hope, and love, with the years, as every normal person should; but a pathetically large number lose their sight as they grow older. For many of us the bloom of the world gets rubbed off as we go forward across the continent of the years. Then it is that we grow conscious of the catastrophe and forget the myrtle vine. We see nature red in tooth and claw. We accept that miserable fable from the Orient that tells us that life is but the clinging to a wild vine upon which the mice remorselessly gnaw, while the dragon waits patiently below and the beast watches relentlessly above. Our only possibility is a lick at the honey accidentally caught on the wild bush at our side. A delirium-tremens view of life, one would say; yet a number of folk who would resent any insinuation of nervous disorder on their part hold this view of the

universe and life. Indeed, they seem to get a kind of satisfaction in thinking of the mud and old iron, the poison-berries and pestilences, the ironies and hardships, that enter into the mixture of life. To every man with a reasonably good digestion and a normal perspective of life these fellows must seem to be the blue-devils philosophers, and by good rights ought to join the Suicide Club. Stevenson had no sympathy with such representations of life. He does not belong in the company of such interpreters. From the first he believed in himself, his fellows, life, and God. He says somewhere: 'There is manifestly a God if we want to find him.' Spite of the rampant materialism in the thought of his time, life was always to him more than 'a Permanent Possibility of Sensation,' and not even the capitalization of the theorem could make up for its other deficiencies. He believed in the 'livableness of life.' He saw that pessimism is not convincing. Some few men may believe in it. Many other men may believe that they believe in it; but when they draw their chairs in to dinner it is evident that their philosophy of life sits lightly upon them. The multitude of men and women, Stevenson saw, live their lives with a relish, enjoy their dinners, make their jests with an unmistakable satisfaction, and sleep through the night. This fact weighed with Stevenson, as did the simple faith of the children. So he proclaims the world excellent, revels in the companionship of children, remembers the faces of women, is pleased with the deeds of men, and has an affection for his paddle. In his early manhood he had a dislike for what he calls the 'Bastile of civilization.' He had no lust for the glory and the wealth that come to him who 'can sit squarest on a three-legged stool.' He could not see that man's washbowl has a right to be considered a worthy competitor of God's river, if the imagination is to be cleansed. Yet as he grew older he came to love even civilization, to see registered in it an age-long and gigantic striving on the part of man, not wholly useless. So in the closing years our gypsily inclined philosopher, carrying with him the fragrance of the out-of-doors, becomes something of a patriarch, with a numerous household about him and a personal interest in all the affairs of his island empire. In other words, Stevenson is the prophet of good cheer. The world as he sees it is a heartening place. Suspicion of the nature of things is contemptible. To lack faith is to think that God is not a gentleman. Pessimism becomes an infinite insolence, a suspicion that does not speak well for the character of its holder. Those of us who have been compelled to listen to the current mouthings of a cheap cynicism, much in vogue, who have been pelted and pestered with the ooze and slime of things in general, have no difficulty in understanding the welcome that was given at once to Stevenson's protest. His life and his word came as a clean, heartening breath of air. This is generally recognized. No one questions but that he has added immensely to the good cheer of humankind."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

De Profundis Clamavi, And Other Sermons. By JOHN HUNTER, D.D., Trinity Church, Glasgow. Crown 8vo, pp. 326. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

THESE twelve discourses do not form a consecutive course, but are held together in an essential unity, the author says, by the conviction that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Dr. Hunter has no sympathy with "the theological liberalism which finds little space for the culture of the devout life"; nor with the dogmatism of orthodoxy when it is so dry and so inverted as to have lost the passion for souls. We do not like Latin titles for English books, and would have preferred for this volume the title, Out of the Depths, but the contents are not any "dead" language—they speak not only to the ear but directly to the mind and searchingly to the heart. In the opening sermon we find the following: "It would be easier to deny the tendency of matter to a common center, or the tendency of man to draw to his fellows, than to deny the native tendency and movement of the human soul to God. Its only language may be a cry, but how full of meaning and prophecy is that cry!—the cry of the soul for God as it comes to us down all the ages, from every people and from every literature which utters the mind of a people, and from the noblest spirits of every race, interpreting most clearly the voice of humanity as it speaks through them. 'All men,' said Homer, 'cry after the gods.' In 'every nation,' said Saint Paul, 'men seek after the Lord, if haply they may feel after him and find him.' 'The human soul,' said Tertullian, 'is naturally Christian. The testimonies of the soul [to God] are as true as they are simple, as simple as they are universal, as universal as they are natural, as natural as they are divine.' 'If we will but listen attentively,' said Max Müller, 'we can hear in all religions a groaning of the spirit, a struggle to utter the unutterable, a longing after the Infinite, a love of God.' . . . The cry for God is an importunate cry in all the critical moments and experiences of life. In its deep places, where we come face to face with its serious realities, we are taught what we truly are and are made aware of our divine relations and needs. Under the pressure of critical emergencies the most fundamental things in our life come to the surface. In our great and sore straits, if at no other time, the soul reveals its divine kinship and lifts its cry to God. It is sorrow more than happiness that drives us to God. We have a nature endowed with infinite capacities for pain, and there is no escape but an ignoble one from some form of the pain which makes the cross the true symbol of a large part of every man's life. 'Perhaps to suffer,' wrote the Swiss theologian, Vinet, in one of his letters, 'is nothing else than to live deeply. Love and sorrow are the conditions of a profound life.' A truer word was never spoken. The tragedy in which we live is meant to educate us. There would indeed be no understanding of life at all did we not know from experience that in life's depths we receive our best teaching and

training. *Out of the depths* have come the finest poetry, the finest music, the finest speech of the world. 'The Bible owes its place in literature,' said Emerson, 'not to miracles, but to the fact that it comes from a profounder depth of life than any other book.' *Out of the depths* have come the most inspired and inspiring of the psalms of faith, both ancient and modern. *Out of the depths* men have brought blessings which are rarely found in green pastures and by still waters. We never know how much God is the one great need of the soul till we go down to the depths. There are depths of *physical weakness and suffering* out of which men cry to him whose will concerning them they often forget in health and ease, and only remember when sickness comes in and shuts out the world. There are *worldly anxieties and losses* which rudely break up all the shallow optimism that has no deeper root than the self-complacency produced by prosperity, and which take men down below the surface of life into its deep places where they learn to pray, or to pray as they never prayed before. There is the *sorrow of bereavement*, common yet never commonplace, the pain that comes from broken fellowships; and in their spiritual solitude and desolation men are driven to seek higher help and comfort than any which the world can give. There are *experiences of fallibility in understanding* what we ought to do; critical hours in life when serious responsibilities press, and grave questions which mere acuteness cannot settle; and men, in their extremity, feel the need of a wisdom which they do not find in themselves, and of a guidance which their fellows cannot give, and they cry unto God: 'Lead me and teach me.' There are *depths of disappointment and failure* in our best work—sympathies imperfectly met, misplaced trusts, broken purposes, and defeated hopes; and it is especially the ministry of failure even in the noblest things to draw forth the powers latent in every human being, and to make God felt as the one supreme necessity of life. There is the struggle with *moral limitation and weakness*—the sensitive temperament, the ill-balance of a finely endowed mind, the want of will-power, the overgrowth of impulses good in themselves—inheritances which make life so tragic to many—the struggle with forces within and forces without which seem adverse to a noble development, and which make the most aspiring and faithful souls feel that they cannot do the things they would. The psalm from which our text is taken is familiar to many devout people as one of the seven *penitential* psalms. It was dear on this account to Chrysostom, Augustine, Savonarola, Luther, Hooker, Owen, Baxter, Wesley, and to many more of the elect spirits of our race. And it surely cannot be that any man capable of deep feeling can be wholly ignorant of the *saddest tragedy of human life* which *is seen in the conflict between desire and duty*, in the *effort to reconcile the ideal and the actual*, and *to be at peace with God*. Who does not know of this struggle, interpret it how he may? Who has not cried out in the agony of it, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me? When before the tribunal of his heart one passes in review the irrevocable years, what wonder if

> "Oft his cogitations sink as low
> As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
> The heaviest plummet of despair can go."

Though it is only one experience of the spiritual life and must not be allowed to overshadow all the rest, yet the *sense of dissatisfaction, deepening into the sense of guilt,* lies near the heart of all personal religion worthy of the name. It marks the awakening of the higher life; it is the beginning of the upward movement." The sermon on "The Symbolism of the Cross," from the text, "Jesus Christ and him crucified," begins thus: "In almost every picture gallery in Europe we see one subject represented in many different forms—the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The old painters seem never to have tired of it. And in many of their pictures we find standing or kneeling near the cross, either as spectators or worshipers, men and women of later times. Among the Roman soldiers, the citizens of Jerusalem, the Jewish peasants, and the relatives and friends of the Crucified, we observe bishops and monks, saints and martyrs of the Middle Ages; and even occasionally the background of the picture is not that of the Holy City, but of Rome or Florence, Siena or Assisi. It is the way which these old teachers of religious truth had of telling their fellows that the cross is for all lands and times, and not only for the people who lived beneath Syrian skies in the first century of our era. . . . It is not as mere ancient history we ought to read the story of the passion and death of Jesus Christ; but as a representation of things which in all their fundamental aspects are forever true—a revelation of life, of man, and of God, which is the same today as yesterday. Not merely as reminiscences of a few years passed long ago in Galilee and Judæa ought the old, old story to appeal to you and to me, but as suggestion and symbol of universal fact and truth, able to stir within our souls at each eventful epoch of our days a new power of life. The temptation in the wilderness, the vigil in Gethsemane, the betrayal, the denial, the public judgment and rejection, the failure and the triumph of the cross—all these events ought to have for us an immortal significance, and not only because they concern the Jesus of history but because they interpret and express with infinite depth and power experiences which on their moral or spiritual side belong to universal humanity. They have their ideal as well as their historical value. That, indeed, which makes the life of Jesus so inexhaustible in its freshness, so new and wonderful and helpful from age to age, is just the power which it possesses of illuminating our own lives in all their deeper passages. He is ourselves in advance, our Representative. The scenes of his life—the closing scenes, in particular—only gain their highest meaning when they are translated into moral experiences, and we are able to say with Saint Paul, whose source of inspiration was Christ after the spirit: 'I suffer, I die, I am buried, I rise, I reign with him.' In 'The Secret,' a fine but unfinished poem which seeks to represent Christianity as the flower and crown of all religion, Goethe draws a picture of man in his pilgrimage through the world in search of the highest good, coming at last to the cross:

> "He sees, betokening hope and consolation
> To all mankind, the Sign upraisèd high:
> He sees the cross, then lowers his veilèd eyes;
> He feels how great salvation thence proceedeth;
> The faith of half a world glows in his heart once more."

This recalls that Matthew Arnold, who had been practically an agnostic, said with deep emotion on the last day of his life: 'Yes, the cross remaineth, and when the soul is in straits, makes its ancient appeal.' In Christendom there is now, as there has always been, no spiritual attraction like the cross. Not a few here and everywhere, who are proof against many other religious attractions, are drawn by this one. It touches them, some in one way, others in another way, each man according to his temperament, his character, his culture, his experience; but it is only the man destitute of spiritual life, if such a one can be found, who can stand beneath the shadow of the cross wholly unmoved. The secret of its power is not bound up with any ecclesiastical exposition of it. The men who find in ecclesiastical theory little to attract but still glory in the cross and find the law and inspiration of their life in the faith and spirit of him who consecrated it by his death, are in our day a multitude which no man can number. . . . Let us not impoverish our spiritual life and the spiritual life of our churches by slighting this source of inspiration. The supreme office or service of the cross is to quicken and nourish in the soul certain great emotions, affections, and sympathies; and if in the solitude and silence of our inner life, and in our associated life as congregations of Christ's flock, it is drawing and keeping us nearer to man and to God, then assuredly we are not among those who are making it of none effect. Of all symbols the cross is not the property of a sect, the monopoly of a school, the badge of a party. It belongs to all as the loveliness of the world, as our great human affections and needs, as our sorrow and sin belong to all. It belongs to all who feel and rejoice to feel the healing touch of Christ, to all to whom he is as dear as he was to the disciples, who, though they did not understand him, yet followed him, as he was to the women who ministered to him in Galilee, and as he was to the outcasts who fell in shame at his feet. It belongs to all who get from it comfort, rebuke, inspiration, some help to holy living and dying. . . . Alas! that it should ever have been used to keep alive in the world the same intolerance, the same meanness and wickedness, which crucified Jesus Christ. It was not differences of conception and opinion but self-indulgence and worldliness of life which made Saint Paul denounce many of the religionists of his day as enemies of the cross of Christ. Not differing thought and theory, but subjection to the senses, slavery to appetite, bondage to worldly custom, moral unfaithfulness, spiritual indifference—these are the things which in the present, as in the past, make of men and women the enemies of the cross of Christ. The cross of Christ does not live merely as ancient history, nor as the center of an ecclesiastical drama, or of a theological system. It has a message—a real and living message—for us upon whom the ends of an age have come, as much as it had for the men who lived in the first Christian days. It only requires to be brought back again into the midst of our human life, near to our human passion and need, for men to feel its wondrous charm and power." The six main points of this sermon are: The Cross is the symbol (1) of the Sorrow of the world, (2) of the Sin of the world, (3) of Perfect Obedience, (4) of Redemption through Sacrifice, (5) of the Victory of Failure, (6) of the Passion of God. The sermon on the text,

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," ends thus: "It is told of the late Thomas Erskine of Linlathen that, walking many years ago with a friend over a Northern moor, he was met by a shepherd, whom he greeted, and then added the words, 'Do you know the Father?' There was no time for more. Years afterward the same friends made the same journey, and on the same moor the shepherd, now an old man, came up and grasped the arm of him whose words had lifted him from his poor anxieties and fears into the sense that he was the object of eternal love and care, and he said: 'Mr. Erskine, I know the Father now.' Men and women! do you know the Father? If you know the Father, then your attitude will be serene and fearless toward the unexplained mysteries of existence, trustful toward the universe and its laws, toward the unknown future, here and hereafter; you will be walking through life untroubled by the things which so much trouble many, assured that the one Spirit behind and through all is the omnipotent Spirit of goodness and encompassed with a sense of the everlasting love and care; your one prayer for life and for death, for this world and for all the worlds, this: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'" The sermon on "Forgetting God," from Deut. 8. 11, quotes Carlyle's saying, "The beginning and end of what is the matter with us in these days is that we have forgotten God." It also quotes from the autobiography of a noted woman this sentence: "The sense of God gradually fades out of the life and heart of those who cease to pray"; that being the explanation given of how, at one stage of her career, the woman sank into atheism. The following is part of this sermon: "The Bible is the story of men to whom the soul and God were the two realities that stood out luminously self-evident—the story of men who had mastered the art of living with God. The secret of its power is not to be found in its science which plainly reflects the knowledge of the time, not in its poetry, not in its ethical and theological ideas, but in the sense of communion with God which inspires and pervades it. It is this which has made it in a transcendent sense the record of religious inspiration and revelation for mankind. The Hebrew was originally the man who, as Charles Lamb said of Coleridge, 'had a hunger for eternity,' the man who had a real passion for God, to whom God was in truth the Great Companion, the one Supreme Presence in the world, the atmosphere of his life, his everlasting refuge and home. In this age of Christ we have a truer and larger thought of God into which we can put everything lovable and adorable, and for that we ought to be deeply grateful; but this, after all, is the vital question: Is God as much of a presence in our life, are we in our hearts as conscious of him, as were the prophets and saints of Israel? For the Hebrew's sense of God is not the extravagance but the essence of religion, the very heart and meaning of personal religion. Religion is a purely personal relation to God, and the religion of Jesus the consummation and perfection of that relation. The truly religious man is the man to whom God is no mere name, reminiscence, tradition, opinion, doctrine, the memory of a child's faith, the first article of a creed, a sigh of the heart, a dream of the soul, a poetical fancy that visits him in the twilight by the sea or among the mountains, the sum and nexus of the elemental forces, or the symbol of the

unknown quantity in the universe, but the one luminous, grand and gracious Reality of life; the one Presence from whom he cannot and would not escape: with him in the darkness his sure protection, with him in the light fairer than any dawn."

The Religion of the Threshold By DONALD SAGE MACKAY, D.D., LL.D., late minister of the Collegiate Church of Saint Nicholas, New York. Crown 8vo, pp. 354. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.50.

TWENTY-SEVEN earnest sermons from the fervent and forceful ministry of a gifted young Scotchman with preacher-blood in his veins and the preaching passion in his soul, whose preparation was in Scotland, but whose entire ministerial life of sixteen years was in America, in Saint Albans, Vermont, Newark, New Jersey, and New York city, the last of which is described as "one of the most difficult places in the world to exercise the office of a Protestant minister, . . . a field which appeals powerfully to the heroic but kills its heroes by the score." Mackay could point out to others the difference between the strenuous life and the strained life—"The strenuous life is living up to the measure of our strength, but the strained life is living beyond our strength"—but he could not keep himself on the safe side of the danger line; and so Donald Mackay, like Maltbie Babcock, is dead in his early forties. He had the natural preaching gifts of voice, presence and manner, with native eloquence and fervor of utterance. He had the Celtic temperament and poured himself out passionately in his preaching with lavish expenditure of nervous force, in a style often vividly dramatic, yet saved by the surge of real passion from being theatrical. These sermons show a true prophet of God, aware of the needs around him, alert and eager to meet them, and in his preaching fearless, faithful, yet wise and tactful, loving and persuasive. In a center of fashion and wealth, and to a large, rich and worldly congregation, he preached unflinchingly and passionately the whole gospel of Jesus Christ. There is nothing slow or tame, dry or dusty, in these sermons; they are quick, warm, and appealing from beginning to end. The subject of the first sermon gives title to the volume, in which many living subjects are treated with practical intent and effect. From the text, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in," Mackay talks of the religion of the threshold which, he says, will bring three definite blessings: First, it will redeem the day from monotony, it will sweeten its drudgery, it will help us to endure patiently and with unembittered hearts the constant grind of commonplace routine. Second, this spirit of prayer in going out across the threshold will make us ready for the unexpected things in life, whether trials or temptations or blessings. Third, this religion of the threshold, with its prayerfulness in our coming in, will hallow our evenings and sanctify our moments of rest; it will sweeten and bless our home life. The sermon closes thus: "These are simple thoughts, my friends, but if we can translate them into the commonplace duties of everyday life and character, it will be a richer thing for all of us. As I have been speaking about the religion of the threshold, I have been thinking of that other wonderful verse in the book of Revelation,

where you remember Christ speaks of himself as standing on the threshold of a man's life. 'Behold,' he says, 'I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.' It is a beautiful picture. The word 'sup' suggests the evening, and I suppose the thought in Christ's mind was that some one had come home and shut the door behind him without asking God's presence to follow him to his own fireside. The door is shut, but Christ is on the threshold knocking at the door. Some of you possibly have seen Holman Hunt's wonderful picture illustrating that text. Christ, with the crown of thorns upon his brow and a look of infinite patience upon his face, is standing at the door, with one hand knocking and with the other holding a lantern to guide his feet through the night. When the picture was finished Hunt asked a friend to examine it and make suggestions upon it. The friend expressed his admiration, but said: 'Hunt, you have forgotten something; you have made a mistake'; and Hunt replied: 'What have I forgotten? What mistake have I made?' 'Why,' said the friend, 'you have painted a door without any handle upon it.' 'No,' said the artist, 'on this door the handle is on the inside.' It is for us to open the door, for Christ will not force himself across the threshold on any life. We must meet him on the doorstep and welcome him there if he is to be the joy of our hearts." As an example of Mackay's manly plain speaking take these words to his fashionable flock just before the summer dispersion: "Today I want to plead especially with you, my hearers, who in another week or two will have left the city for the summer. As you love your country, as you believe in God, as you are loyal to Christ, do not live the life of summer atheism. Do not leave behind you in this church your religious responsibilities. I sometimes think if the angels could look into your empty city churches in the hot midsummer months, they might see, piled around the walls, bags and bundles, marked 'Mr. So-and-So's Religion—to be left till called for,' or 'Mrs. Blank's Church Duties—to be claimed in the fall.' Meanwhile, what are Mr. So-and-So and Mrs. Blank and their families doing? Here in the winter you may see them with quite remarkable regularity in their pews, but there in the country for four or even six months in the year church and religion are never thought of. And what is the result? I will not speak of the immediate results upon themselves and their families, for that they must answer before a higher tribunal. But it is the effect on the country districts and the people there that is so disastrous. It is absolutely demoralizing to the country church if the city man presents Sabbath after Sabbath the spectacle of Sunday desecration. And he urges his people when they leave the city for the country to give their support and encouragement to the small and struggling causes. "Do not flock to the fashionable church, wherever you are. We can give you all the fashionable religion you want in New York. Think of the country minister to whom your coming, your gifts, and your attendance will be like a rift of sunlight in his lonely pastorate. Think of his struggle through the dark winter months, and the discouragements which so often beset the country ministry. Do not make that burden heavier by letting him see you drive past his

church door on a Sunday morning, when you might be and ought to be worshiping in that quiet country temple amongst the hills. . . . That is the church you should support. There is where your duty lies. Do not let vulgar snobbishness switch you off to conventicles of fashion that have neither right nor place to be." Part of the sermon on "The Other Little Ships" was as follows: "We don't often think of these other little ships that were beating through the storm that night on Galilee. We have, indeed, thought of the disciples in their boat, tugging with short, quick gasps at the oar, and turning at last in the panic of despair to the worn and weary Jesus asleep in the stern—'Master, carest thou not that we perish?' But how many of us have appreciated this little touch in Mark's description, '*There were also with him other little ships*'? Out yonder, where the mists mantled the tumultuous waters like a wraith of death, where the roar of the gale thundered over the smitten waves and the footsteps of the storm left tracks of beaten foam, there were 'other little ships,' unseen in the darkness, each fighting its way for life, and each with its terror-stricken crew. Only, unlike the disciples, for them there was no Christ aboard, to whom in the supreme moment of peril they could turn for help. These other little ships had their own battle to fight. Here is the point—the point on which this sermon turns: When Christ spoke the word of peace and calmed that storm, the calm brought safety not only to his immediate followers; it was shared also by the 'other little ships.' In other words, what the Master did directly for one, he did indirectly for a great many others. The blessings of his peace were not confined to the men who had invoked his help. These blessings were diffused across the sullen waters of the lake, so that when the storm was over and the wind began to die away in fitful sobs among the hills, and the stars shone forth once more in the windswept sky, it was not one, but many little ships, that with tattered sails and straining timbers, but with thankful hearts aboard, sailed into the harbor beneath the hill, delivered from the perils of the deep, safe home at last. Such is the story. These other little ships were the recipients that night of unseen and unrecognized blessings. I. These other little ships remind us of the *unseen comradeships in life.* We are not alone in the storms of life. With you, though you may not know it, there are other souls fighting the same kind of battle through sorrow and temptation, and in their courage and endurance you ought to find a certain inspiration. Wonderful is this ministry of the unseen sympathy of life. It is good for us, surely, once in a while to be reminded of it, and to send across the waters a friendly cry, and hold up perhaps a kindly light through the driving murk. I once crossed the Atlantic in late December. We had been shut down in the cabin for several days, but one afternoon just before nightfall, when the wet, wintry sunset smeared the southern sky, I crawled up to the slippery, solitary decks. Around me was the great waste of waters, heaving like a fevered bosom, and already black with the shadows of approaching night. There was not a human being that I could see on deck, and one never felt more acutely the sense of absolute loneliness. On every hand were the tumbling, chasing foam-streaked waves; underneath, the creaking, laboring ship—

but not a sign of life in the darkening day. Just as I was about to turn to go down to the warmly lighted cabin, suddenly upon the ragged edge of the horizon I saw the flashing of a light. Nearer and nearer it drew to us, and in a few minutes we picked out the lines of a gayly lighted ship upon its voyage. Signals were exchanged, and in its presence there came into that wintry night a sense of fellowship that destroyed the loneliness that a few moments before had been so oppressive. Well, is it not so when some great suffering sweeps over the soul? What is it that makes those greater sorrows which once or twice at least darken every life so hard to bear, but this sense of utter loneliness? There is a solitariness in these staggering griefs which seems to cut us off from the ordinary friendships of life. 'Ah!' you say, 'no one can understand how hard and bitter my sorrow is. No one can realize how much I have to bear or how much I have come through.' It is that sense of loneliness that makes so many people desperate—makes them lose faith and courage, lose all interest in life, so that they are ready to turn anywhere, go anywhere, do anything but the right thing, so as to forget the intolerable loneliness of their hearts. Thus discouragement becomes so often the vestibule of temptation. But what about the other little ships? Neither you nor I are alone in our grief and suffering. Out yonder on the ocean of life other men and women are going through the same experience, bearing the same burdens, facing the same kind of loss, passing through the same sort of sorrow; and if we could but remember their unseen presence around us, their courage and patience, would we not, many a time, take fresh heart, believing that some day the calm must come, and we shall see again the lights of home upon the shore? There is a pathetic little incident in the Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, published two or three years ago, which illustrates the sort of comfort that comes to one from the sense of this unseen comradeship. In his early days Stevenson was a frail, fragile little child suffering from a hacking cough, which often kept him awake night after night. He had a devoted Scotch nurse, to whom he owed everything—Alison Cunningham —and to whom, as you may remember, he dedicated one of his books. Often, when the boy could not sleep, this faithful soul would lift him in her arms and croon to him some of the old Scotch songs to pass away the hours of darkness until morning. But sometimes, when the little fellow was more than ordinarily restless, she would carry him to the window in the silent night, and across the square in front of the house she would point out here and there other lighted windows, 'where,' says Stevenson in referring to it, 'we would tell each other that there were perhaps other little children who were sick, and who, like us, were waiting for the dawn.' What a picture it is—the frail little child looking wistfully out into the black night and taking comfort from these lighted windows where perhaps there were other little children who were sick and like him were waiting for the dawn! Ah, wondrous power of human sympathy! How true it is that it is the lights of friendship that gleam here and there through the darkness of our nights of sorrow that help us to wait for the breaking of God's dawn! Clearer and more radiant than any human friendship is the shining of Christ's sympathy through the gloom of our sorrows. It is the

sympathy of Jesus that brings him closer to me than any other quality in his character. I adore his sinlessness, I bow before his wisdom; but my heart clings to his sympathy. Somewhere in the storm I know he is, and through the tumult of the gale I can hear him say, 'It is I; be not afraid'." Preaching from John 10. 41, 42, on the fact that, while John did no miracle, he spoke true things about Jesus and many believed, Dr. Mackay says: "This leads me in a closing sentence to speak of testimony for Christ as the secret of our abiding influence. John was dead, but for what was John remembered in that very place which years before had been the scene of his mighty eloquence? All that men remembered him for was the sincerity of his testimony to Christ, and it is the character of our witness-bearing for the Master that will determine our influence in the world after we have passed away. Other things that we have done, money that we have earned, fame that we have achieved, reputation that we have attained —all these will be forgotten; but the testimony that we have borne for Christ, the word of love that we have spoken in his name with faltering lips, will endure, and like a casket will enshrine our immortality. In the center of the city of Glasgow, in one of the old churchyards now closed, there is one humble grave containing the body of a factory girl, humbly educated, for many years weak in health and who lived alone in a single room. In one of the mission churches she taught a class of rough, unruly boys; faithfully, tenderly, year after year she told them the simple story of the cross, and one by one through her influence these lads were led to give their hearts to Christ. That was all her work. She rests today amidst the throb and roar of the city which scarcely knew her, and on her tombstone these simple words tell the story of her life: 'She did no miracle, but all things she said of Jesus were true, and many believed on him there.' What better epitaph could you and I desire, what better welcome could we ask when we stand at last before our Saviour's face?" A faithful preacher was Donald Mackay.

Christ's Service of Love; Communion Sermons. By HUGH BLACK. 12mo, pp. 324. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

"I USED to preach doctrinal sermons about the sacrifice of Christ on communion occasions, but I have come to see that this is not the place for such. Indeed, elaborate sermons of any sort are not needed at such times; for a Christian congregation is never more responsive and more susceptible to spiritual impressions than when it comes to keep the feast." So says Mr. Black in his Introduction to a series of sermons on Christ's Service of Love. This being the thought of the author, or, rather, the preacher—for no man can forget that these are sermons in the best sense of the word—neither doctrinal discourses nor elaborate statements are to be looked for, nor are they to be found. Modesty is on every page, a readiness to let reputation for scholarship take care of itself without the aid of the footnote, the classical phrase, or the quotation marks. None of those marks of the scholar who is an expert at his theme would be befitting the serious hour of communion with his Lord, therefore none of them are seen in the sermons that bring one to the hour. This is not to say that

the thirty discourses in this volume are not most carefully prepared. Rather, the opposite is true; care is seen in the selection of topics, in the loyalty to one purpose, in the honor paid to all sections of the Word of God. Eleven of these sermons are from the Old Testament, nineteen from the New. Five are from the Psalms, two from Deuteronomy, two from Samuel, one from Jeremiah, one from Hosea. The Gospels give theme for seven, the Pauline epistles for ten, Peter and John for one each. It is somewhat noticeable, however, that the words of our Lord are taken as the texts of only three of these thirty sermons, and these not the words ordinarily used or rightly expected: "Christ's Service of Love"—"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister"; "The Lord's Desire"—"With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer"; "Christ's Choice"—"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Still, our Lord is in every sermon, in every paragraph. "Back to Christ, past church and sacraments, past priests and creeds, past Paul himself and the apostles, we would see Jesus." No matter what the topic or text, this is the thought that glows in the soul of the preacher and the sympathetic reader as well. "A young Jewess who is now a Christian asked the lady who had instructed her in the gospel to read history with her 'because,' said she, 'I have been reading the Gospels and I am puzzled. I want to know when Christians began to be so different from Christ.'" "The whole condition of the church and the world," adds Mr. Black, "is explained by that." This condition of church and world he clearly sees and frankly states. He condemns our "luxurious religiousness," "conventional creeds," and "painful lack of power." "There is a luxurious religiousness which lives in mystic meditations, which takes delight in beautiful thoughts about the cross and in fine phrases about self-denial, but never once lifts a finger to touch the world's burden" ("Love's Self-Expression," John 13. 3). "We should not live so much under a cloud, in a depressed state, with lowered spiritual vitality. We should know more of the glad confidence of morning, more of the exultant, victorious ease of living. May not this be the explanation of our painful lack of power?" ("Consequences of Faith," Rom. 15. 13.) "A conventional creed may do very well so far as it goes, but it cannot go far at the best. There is no passionate note of conviction; there is no thrill in its assertions, no deep that speaks to deep, no height that answers height. It does not convince because it is not convinced." In his sermon on the "Signs of Christ" (Matt. 12. 38), he enters even more deeply into frank criticism of the tendency of our day. "This generation thirsteth after a sign. We think it an evidence of our spirituality that we do so thirst. Sometimes a crude evangelism, emulating the stupid methods of mediævalism, of which the lives of the saints are full, asks us to believe in the great realities of the spiritual life because of some material signs, answers to prayer, providences which, however cogent to the individual concerned, have little meaning to others. Or sometimes we have a recrudescence of the crudest spiritualism, spirit-rapping, table-turning, teacup-manipulating; or, again, we have the same claims appearing in a more pretentious garb in Theosophy, or Christian Science, or whatever happens to be the fashion-

able form of it at the time. There shall be no sign given to the curiosity-mongers. There can be no sign given to those who imagine that the spiritual can be proved by the material." One of the most tender of the sermons—it reads as if the preacher himself enjoyed it—is his sermon from Jeremiah, "The Appeal of the Past," Jer. 12. 2. "Memory is repentance, and repentance is a gate of life. Sometimes it works on other lines, not by a recollection of past failure or sin, but by a recollection of past faith and love and joy and peace. . . . When we have looked back to that sacred spot in our past, we have to ask ourselves, will we commit the folly, the glaring infidelity, the terrible apostasy of denying that sacred past? Will we harden the heart as the sweet thought of it comes back to us? . . . One of the deadliest sins of middle life and of age is irreverence of the dreams of youth, sneering at early piety or early earnestness, declaring that then we were ignorant and foolish and full of impossible ideals, but that now we have seen more of life and know the world and are too wise ever again to be entrapped into high feeling or burning zeal or self-forgetful devotion." Surely a preacher who accuses age of irreverence should be hearkened to. He is evidently approaching truth from a new point of view. Surely a preacher who can so frankly show the weakness of men of mature life is a preacher men want to hear. Under his leadership, or, rather, in response to his invitation, gladly will we draw near to the table of remembrance and take this sacrament to our comfort.

Radio-Active Texts. By BISHOP H. W. WARREN, D.D., LL.D. 16mo, pp. 28. Cincinntai: Jennings & Graham. Price, paper, 20 cents, net.

THE very title of this booklet suggests Bishop Warren; and if no author's name were on the title page, we would know the author from the luminous style and lofty quality. Who but he could have written this, for instance: "When God said, 'Let light be,' and light was, the eye of man or mole could have perceived somewhat of its radiant outcome. But how little! Man has received the growing illumination for ages of his best perception, only to find it richer today than ever before. God gave hints of its manifold composition in the rainbow; of its creative power in the violet and *sequoia gigantea;* of its photographic power by its myriad pictures on the retina of the human eye; of its relation to sanitary science in the blooming faces of those who were thrilled by the warm kisses of the sun, and the pallor of those who did not receive them. He tells us that the morning stars sing together, 'but while this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.' We were slow to learn the infinite richness of any word of God. The prism, telescope, microscope, stereoscope, and spectroscope have helped to enlighten the eyes of our understanding, but still we do not see the excellence of the richness of its glory. It travels 168,000 miles a second and bears with it the record of the history of all the shining worlds. It is a fit symbof of God, who is past our finding out. So of all matter. God never laid his hand on anything, or spoke to anything, without leaving in it a thousandfold more of wisdom and power than the philosophy of man ever dreamed.

'The brier's true nature is shown by the rose,
The tree's, when its bareness proceeds to disclose
Its burgeoning buds, far-flung fragrance and fruit,
The soul of sweet music's soul of the flute.'

On every foot of earth one wants to put his shoes off his feet, for the place where he standeth is holy ground. Looking into the flower or the sky seems like looking into the very face of God.

'Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.'

Since the material results of his word are so inexpressibly rich, how much more the results in the more expressive spiritual realms!" Who but Bishop Warren could have written the following? "It is not merely in grandness of thought that the Bible surpasses and enlarges our comprehension, but in *tenderness* also. It fills the whole gamut of human possibilities and sings its every note. It is a peculiarity of human speech that it seeks to express overflowing tenderness of affection by diminutives. The mother does not say 'My babe,' but 'My baby, my wee lambie.' The Lord knows all peculiarities of human speech. He does not represent the father of the returned prodigal going out with doubled fist to the elder brother and saying, 'Son, you ungrateful rascal.' No, in his exuberant affection he still regards him as his first-born darling. The huge form of manhood, bewhiskered and rugged with toil, does not suppress his glowing affection. He uses the diminutive form of speech, 'My dear little laddie, thou art ever with me.' No wonder the elder brother's anger was subdued at once. So in the case of the daughter of Jairus. Often we have read the transliterated words 'Talitha cumi.' But we get no sense of the depth of their tender feeling. With wonderful tact Jesus has put the mother where the first glance of the opening eyes shall fall on the remembered face. He has taken the maiden by the hand. He uses the diminutive form of affectionate address. It is as if a bonnie Scotsman should say, 'My wee bairnie, come now.' The voice of tender love found her so suasively that she sat up. And lest there should be remembrance of voices heard and sights seen in the other world, and she not be a natural human child again, he commanded that they give her something to eat. And the mother, holding her recovered girl, feeding her with accustomed food and kissing her between mouthfuls, restored all the dear old relations." Radio-active describes the author's mental output, spiritual influence, and life.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Poems of T. E. Brown. Selected and Arranged by H. F. B. and H. G. D. 16mo, pp. 284. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

In these years we often open and read the poems of Thomas Edward Brown, the Manxman, minister's son, Oxford scholar, fellow of Oriel, teacher by profession, and poet by nature and the will of God. His blood

was a blend of Manx and Caledonian; his mother was of Scotch extraction; and his verse, especially in his narrative poems, has at times a quality which recalls the Bonnie Briar Bush and similar literature. Lurking somewhere in the portrait which fronts the title page is a hint of Thomas Guard, George A. Gordon, and F. W. Hannan. It is a face of which one who met him said: "Why, he has eyes that look as if they could see into both worlds." Seldom is any volume prefaced by so excellent an Introduction as Mr. H. F. Brown has put into thirty-two pages, biographical, interpretative, and altogether so engaging that we long to reprint the whole of it. And as to the poems, the longer we live with them and the farther we get into them, the closer they cling to us; not because his is great poetry or high art, but because he touches the primal chords and common human heart in a noble way. In language he disliked "the obvious sweet"; yet often his essential lyric sweetness is exquisite and intense. He apologized for too frequent and facile alliteration; but that is a legitimate part of verbal music. His style of expression was severely chaste, quite individual and proprietary, instinctive and partly inherited, for to his father a chaste style was like the instinct of personal cleanliness. The Introduction says: "The reserve, the polish, the aridity even of Brown's verse have their reward, and his phrases dropped into the mind abide there, never to be forgotten, but, rather, to take on color, warmth, and glow from the life within." A proper title for his lyrics would be "Spiritual Songs," marked by appreciation of Man, love of Nature, and quest of the Divine. His spiritual life permeates and governs his intellectual and moral being, and gives to his work its unity of tone. To him nature is the direct manifestation of God and a medium through which we read him. Brown was much given to lonely communion with the God he felt in nature, as in long solitary walks upon the moors and downs. He said: "In my life I have been much alone. It cannot be helped; where is the real comrade? I never had one. The absolute self is far within, and no human being can reach us. I will not cant, but God reaches us, and He only." Brown's mood in the presence of nature was one of passionate contemplation and surrender to her influences; and he was so retentive of impressions that his brain seemed packed with sunsets. His large receptivity of spirit is almost feminine. As to the great problems of life and destiny, he did not think the intellect alone competent to deal with and decide them; mere intellectual processes do not reach the roots. He disparaged genius, saying: "Genius is intellectual, not moral. For instance, it seems probable that the greatest genius in the universe is the devil." For him certain deep intuitions are profounder than formal knowledge, and there is a logic of the heart superior to the "languaged logic" of the brain. The merely rational solutions of high problems did not satisfy him; he found more certitude and comfort in spiritual solutions. As to the problem of a future life, he said: "Apart from revelation, the matter is a question of metaphysics. . . . And metaphysically, the balance is in favor of a future life. To a skeptical nature like mine, the *balance* is everything. That is what I got ages ago from my own reflections, helped by Plato and confirmed by Butler. It was done for me once for all. I cannot reopen

these metaphysical problems. Let sleeping dogs lie. Must I always be breaking stones on the road to heaven?" When T. E. Brown fell into the negative, indecisive, or depressed mood, an experience of anxiety, suffering, or loss would bring him through into the confident, positive and affirmative mood. Here is one of his declarations after coming out of the mist: "One thing emerges—my absolute belief in immortality. I am not naturally a materialist; that is not a plant native to my mind; but in low, dull moods scales of materialism have sometimes grown upon my eyes. They vanish now utterly, and I am dazzled into clear conviction; my soul rebounds into sure belief. Now I feel my body to be nothing but an integument, and the tie which binds me to matter seems casual and momentary. Men who go in for new religions must not apply to me. I am content to drink the blessed old vintage. When I drink it new in my Father's Kingdom, all these bothers will be overpast." With the rationalist skeptic Brown will not trouble to argue, nor will he submit the convictions of his soul to unsympathetic criticism. This is what he says:

I have a faith as strong as steel,
Whether it is old or new,
Shall I to you its form reveal?
Certainly not to you, my friend,
Certainly not to you.

I have a hope that streaks my night
With bars of heavenly blue.
Shall I to you its source indite?
Certainly not to you, my friend,
Certainly not to you.

I have a rock from which my foes
Serenely I can view.
Shall I to you its place disclose?
Certainly not to you, my friend,
Certainly not to you.

For you're so "well informed," dear sir,
That if my thoughts are due
To any man, I do aver
It's certainly not to you, my friend,
Certainly not to you.

T. E. Brown writing of oneness with God holds that he is one with God who keeps the homely decent laws of life; and in whose flesh and spirit, whether he wakes or sleeps, God's will is done: and he is one with God who schools himself to think with the All-thinking One, and whose thinking is God-riveted. And he is one with God who regards all pains as partial and transient, and looks upon the jars and shocks and roughnesses of life as only "ripples parted from the gold-beaked prow wherewith God's galley

ever onward strains." And he is one with God who is sure that every true endeavor of the human soul "yields to God forever and forever a joy that is more ancient than the hills."

One of Brown's marked characteristics is his passionate belief in the splendor and sacredness of womanhood. When Hardy's Tess was published he was hurt and indignant at its tampering with chastity; and when an apologist for the book said that "the heroine was condemned under an arbitrary law, not founded in nature," Brown responded with amazement and resentment: "The law of chastity not founded in nature? A false and abominable doctrine!" He lived on a level where the dross of carnality is purged in the flame of a higher passion; and he held that for every manly man and undegraded woman the law of chastity *is* founded in nature and supported by the deepest human instincts. Brown learned from his father to pity and love and help poor outcasts. His father had a way of treating the outcasts not only with considerateness but with a grave sort of respect. He respected all his human fellow-creatures as God's children, however erring and fallen; respected them for what they might become, by God's help—yes, even they, for whom the hard world had no pity. To such T. E. Brown's minister father was, he says, a port of peace. He didn't fight shy of them, nor scowl at them. He would have considered he was taking a liberty with them if he had thrown up their sins to them. And a parson who didn't reproach and rebuke them, but was simply bent on helping them decently and kindly with their ruined lives, seemed to them a true representative of the pitying heavenly Father, a real disciple of Him who refused to speak harshly to a poor ill-used woman and turned his severity on those who were pursuing and persecuting her. This spirit, which was in T. E. Brown, as before in his father, has tender, beautiful, and holy expression in the two narrative poems, "Mary Quayle" and "Bella Corry," the close and climax of the latter being one of the most inexpressibly sacred things in modern poetry. In his native Isle of Man, which he called his "only true home on this earth," Brown loved especially the plain, simple, unspoiled country folk. Walter Pater wrote of Wordsworth: "He chooses to depict people from humble life, because, being nearer to nature than others, they are more impassioned, certainly more direct in their expression of passion than other men; it is for this direct expression of passion that he values their humble words." What was true of Wordsworth was true of T. E. Brown. He wrote: "This class of what I suppose you would call peasant women (I hate the word) seems made for the purpose of rectifying everything and redressing the balance and inspiring us with that awe which the immediate presence of absolute womanhood should create in the plain practical woman, with the outspoken throat and the eternal eyes. . . . Here for instance is a 'peasant' woman that talks like a bugle, and in everything sees God." Brown speaks of himself as "a Celt, a good deal hardened and corrupted by the Saxon." He has, one might say, a Celtic heart and a Saxon mind. We have saved little room for samples of his poetry, but take a brief bit or two, "My Garden," for instance:

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Take this verse, "God is Love":

At Derby Haven in the sweet Manx land
A little girl had written on the sand
This legend: "God is love." But when I said,
"What means this writing?" thus she answered:
"It's father that's at sea,
And I come here to pray,
And . . . God is love." My eyes grew dim—
Blest child! in heaven above
Your angel sees the face of Him
Whose name is Love.

Here speaks his sympathy with merry birds:

O Blackbird, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it!
And does the star hear you, Blackbird boy, so far?
Or do you waste your breath?
"Good Lord, she is so bright
To-night!"
The blackbird saith.

When his little child died this is the letter T. E. Brown wrote to God:

O God, to thee I yield
The gift thou gavest most precious, most divine!
Yet to what field
I must resign
His little feet
That were so very fleet,
I muse. O, joy to think
On what soft brink
Of flood he plucks the daffodils,
On what empurpled hills
He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
And wonders, if his father sees him now.

In some thoughtful and cultivated homes, where real people live, the poems of Thomas Edward Brown, of which we have given no adequate

samples, are prized and read. And if we had to take our choice between Swinburne's poetry or all the verses of the present poet laureate and the little book before us, we should keep Brown and let Alfred Austin and Swinburne go.

The Poems of a Child. By JULIA COOLEY. With an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. 16mo, pp. 151. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $1, net.

THOUGH over four years old, this little book is so unique and typical as to invite a notice. The child poet is a phenomenon which seldom emerges distinctly, though childhood often seems a region of imagination full of fancies such as dreams and poems might be made of. The child-mind is doubtless often touched by poetic gleams, but the gift of expression and of artistic arrangement is a rare endowment. For it there is required an exceptionally fine and sensitive nature in the child, contact with sources of poetic suggestion, and a fostering atmosphere of intelligence and culture enveloping the child's life. The phenomenon of child poetry has been studied by savants and discussed in learned societies, with not much result except to call attention to it as a botanist might bid us look at a rare bloom, the cause and nature of which he can no more explain than Tennyson could understand the "flower in the crannied wall." Forty years ago Lord Houghton, addressing the Philosophic Society in London, spoke of the instinctive poetry of very young children as being divine and oracular, and gave some curious instances of this phenomenon in his own little girl between six and seven years old. These verses by Julia Cooley, with more than a hundred titles, were written between the ages of six and eleven. They are sincere, spontaneous, happy, and sweet. Their art is instinctive and artless, but effective, often as winsome as a child's eye or a child's kiss. Bliss Carman says: "A book is written only for him who finds it, rather, for him whom it finds; it may be no more to him than the smiling salutation of a child in the street." Well, Julia Cooley's little book comes near to being "the smiling salutation of a child," and many of her little verses find us as surely as a child's merry laughter is music to older ears, and as irresistibly as the soft touch of tiny fingers can subdue attention and evoke response. When our little poet was about six years old, and could neither read nor write nor spell, she poured out little verses, which made themselves in her mind. At that age the beautiful meadows and flowers and sunshine filled her with rapture and set her heart singing. At that early age occurred an incident about which Julia's mother wrote to Julia's father one mid-October day thus: "Sunday is Julia's helpless day. On other days she roams from one end of the farm to the other and asks no odds of anyone. [Her grandfather's farm at Seymour, Connecticut, where Julia and her mother spent their summers.] Yesterday she came in from the hill, where she had been husking corn with Hull and Henry, rosy and bright-eyed and beautiful. She said she had made up a little song." And the inspired six-year-old chanted in a stirring monotone these lines which the mother wrote down:

Walking on the hill, I saw five little dandelions with *yellow* dresses on.
They thought it was *summer.*
But six had gone to seed and had their *white* dresses on.
They knew it was *fall.*

Later she came in from the fields again, "smiling with the ecstasy of composition." When her mother was ready with pencil and paper to take it down, the child sang again, as a bird might warble, her out-bubbling little song:

It was an autumn day;
The leaves had turned brown and yellow and red
And were gently falling.
It was an autumn day.

In these and similar verses, says Mr. Le Gallienne, we see a six-years' child "making nature pictures out of words with a vivid simplicity of impression, an instinct of economy and directness, and a native sense of form truly astonishing." At one time Julia seems to have had a notion that somebody might think her a moping, bookish, indoor child; so she corrected this misunderstanding by two verses entitled "The Happy One":

I'm not the silent one.
I'm not the one that sits and reads the livelong day.
I'm not the stone, the nestling bird, or the shadow of the stone,

I'm the romping, scampering one.
I'm the one who runs and sings among the flowering fields.
I'm like the leaves, the grass, the wind, the happy little butterfly and the little scampering clouds.

"What a picture of a happy child, made by herself," exclaims Le Gallienne, who thinks that fascinating bit of poetry is good enough for anyone to have written, but as the work of a child of eight is marvelous. "Note," he says, "the remarkably observed and selected images of stillness and silence in the third line—'the stone, the nesting bird, or *the shadow of the stone*'—and the similarly fortunate images of happy, sunny movement in the last line. And how alive the whole little poem is with the 'romping, scampering' feeling! 'I'm the one who runs and sings among the flowering fields.' What a lovely line that is! And note, too, the remarkable sense of form, of prose rhythm, in her use of a formless meter—quite a difficult achievement." To have seen this romping, scampering one running, singing in the flowering fields of the Wooster farm at Seymour, would make us the richer by one more beautiful and indestructible memory; and simply to imagine the picture makes us recall a sentence from Virgil's *Georgics*: "O, for the fields and the streams of Spercheios, and the hills animated by the romping of the Lacænian girls, the hills of Taygetus." One thing we notice in this little artist is her awareness of the world which surrounds the pictures which she paints, and the self-possession manifest in her quick self-recovery from the spell of any scene she pictures. What we mean is illustrated particularly in two of her sketches. One is this:

Three little girls at play jumping rope;
The clouds are black above them, but they do not see,
They are so preoccupied in their play.

That is the picture, complete. And then in the next line she turns our eyes from it to something outside it, and frames the picture, so to speak, with its environment, in the line, "The shy squirrel knew that rain was coming." That contrasting of the observant squirrel with the absorbed and oblivious girls, that one last touch, both finishes the picture and frames it. We see the picture all the better by glancing at the chipmunk darting about near by, and seeing the environing world in which he runs and roams. Another example of this same artistic touch is in her picture of "A Quiet Home":

Mamma sits in her chair reading a book,
Papa sits in his armchair reading the newspaper,
Sister sits in her little chair with her doll, drawing,
And baby sits on the floor with his picture book and rag doll:
Such a happy family, all by the quiet fire!

That is the picture, complete. But Julia does not leave her sketch of this sweet domestic interior until she has framed it with the wide world and the illumined sky, which she does with a glance out the window and with this framing final line: "And the great red sun seems just as happy." One curious thing is that though she herself was a part of the domestic circle she paints, she keeps herself out of the picture, except as inference may put her in. We feel sure that we have not attributed to these child poems an artistry which is not there. We lack only space to point out other fine artistic strokes and touches of this untaught and unconscious little artist, who did but sing because she must and piped but as the linnets do. Once, when a magazine offered a prize for the best poem on "Youth" written by a child, Julia decided to compete, and wrote the following:

Ah! Youth, fair envy of hoary Time—
I would that ever I could hear thy merry chime.
Thy laughter is a pleasure to old age. . . .

Having proceeded so far she showed the lines to her mother, who expressed the opinion that no editor would believe them to be the work of a child. "O, I see," said Julia, "you want a baby poem." And forthwith she produced this:

When I was young I loved the birds and bees,
I loved the sky, I loved the sighing trees,
I loved the fields, I loved the babbling stream,
And all day long I used to dream and dream
Of all the lovely things I saw and heard—
The hill, the field, the little singing bird.

"When I was young"! O, precocious and most venerable little maid, neither your aged airs nor the entire verse itself was likely to make the grizzled old editor believe your poem was written by a child under ten. And, indeed, you seem altogether an incredible little person. If you were not so dogmatically and point-blankedly certified to us, we should believe in your existence only as we believe in the elves and the swamp fairies and wood fairies and sunbeam fairies who used to be your playmates, and whom we could as easily find as we could find the little girl you used to be. Will you please explain to us, dear Julia, what has become of that "romping, scampering" little girl who wrote all this bookful of child poetry? Some of us would like to catch her and keep her for our playmate forever and ever. We have noticed this book because it presents the most marked and fully developed instance known to us of that rare and mysterious phenomenon, the precocious, instinctive, spontaneous, and seemingly inspired artistic poetry of childhood—an observed and indisputable variation from the usual manifestations of human faculty and power; a seemingly miraculous variation which none of the learned societies can disprove or explain any more than they can disprove or explain that other divine inspiration manifest in the Holy Scriptures. No one can close this book of verses without a tender feeling toward the child who wrote them; nor without wondering what sort of woman she will be; and in more than one reader's heart a prayer will start, that one of God's great guardian guiding angels may attend her life, "stand on the deck and spread his wings for sails." Just as we close Julia Cooley's book we catch sight of some words from a ten-year-old's experience which have some value for ministers and other writers. She remarks that, if you are fully prepared and your mind in the proper mood, you can do much better at writing than if you just sit down in haste and say "I'll do it" without further preparation or inspiration; and that, however good the poem (or sermon) may be, it would have been better if it had been thought about more beforehand. That is her idea. Yes, dear child, you are quite right in that. We ourselves have found it so. We are not speaking now to any grown-up; we are talking to the little girl who used to be, and who, in writing to her familiars, used to sign herself "Joo-Coo." Little "Joo-Coo," come back; the fairies are lonely without you.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops. By Henry Codman Potter. 8vo, pp. 225. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.00.

More interesting often than set and formal history is a book of incidents and personal reminiscences. A notice of the volume before us might be worth while if only for the exemplary value of the following incident concerning Dr. Eastburn, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. Bishop Potter tells the story: "I was leaving his study one morning when the bell rang; and the Bishop, stepping to a window that commanded the front door, said: 'Wait a moment, Potter. Here comes a

committee, and I should like to have you present while I receive them.' The committee was from a suburban parish whose rector was a man already known by his pen, of eccentric habits, but of rare gifts. He had made himself obnoxious in the family of one of the vestry by declining to continue in it as a 'table boarder' when he found the table impossible; and the committee had come, at the instigation of the lady whose table he had deserted, to denounce him as an opium-eater. The Bishop heard the charge (which I may say here was false) with a pained surprise, which he at once proceeded to express; and then, after a moment's pause, he said: "I suppose, gentlemen, you wish me to take canonical action in this painful business, and I shall proceed to do so. But, to that end, it is necessary that the charge should be presented to me in writing, and that you should subscribe your names to it.' At this suggestion the faces of the committee underwent a sudden transformation, and with one accord they sprang to their feet, their spokesman exclaiming: 'O, no, Bishop! We couldn't do that! We don't want to sign anything. We merely wished to come and tell you what you have heard, and leave the matter in your hands. But we couldn't sign any paper.' 'No,' said the Bishop, while his whole form dilated with the indignation which was seething within him. 'No! You will not stand behind your charge, when you are called upon to do it; but, though you know that a clergyman's reputation is well-nigh as sensitive as a woman's, you will do all that you can to destroy it; and when you are asked to subscribe to your own accusation you will refuse.' The Bishop had risen from his seat, and was moving toward his study door as he continued: 'Do you know, gentlemen, what the Rev. Dr. —— would do if he were a layman? *He would horsewhip you*—and so would I! Good morning, gentlemen!' And the Bishop swung open the door and bowed them out." Well done, Bishop Eastburn! The following is about Bishop Williams, of Connecticut. At a dinner, a prying person who sat next him pressed the Bishop inquisitively about the affairs of one of his clergy with some such question as, "Has the Rev. Mr. So-and-So said anything to you about such and such matters?" And the prudent Bishop quietly replied: "Nothing *to speak of*, sir." Bishop Williams never married. One of his private secretaries once called his attention to a facetious statement in a newspaper to the effect that they were proposing to put a tax on bachelors. "Read it," said the Bishop. The secretary then read it in full, to the effect that upon young bachelors the tax was to be light, but as years increased and probabilities of change diminished, the tax was to be made more and more weighty, until to those upward of seventy—as the Bishop then was—it was to amount to some hundreds of dollars annually. The secretary read the latter part with something of a gusto. When he had finished, the Bishop said, calling the secretary by name, "P——, it comes high, but it's worth it." When John Williams had been consecrated bishop, he wrote that day in his private diary the words of Ecclesiasticus: "If thou be made a master, lift not thyself up, but be among them as one of the rest." In 1865, when Dr. Robert Clarkson, pastor of a great parish in Chicago, where he was doing a mighty work, was elected to be missionary bishop of Nebraska, now a great and prosperous

state, but then a frontier wilderness, sprinkled here and there with little settlements of log cabins and small clapboard houses, he told his congregation of his struggle and his decision in the following words: "Entirely unexpected, the announcement came upon me. The very thought of the necessary severing of ties, and disturbing of the associations of seventeen years of a happy pastorate, was more than I could bear. And while I was enduring anguish and agitation in the balancing of inclination with duty, such as I pray God I may never again experience, I went to one of the bishops, and told him that I could not and would not go, and laid before him the reasons for my decision—ultimate, as I then thought it. When I told him of my ministry here, commenced in the fervor and enthusiasm of youth, and deep-rooted in the spiritual services and pastoral experiences of so many years, of my flock united in a most remarkable degree, and precious to me, every one, without an exception, and of my delightful home, filled with numberless testimonials of your attachment, and of my beautiful church, every stone of which was cemented by my anxieties and my prayers, and of the city with which I had grown up, the only dwelling place of my manhood's years, the birthplace of my children, and the sleeping ground of my dead, I supposed that this was enough to satisfy any reasonable man that I ought not to be asked to go. His only reply, as he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and looked me calmly in the eye, was: '*Your Master in heaven left infinitely more than this for you. Life is short. The account you must give will be strict. Go where he has sent you.*' What could I say? Shame and silence sealed my lips. From that hour the more I thought over the matter, and the more I prayed over it, and the more I discussed it with holy men, who believe that there is a God, and that there are such things as duty, accountability, necessary self-surrender, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, the clearer grew the whole subject, the more insignificant and sinful seemed the thought of the personal sacrifice involved, and the more imperative became the demand of conscience; and, although I reserved the right of final decision until I came home, and did not definitely determine until since my return, yet every day has settled me firmer in the conviction best expressed in the lines of the text, 'What am I that I could withstand God?' " It was with such a conception of duty that Bishop Clarkson turned his back upon his great city parish and went forth to the wilderness and its privations. No greater personality appears in these reminiscences than Phillips Brooks. Here is part of what is said: "Personally, he was a great character. Intellectually, we might call him a genius of the highest order in the application of the good news of Christ to everyday, modern life. His distinction and originality were there. Others have shared his profound faith and broad, inclusive love; but who has had such buoyancy of hope as he? such sublime confidence that all must come right in God's own world, which Jesus was born in and died for, where the Holy Spirit was a deathless presence and power? Partly it was a native endowment, but it was a Christian grace also, cultivated through seasons of anxiety and of sorrow, ripened by experience of what good things God had wrought. The young were drawn to him, as to one who, in this as in

so much else, never ceased to be a boy, and the old retricked their beams, and found 'glad, confident morning' again. It was a hopefulness that did not make him rash or presumptuous, but only glad and humble, and calmly expectant; sure of God's great purpose and tender mercy, sure that man was able to hold countless treasures from the divine influx; sure that God was ever reaching out toward the accomplishment of his ideal for humanity once revealed to us in Jesus Christ. All things were at work for his good, our good, all men's good, and what glories were in reserve so soon as we loved the Lord Jesus! It was a hope so strong and vital as at times to seem unreasoning. Leave God out of the premises, it was indeed unreasonable. But holding to him it had a right to be, and never fog could damp nor storm could shake it." When Phillips Brooks became a member of the House of Bishops, he modestly refrained for a long period from taking part in the discussions. The occasion which at last brought him to his feet was the report which submitted the draft of a new hymnal. Brooks missed from it one good old hymn which he was not willing to spare. His plea was brief but effective: "A hymn may have several values—a doctrinal value, a literary value, or that still greater value which comes from its long and intimate and cherished associations in many minds. I submit, Mr. Chairman, that this last value is pre-eminently present in the hymn beginning 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.'" He made no high claim for the hymn on the score of its literary merits, but dwelt on its spiritual power and with deep emotion on its sacred associations with the inmost life of many souls. And he moved that it be included in the new hymnal. Another bishop, with impassioned eloquence, instantly seconded the motion, which was then carried by a large majority. In Phillips Brooks's heart that dear old hymn was interwoven with memories of his sainted mother. Phillips Brooks was an inspired giant in whom the splendor of superb powers blended with the simple, childlike faith which he learned at his mother's knee. That grand hymn in his memory was inseparable from the sound of her voice, and his great soul rose in a mighty upheaval to plead for its retention. That variety ruled in the selection of these reminiscences is evident from this story: An old colored auntie attended a church which was served by two preachers, separately on alternate Sundays, one being a very large man and the other very small. Aunt Martha, being asked which of the two she liked better, answered: "Lors, Bishop, I thinks I likes de little one de bestis, 'cause he strains hisself de most."

Confessio Medici. By the Writer of The Young People. 12mo, pp. 158. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

We revert to this book here chiefly for the lifelike, pretty picture which its physician-author gives of the typical young couple setting out to make their way in life together. The picture fits not only the young doctor and his wife, but quite as well the young minister, and, indeed, almost any young married couple in life's early adventurous struggle. Here is the sweet glad picture (and may heaven bless all the dear brave young people whom it describes): "Husband and wife, while they are young, and the

baby is still the baby, play at economy as at a game. They remind me of that pleasant minstrel, at the swing-doors of the public house, who gets melody out of a coffeepot with holes cut in the spout, or from hard little strips of glass or metal. They shall have music wherever they go. To him and her who can find pleasure in saving a cab-fare and spend that shilling, arm in arm, quite seriously on something else that she really did want this discourse is not addressed. I envy and honor them. Out of books, out of good examples, out of their own hearts, they encourage one another, and quote the whole anthology of the praise of thrift: 'My father was just as poor at my age as I am. My mother had to do without lots of things: besides, she had such bad health.' They invent challenges and passwords of love: 'Why didn't you marry somebody with money?' That is the challenge; and the password takes all four lips. They surprise each other with sixpennorths of luxury, and have a thousand plans for the immediate future, and Aunt Maria's fifty pounds is spent in fancy many times before it comes to them. In the profound Greek sense of the word, they have enthusiasm. Look which way they will, back or here or ahead, they see sunshine; and people ask them to evening parties because their happiness lights up that dim pleasure. They find a sacrament in their daily bread, and a miracle in the coming of the baby. To save, to wait, to scrape along—why, that is what they enjoy; that is the way to begin, the classic, heroic, historic, romantic, practical way; besides, how stupid it would be to be rich now, how vulgar! See them, this man and this woman, setting out, hand in hand, heart in heart, into an expectant world. I could rhapsodize for pages over them; indeed, if it comes to that, they can do it for themselves. In all life, there is nothing more delightful, more inspiriting, than the sight of their bow in the clouds; and I hope that it will be lost not in a sky of gray but in a sky all sapphire." While we are at this book we may as well quote the wise old doctor's admonition to young men about depending on themselves: "To want to be wanted, to fight single-handed, for a place in the world, are evidence of strength. To count on the help and influence of other men, to wonder what A and B will do for us, are evidence of weakness. Especially, a young man must be careful to reckon a successful father not among his assets, but among his liabilities, for he who enters his father's profession counting on his father's name, enters it at his peril, and his venture is the more perilous if he takes in the same profession the same line. There was Icarus, son of Daedalus; he fashioned for himself wings to follow his father aloft, and they bore him off the earth, but the wax of them was melted by the sun, and he fell into the sea." And why should we not allow this doctor space to administer one more kick to Haeckel, the present-day champion of materialism, which Carlyle called "the dirt philosophy"? The doctor tells us of a friend who, when he gets away from the dissecting table and similar environment, holds firmly to the belief that it is he himself, and not his cerebral hemispheres, that is conscious. And he goes on about his friend thus: "He had the toothache lately, and declared to me that, according to his philosophy, he had the toothache, but, according to Haeckel, he was the toothache, or would be the toothache if he were he, which, ac-

cording to Haeckel, he could never hope to be, or be to hope. He added, that it was he who experienced the tooth in space, and the ache in time, and united these two dissimilar experiences, in his permanent identity, as the toothache. I will not pretend—for it was a very bad tooth—that all his language was so philosophical. Anyhow, he was sure that we cannot be what we have, or have what we are." This doctor thinks that illness helps a man to defy Haeckel. Hear what he says: "When a man is ill the silent, empty hours, the lull in the traffic of his life, have something to say to him; they explain nothing, but they give him a point of view. They emphasize his individuality. It is all very well, in the vanity of health, to call ourselves a succession of states of consciousness; that nonsense is knocked out of us by a month in bed, where we have time and opportunity to feel sure that we are not. An illness, I hardly know how, does tend to make us understand that matter and reality are not interchangeable terms. Here, in this sense of the nonmaterial reality of self, is a thread worth holding. Especially it is to be found and held in the very act of surrender to an anæsthetic. For he who offers himself to be reduced to unconsciousness is most conscious, and the freedom of his will was never more plain to him than now, when he lays it down. With the first breath of ether he flings a last defiance to all that we call Haeckel, and swears that it is false. Which is a fine experience, and cheap at the price. Therefore, since happiness, and insight into other people's feelings, and even a thread of philosophy may be got out of illness, I advise every young doctor to take his chance of being a patient." Our doctor saw a good old physician die. Following is his account with some reasoning reflections: "As we watched him we felt sure that the something we call death was about to happen. What it would be to him, and how he could continue to be he through that mysterious change we could not explain nor understand. The life of the body dies as a candle dies—burnt out—the flame of it ceasing. Physical dissolution is a purely chemical process, like the burning out of the candle. But we knew that neither the man whom we knew nor the life he lived had been matters of chemistry. So it seemed reasonable to believe that he died as he had lived *at another level than that of the physical sciences.* We were sure that the individuality, the personality, which distinguished him here had been real. We felt sure he must still be individual and distinct. Once he had been he, not merely his body; therefore, somehow he is, he must be; that was the argument, felt rather than formulated. He had been he, and, though words are useless here, the fact remains, that nobody has any right to play conjuring tricks with the two most difficult words in our language, which are He and It. Our friend, not it but he, still he, went away with the spiritual element of his life. The *reality of that element*, and the *reality of him* are *facts* which he had *so proved by the manner of his life* that they *were not challenged by the manner of his death.*" The interest and value of this book to us lie in its being from a standpoint not our own but an experienced physician's standpoint.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Gospels of Matthew and Luke. A Vindication of their Agreement and Accuracy as to Certain Dates and Order of Events, especially of the Marginal Chronology, the Fifteenth Year of Tiberius Cæsar, the Case of Cyrenius, the Visit of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt and Return, Notes of Time, etc. Also a Tentative Theory of the Baptism for the Dead. By Rev. JOSEPH HORNER, M.A., D.D. Pp. 68. Price, cloth, 60 cents.

THE book thus entitled grew out of and contains the result of a compliance with the request of a publisher of marginal reference Bibles to answer inquiries of a correspondent as to certain dates in the marginal chronology, chiefly pertaining to Luke's account of the period from the birth of Jesus to his entering upon his public ministry. This subject, though voluminously treated for some sixteen centuries, had not reached a clearly satisfactory settlement or conclusion, but still remained as a dangerous menace to the truth of the narrative of Luke, and of Matthew also; and the solution of the historic problems had now become of increasingly more importance, as involving in its toils of uncertainty the conception of Jesus, the place of his birth, its date, his infancy, his baptism, and his entry upon his lifework. Taking up the expression, "In the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar," he shows that a strict construing of the text, in the light of contemporaneous history, both accounts for the form and removes the uncertainty as to the date intended thereby. He therefore proceeds to take up and so treat it; and, accordingly, has set forth in this book the then existing conditions in Judæa, and of Herod, which apparently precluded the probability or possibility of immediately carrying into effect the order which came to him from Augustus in Herod's last year, B.C. 5, for a Roman world-wide enrollment of the subjects and estates of the empire, both native and foreign; and the results of his researches strongly support the statement of Luke that this first ecumenical enrollment was not made until Cyrenius was governor of Syria, after the banishment of Herod's son, some ten years after Herod's death; thus eliminating Cyrenius from all connection with this decree of Augustus prior to the time named by Luke, and confirmed as to its date and characteristics by Josephus. The results of his study of the texts were: First, that the common text was to be preferred as the oldest form, older even than the Sinaiticus, and in that form in accord with the order of Augustus. Dr. Horner claims that up to the time of the publication of his book no writer had noted the importance of the ecumenical character of this enrollment, but had treated it as of the same kind as the previously existing and customary enrollment of, for example, Cives Romani, etc. In his book is first brought out the force of Luke's descriptive term, *ἀπογράφεσθαι πᾶσαν τὴν οἰκουμένην* (to be enrolled, *the entire habitable* [part of the] *world* then under Roman jurisdiction), the author pointing out its decisive influence and importance in the defense of the structure, the form, and interpretation of the text. Secondly, that it having been found that Augustus had begun a series of world-wide enrollments of persons and estates in a cycle of twenty years' recurrence, and several of these having been traced, and the dates verified as far back as B.C. 5, A.U.C. 749, but none of this kind of an earlier date having been found, he is the first from these

premises to declare the natural and necessary conclusion that this decree of Augustus, dated B.C. 5, was properly designated by Luke as *the first* of that *first series of ecumenical enrollments* begun by Augustus and continued by his successors. Third, that he is the first to absolutely reject it as without any authority from anything written by Luke, or as other than an assumption to bring it into accord with a mistaken interpretation and supposed necessity of certain textual conjectural emendations, otherwise not needed.

1 *Standard Bible Dictionary*, Designed as a Comprehensive Guide to the Scriptures, embracing their Languages, Literature, History, Biography, Manners and Customs, and their Theology. Edited by MELANCHTHON W. JACOBUS, D.D. (Chairman of the Editorial Board) Dean, and Hosmer Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Criticism, in Hartford Theological Seminary; EDWARD E. NOURSE, D.D., Professor of Biblical Theology and Instructor in New Testament Canonicity and Textual Criticism in Hartford Theological Seminary, and ANDREW C. ZENOS, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. In Association with American, British and German Scholars. Embellished with New and Original Illustrations and Maps. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 8vo, pp. xxiv and 920. Price, cloth, $6.00.

THIS is a very formidable title page of a very good book, which is likely for some years to come to hold a place of much usefulness in the study of ministers and biblical students. In addition to the three men who are named on the title pages there are thirty-six contributors, of whom five are Germans, Professors Thumb, Marburg, König, Bonn, von Dobschütz, Strassburg, Guthe, Leipzig, and Nowack, Strassburg; seven are English or Scotch, Gray, Driver, Sanday and Bartlett of Oxford, Denny of Glasgow, Dods of Edinburgh, and Milligan, a Scotch pastor; one is a Professor at Leyden, though an Englishman by birth and training, the brilliant Kirsopp Lake; while the remaining contributors are American and Canadian. It is a cosmopolitan company all of whom are reasonably well and some are preeminently equipped for the tasks to which they have been set. The Funk and Wagnalls Company have had much experience in the making of encyclopedias and dictionaries, and it was therefore to be expected that the work of editorial revision would be well done. It must be freely admitted that in a work of reference intended not for scholars primarily, but for popular and general use, it is very useful to have the articles so ordered, arranged and cross referenced that the wayfaring man may easily come to the wished for intelligence, but there is always the peril that something of the author's distinctive material may be edited out in the process. This has certainly taken place in the big and very valuable Jewish Encyclopedia; whether it has happened here, or not, we have not been able to discover. In the case of men like Driver and Sanday it is much more important to know exactly what they really wish to say than that their articles should be adjusted for easy cross reference to what some man of very moderate attainments may be saying elsewhere in the book. As to the proportions of space opinions must differ. We may indicate here some of the dispositions which have been made. The article on Jesus Christ, by James Denney, fills about seventeen of these big pages. It is a powerful paper, closely knit, carefully reasoned out and concluding with a section headed "Appended Discussion" which is full of critical

acumen, fearless yet conservative. But excellent as this article is, it may well be doubted whether it is not much too long for a reference book of this size. The article Bible, on the other hand, fills only about five pages and can hardly be defined as powerful, though it does give a clear statement of the orderly development of Old Testament literature as modern scholars generally apprehend it. It was written by Professor Andrew C. Zenos, who has also written a number of Old Testament articles, such as Hosea, Joel, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah and others. They are usually brief, always somewhat arid, and lacking in enthusiasm. Their critical position is on the whole rather with the more advanced type of thinking than with the moderate position such as is maintained by Driver. He goes, for example, pretty much the whole length of the extremists who excise considerable sections from these books as later interpolations. Of this tendency his article on Hosea affords a striking example, for he excises the "references to Judah by a Judaistic editor," "the Messianic allusions," "the explanatory insertions of technical, archæological or historical character," and "the Hopeless corruption" passages. If we have counted correctly this means the cutting out of not less than sixty-one verses or considerable parts of verses. In reply to this there is no room for argument here; we can only say that we are sorry that the article on Hosea was not written by Driver. The best of these book articles by Zenos is the one on Jonah, but a little glow of enthusiasm for the book would improve even this. The article on Isaiah is by Professor Eduard König of Bonn. It has the well-known strength and weakness of its author. It is conservative not in the narrow but in the broad sense, but it is, as usual, overloaded with references to the writer's own books and brochures. The big article on the Gospels is by Professor Jacobus himself and is well done. Its conclusion concerning the Synoptic problem is as follows: "In brief, then, the generally accepted Synoptic theory is that there was a collection of discourses, or teachings, of Jesus, which lay at the basis of at least two of the Gospels (Mt and Lk)—perhaps of all, besides which Mt and Lk evidently used Mk, making its order and language fundamental to their own. The material from these two sources Mt treated in a topical way, and Lk in a chronological way, giving it a characteristic literary setting, both of them adding to it items from other sources, oral and written, peculiar to themselves, (e. g., the Nativity stories [Mt and Lk], the Genealogies [Mt and Lk], the details of the last journey to Jerusalem [Lk], the arraignment of the Pharisees [Mt], and the Ascension [Lk]). The Documentary theory is thus not an exclusively documentary theory, but calls to its aid both the oral and the dependence theories and has in this breadth its distinctive superiority over the others." The article on Jerusalem (nearly ten pages) by Professor Paton is exceedingly well done; the article on Palestine (nearly thirty pages) is a masterpiece, finer, almost, than anything else in the volume. It was written by Professor Guth of Leipzig, one of the foremost living authorities on the subject, with some useful index lists of plants, animals, etc., by Professor Nourse. We conclude, as we began, by saying that it is a very good book, and that no man is likely to regret its purchase.

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1909

ART. I.—THE "PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM" IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

I. *Preliminary Considerations.* Matthew's record gives us, in a special sense, the gospel of "the kingdom." He alone uses the phrase "kingdom of heaven." It is superseded thenceforth by "kingdom of God." This change may be of no particular importance. But it recalls suggestively Bernard's plausible theory as to the "Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament." There is in the Gospels, he argues, a steady advance of emphasis from kingdom to king. John, accordingly, mentions the kingdom in only a single instance—that of the conversation with Nicodemus. His similitudes cluster invariably about the person of Christ. He is the "good shepherd," the "true bread," the "true vine," etc. For light upon the earthward and circumstantial aspects of the coming kingdom we are thus practically turned back to Matthew. In his narrative alone we find the laws of the kingdom given in full and connectedly, in the Sermon on the Mount. There also the seven "parables of the kingdom" appear, symmetrically grouped, in his thirteenth chapter. Only three of these disconnectedly reappear in Luke, two are given in Mark, and none of them elsewhere. The deep significance of these parables is seen in our Lord's accompanying comment. He intimates that the "scribe," who has "understood" them, has been made a "disciple to the kingdom of heaven." He has thus become "like unto a man that

is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Evidently these are among those "keys of the kingdom," promised his disciples, which open the way to its hid treasures. As such they ought to be prized by those who long for a clue to the labyrinthian paths of its coming development.

The high rank here assigned to parabolic teaching seems the more remarkable because the parable itself so early dwarfs in emphasis and so soon wholly disappears. Beyond the synoptic Gospels there are no parables, properly speaking. Nor is the parable ever again even mentioned in the New Testament. Was it then a rudimentary and ephemeral form of instruction only, destined to give way to riper methods as the intelligence of the listeners advanced? Something like this seems implied in the statement that our Lord taught in parables "as they were able to bear it." But accompanying qualifications indicate that the unreadiness referred to was moral rather than intellectual. Jesus uses language showing his purpose mercifully to veil the deeper truth from the carnal multitude, lest its prematurely full disclosure should provoke instinctive revulsion and so do harm. Notice the striking illustration of this peril in Peter's case. He was not strong enough to listen patiently to the announcement of his Master's coming humiliation. It set him aflame, and he "spake unadvisedly with his lips." This brought upon him stinging but needful rebuke. The parables need not be shallow because they seem childishly simple. The attainment of perfect simplicity is the highest achievement of art. The depths of the transparent sea appear to lie close to the eye, while the murky waters of the pond remain unfathomed by it. It is more likely that the parable owed the brevity of its ministry to its profundity and breadth of scope than to its superficiality. It dealt so centrally and comprehensively with its theme that its mission was quickly accomplished. There has been but one incarnation, but it embodied "the Truth," once and forever. In like manner the parable, doubtless, in the words of Lange, "interpreted eternity in the forms of time." It thus keeps always abreast of the world's thought and solicits successively new interpretations. As Dean Trench has said of the germinal sayings of Christ at large, it may

be said with unique emphasis of his parables, "You never get to the end of them."

1. Distinction of Parable and Miracle. The miracle has sometimes been defined as an "acted parable." But the two are, in fact, widely separated by characteristic differences. They had certain features in common, unquestionably. Both startled the people by their unusualness, and their suggestion of outreach beyond the human. But the occasion of surprise in the two cases was wholly distinct. Hearing the parable, the cry broke forth, "Whence hath this man this *wisdom?*" Beholding the miracle, they "glorified God who had given such power to men." Both carried spiritual lessons, for the miracle was also a symbol (*semeion*). But the idea conveyed by each was unique. The one was a work; the other was a word. The one was evidential in function, aiming at present sense impression; the other was provocative rather, appealing to the rational understanding. The one was primarily redemptive, hinting of the normal order only by pointing to its brokenness, which it came to mend; the other was wholly revelatory, uncovering the working actualities of the ongoing world. The one had an ephemeral function. It manifested the temporary presence of the incarnate God, tangibly and immediately. That function being ended, it is gone; the other, turning nature into an "Interpreter's House" which abides, itself abides also as interpreter.

2. Distinction of Parable and Proverb. There are no parables in the Gospel of John, as has already been said. He never uses the word *parabole,* but *paroimia* only. This latter term means, properly, a wayside saying or proverb, and is so translated by the revisers in all except a single carelessly treated case. In this latter case (John 10. 1-16) it is evident that the writer regards himself as uttering no parable. There is no continuity of narrative, but a string of metaphors only. The metaphor differs from the parable as the hieroglyph differs from the symmetrical statue or picture. In the one case attention is fixed upon the object illustrated. In the other case it is concentrated upon the illustrating object. The eye being fixed upon Christ as the "good shepherd," isolated features from the shepherd life and its surroundings may fitly be

adduced, one by one, to illuminate his mission. There is thus no incongruity in speaking of him as metaphorically the "door" and the "shepherd" at once; for it reminds us that he is both the medium and the agent in our salvation. The features assigned to the Son of man, in the first chapter of Revelation, become grotesquely intolerable if taken as furnishing a complete picture and not as disconnected; but rightly understood, as hieroglyphs, they are full of meaning. On the other hand, when Matthew fixes our attention upon "the sower" that "went forth to sow" by a preliminary "Behold," we expect a continuous narrative of sequences that are, or normally may be, true. The introduction of falsity or incoherence at any point would be fatal to the narrator's purpose. The parable is a picture, and as such must have unity, fidelity, and just proportion in portrayal.

3. The Parable's Perennial Message. The prophetic announcement, "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world," is expressly claimed by Matthew to have been fulfilled in Christ's parabolic teaching. He suggestively, in making this claim, puts together the words *katabole* and *parabole,* as if in antithesis. The one literally means a thrusting down or under; the other, a thrusting forth or near. As if it were meant to say that the secrets of nature, buried from the beginning under outward phenomena, were now uncovered to view. It may be fanciful to suggest such antithesis as intended. But it remains true, at any rate, that there is assigned to the parable some fundamental significance as interpreting nature. The charge that Christ and Christianity have been unfriendly to physical research, or to intellectual advance in any direction, could never have been originated except out of human obtuseness or perversity. The exact coincidence of the boundaries of the realm of scientific progress with those of Christendom, is a conclusive refutation of the charge. It was Satan that had blinded men, deafened them, and clogged their forward footsteps by paralysis. Christ condemned and reversed all this. And having restored men's powers, he earnestly besought those to whom they had been given back, as well as those who had never lost them, to use faithfully these heavenly gifts. His characteristic words were

such as these: "Behold the fowls of the air"; "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"; "Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk." His characteristic complaint was that men "loved darkness rather than light"; that "seeing," they did not "perceive"; that they were slow to "ask" and to "seek." He piqued the curiosity of his disciples by hinting that the most familiar objects had every one an intrusted thought of God for them. Sir John Lubbock, on his knees before an ant-hill, was literally obeying the Solomonic injunction, "Consider her ways." To precisely the same effect, our Lord bade his followers, "Consider the lily." The word used (*katamanthano*) is picturesquely suggestive. It means to get down to, and become a disciple of, the lily. The breadth of range which Christ's allusion to natural phenomena takes is surprising. But even more impressive is the precision with which he seizes the central point of interest and mystery in every case. It is the *feeding* of the birds to which he points as worthy of notice and study in that domain. When one has learned the relatively enormous number of the birds, the endless variety of food required, and the marvelous ingenuity and diversity of the devices necessary to secure it, he will surely agree that the bird problem culminates at the "feeding" point. It is the *"singleness"* of the human eye that is chosen for suggestive contemplation. It is this "singleness" that constitutes the chief unanswered problem of the oculist to-day. It is not too much to say that, under the stimulus of Christ's incessant questioning and enigmatic hint, the whole world became studded with interrogation points. "Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?" The question seems a fore-echo of Paul's saying, "the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." Milton reëchoes it in his vision of earth as

> But the shadow of heaven, and things therein
> Each to other like more than on earth is thought.

The notion of such a gigantic parallelism of things visible and invisible is embodied in the often cited passage from Ecclesiasticus: "All things are double, one over against another, and he hath made nothing in vain."

The assumption of such a parallelism as is above suggested,

accepted as underlying the teaching of the parables, gives them a peculiarly modern look. For in that case the likeness between the thing illustrated and the thing illustrating it is not artificial nor fanciful but real. The parable becomes, thereupon, in order of thought, the counterpart of the so-called "scientific" method of to-day, which seeks by inductive processes to reach out from the known to the unknown. Both set out to "interrogate nature," after Lord Bacon's precept, on the hypothesis that law prevails in the supernatural realm as well as in the natural, and that its operations are, in some respects, alike in both. In some respects only, let us remember, for analogy must not be hastily taken for identity. The growth of the kingdom of heaven is "like" that of a grain of mustard, but not its counterpart throughout. The growth of the periosteum in man is like that of the bark of a tree. But no physiologist seeks for full information about the latter from the former. The lower tells us something about the higher, which it resembles, but not everything. The expert interpreter of nature untiringly seeks for a solid basis of fact from which to theorize intelligently. He critically observes the phenomena, noting minutiæ of identity and difference, and tracing relations of interaction and of sequence. Out of the data, so painstakingly secured, he attempts to sift such uniformities of action as may help him to formulate what he calls "laws." Only from such a carefully and compactly built abutment does he venture to spring his cantalever truss of speculative inference. The interpreter of the parables of Christ ought logically to follow the same method. For they present groups of coördinated facts, hinting the significant features of agreement or disagreement, and bringing us face to face with a resulting problem. It would seem imperative here also first to master the features of the concrete picture, in detail, before attempting to draw abstract inferences from it. "Not first that which is spiritual," says the apostle, "but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." It will instruct us little to be told that the kingdom of heaven is "like" this or that, until we have carefully acquainted ourselves with the characteristics of that which it is said to resemble. To invert this order is to hang the cantalever from midair. No part of the Scripture has been

subjected to more fantastic caprice, and none has yielded more contradictoriness of result in interpretation, than these parables. Precipitate spiritualization has thus identified the "kingdom" with the church, and forbade church discipline on the authority of the parable of the tares. It has insisted on making "leaven" here mean, exceptionally, a beneficent agency. It has made the "hid treasure" and the "pearl" practically identical in significance. It has found in the parable of the "net" justification of Calvinistic "irresistible grace" on the one hand, and of that of baptismal regeneration on the other. It is not the purpose of this inquiry to revise these theoretic conclusions in the spiritual sphere, or to attempt new ones in the same sphere. It essays a much humbler, but by no means less important task—the preliminary study of the facts themselves, as furnishing the only trustworthy basis of theoretic inference.

II. *Some Parables of Nature.* The parables in question begin with the word "Behold." The Greek term chosen is significant. It is *eidein,* immediately afterward (in verse 14) contrasted with the inferior *blepein.* The former means to perceive, or see into, while the latter is only to see. It aims not simply at an arrest of the wandering eye and a hasty glance at the picture to be unfolded. A protracted and penetrating study is solicited. The parable is not simply to be heard but patiently "understood." For it avowedly offers an enigma to be resolved, and this implies painstaking consideration of details. The facts appealed to are taken from the familiar world about us. They are so chosen and collated as to narrow our attention to certain enigmatic phases of nature's ongoing, which are commended to our careful examination. Not until we have observed and pondered upon nature's methods in the particular case delineated, can we catch her secret and divine in what respects the kingdom of heaven is "like" the earthly phenomenon taken as its counterpart. It is essential, therefore, first of all, to note carefully the physical facts selected, their correspondences and differences, their order of sequence, and such other details as may help to single out the exact problem and reach the exact law intended. The value of such study, as illustrative of spiritual things, will, of course, depend on

the fidelity of the parabolic report of nature's doings. "If I told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you heavenly things?" But why should we believe the heavenly, if the earthly be not truly portrayed? Whether they are here so portrayed, and whether they fairly suggest the queries and inferences here suggested, is open to inquiry now as then. The page of Scripture and that of nature ought to correspond if both are from the same divine author. And both are still in plain sight and legible. Nineteen centuries of observation and reflection have given us broader and deeper insight into nature and its laws. But nature itself remains unchanged, and so do Christ's words describing it. In comparing the two it is immaterial to inquire whether any striking coincidence be due to supernatural foresight on his part. Our inquiry is not as to his inner thought, which is matter of inference only, but as to his language, which is unmistakable. That his language, naturally understood, does reveal a curious gravitation of emphasis toward the precise subjects of modern research and the very problems now under study will be found, however, equally unmistakable.

It will be convenient to isolate the first four parables, as is done in the narrative. They are there given to the multitude, while the remaining three are reserved for the disciples only. These four fall naturally into a separate and cognate group. The phenomena noticed belong exclusively to the vital realm, as distinguished from the psychical above and the mechanical below it, and in that realm to the vegetable world only. This sagacious narrowing of the field of vision is a striking anticipation of modernism. The transfer of inquiry from the broadly cosmical to the biological has been the characteristic feature of nineteenth century study. To this Comte long ago attributed the progress of current inquiry, as compared with Greek ultimate stagnancy. And the narrowing of observation, again, to the lower forms of life, is a notable anticipation of current method. For it greatly simplifies the problem by excluding those eccentric factors inseparable from the life of animals and men—sensation, reason, will, conscience, and the like. The problem of vital action is thus presented to us reduced to its lowest terms. The first parable confronts us with:

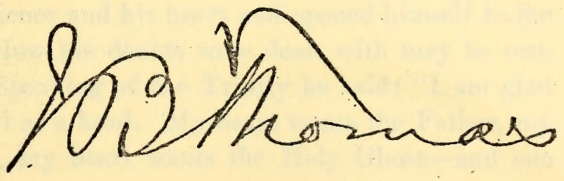
1. The Problem of Environment. The sower, the seed, the sowing, the sunshine, and the rain are assumed as impartially the same throughout, but the diversity in result is startling. Three of the six segments of the sowing bring no final fruitage, and only one comes to its best. How to account for this? All other possibilities having been exhausted, there remains but a single clue to the puzzle—the diversity of environment. The story is so told as to emphasize this diversity and suggest its mastery. The devouring of the seed that falls on the wayside is obviously due to the fact that it has no surrounding soil to protect it or encourage germination. That which falls upon "rocky places" soon "withers away" because it has no fit "deepness of earth." That which falls "upon the thorns" is "choked" by its preoccupying and stronger rivals, and so fails in the struggle for life. The bringing forth of "some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty" is not distinctly accounted for. But analogic instinct at once suggests that, as before, diminishing fruitfulness is due to diminishing friendliness of environing conditions. The question raised is thus one and inevitable throughout. It would be superfluous to emphasize the preëminence given in modern research to the class of facts thus outlined, and to the explanation it suggests. Environment has been found so potent that it has been reckoned well-nigh omnipotent. Its power to limit and to modify is now seen to be so real and so tremendous that it has been credited with power also to create. Being so clearly the cause of much, it has been claimed to be the ultimate—or, at least, the ultimate ascertainable—cause of all. But the problem is not so easily disposed of. The explanation arouses as many questions as it answers. It needs to be explained itself. That many other factors require to be taken into account the narrative clearly implies. Notice (1) The making of the environment. The present environment is a result and not a primal cause. The particular instances here selected make this fact conspicuous. Behind the hardness of the wayside are the footsteps of man and beasts; and behind these the endless maze of human interests and impulses that have led to its traversing. Behind the shallow plaster of soil upon the rock lie the convulsions that tore rock fragments from their parent bed, and the various

later agencies that crushed and pulverized them into fertile form. Behind the aggressive thorns stretches out a long and intricate history of advance, and eccentric degeneration, for thorns are but aborted leaves. Even the good, better, and best soil of the parable is not primeval. If we may trust the patiently reached conclusion of Mr. Darwin, they owe their relative fecundity to no "resident forces." All our vegetable mold, he assures us, has been ground into fertility by the earthworm. Although, with self-effacing modesty, he keeps himself usually buried out of sight, he is, in truth, the head gardener of the universe. Besides this, later investigations uncover the ministry of countless microörganisms that mediate perpetually between the plant and the soil, helping the one to assimilate the needful elements locked up in the other. In these shrewdly selected instances, therefore, there is brought to our notice the endless reach of interacting agencies, whose efficiency we cannot ignore, but whose nature and work we cannot gauge. All of these antecede and underlie environmental mastery. It is still true that "There are more things in heaven and earth . . . than are dreamt of in your philosophy." (2) The illusion of continuity. There is a notably complete line of advance from the stagnancy of the wayside seed, through clearly marked upward steps, to the acme of fruitfulness in the hundredfold crop. Does not such serial continuity imply also like causal continuity? If "in yesterday already walks to-morrow," must we not find the successively higher to be always a new "mode" of the next lower? Was there any large or more real gap between the almost-reached fruitage of the seed in thorny soil, and that which brought a thirty-fold return, than between the latter and the sixty-fold crop next above it? May we not say that the actuality of the latter is a materialization of the "potency" of the former, to borrow a phrase familiar among physicists? The facts out of which the modern notion of universal continuity of development has been conjured are here given a plausible statement, but the notion itself finds no recognition. There are degrees of goodness and of badness respectively, but no genetic relation between them. There is an abrupt division of the series into two groups—and between crop and no crop there is absolute antithesis. Failure, complete or partial, is not the birth throe of

success. Evil is not "good in the making." The devil, who is "the father of lies," is not, therefore, the grandfather of truth. (3) Specious uniformity. The precision of parabolic language, even in allusion to minor details, is observable in the explanation given of what befell the seed falling upon rocky ground. It "sprang up quickly *because* it had no deepness of earth." The fact of such rapid springing up was obvious to any observer, but its correct explanation was then not so. We now know that the rocky substratum, catching and reflecting the sun rays, cradled the young growth in peculiar warmth, and so hastened its advance. The further remark that it was when the "sun was *risen*" that the feebly rooted plants "withered away" is equally accurate and full of suggestiveness. The "rising" so referred to must needs be its seasonal climb toward the summer solstice, for the rooting could not occur in a single day. When the sun rides high in summer its thermal ray overmatches the luminous, as that had already displaced the actinic ray of spring. James, in his Epistle, refers to this as bringing "burning heat." By this marvelous change in mode of energy displayed the sun adjusts itself continuously to the advancing needs of plant life; but the change from the mild actinic ray, which nurtures all life in its incipient stages, to the fiercer thermal ray, which also brings healthful ripening to the plant in good soil, ministers death to the tenant of the shallow, rock-bottomed tract. This subtle change in the apparently uniform emission of solar force may well remind us of the illogical nature of the processes by which we may bring ourselves to speak of the "uniformity of nature," and build ponderous and fallacious theories thereon. (4) Seeming self-sufficiency of nature. Lucretius persuaded himself, a long time ago, that "nature can do all things, without the help of the gods." "Natural selection" has been sometimes theoretically endowed with like semidivine independence of efficiency. But in this parable we are reminded that the soil which fosters the seed does not create it, and that the seed, being created, can normally reach the soil only by being sown. Observe that, instead of using the familiar and direct designation of the seed (*siton* or *sperma*), our Lord, in his explanation of the parable, resorts to a periphrastic form of expression—"that which is sown."

This might be dismissed as accidental, but for the uniform abstention throughout the parable, from the ordinary term, and the unusual character of the roundabout phrase substituted. This is the more suggestive because of the fact that the cereals are in a peculiar sense "that which is sown." Grass grows by the root, and is self-protecting and self-propagating. But the cereal is uniquely dependent on the ministry of man. The geologic record shows it to have been twin-born with him, and that it came into existence full-formed, without traceable antecedents. It has never been found wild, as Decandolle assures us, and when left to itself it does not degenerate as other plants do, but disappears. It is also peculiarly perishable when gathered. MacMillan says, "It is not probable that there was ever a year and a half's supply of bread at one time in the world," and "The human race comes every year within a month of starvation." Cereal life is also singularly helpless and unhelped except by man. It is not self-fertilizing. It is not aided at this point by birds or insects, as many other organisms are. Its delicate pollen must be scattered indiscriminately by the wind, and is always in danger of being destroyed by violent blasts or drenching rains. It is the victim of myriads of insects, as well as of rust and mildew. It is plain, then, that the cereal is neither a product nor a favorite of "natural selection." It never originates, and cannot survive, apart from man. His prescient care must prepare the soil and scatter it, and his hand must gather and preserve it for future sowing, or it would perish outright. It illustrates in unimpeachable fashion the incapacity of nature alone mechanically to meet all the needs of vital organisms. (5) The mystery of waste. Of the six tracts here described as sown only one made full return. Of the remainder two were partially and three wholly unresponsive. Was the bulk of the seed therefore wasted? Here we come upon a perennial stumbling-block of cosmic theorists. Nature seems to destroy as ruthlessly as it creates lavishly. Yet the word "waste" is, in fact, a malleable and delusive one. The highway was infertile, yet it was indispensable. The rock was good to build upon, although unfit to sow upon. Even the thorns might be wrought into a serviceable hedge. The objectionable and obstructive, from one point of view, may be usable and even neces-

sary from another. No one but the general, who has the whole field of battle in view, can decide on the wisdom of a single company movement. The "sower" who here "went forth to sow" furnishes light thereby on the problem. The wheat he holds in his hand is essential to his life. If it be wholly lost, no wit of man can replace it by manipulation of the grasses; no chemist can find a substitute for it as a vehicle of life. Of it he may justly say, "Teneo et teneor," for he holds it in life by sowing, and it, in turn, holds him in life by the harvest it returns. But being a creature of appetite, and knowing that it is good for food, why does he not eat it, as the horse would? Being an observing creature, and seeing that the seed in the furrow will dissolve and disappear, why does he commit it to such a fate? Or if, being also "a creature of large discourse, looking before and after," he perceives that seeming dissolution is not real, but the way to a new and increased life, he must also see that there are formidable difficulties in the way. Beyond his hand, it is beyond his reach. It must be left to the mercy of mechanical and incalculable forces, with grave uncertainty as to result. Why, then, should he exchange the secure for the problematic? Or, again, he knows that the seed must have fit soil, for he "goes forth" to find it. He knows that in sowing some must be scattered on the wayside, some on rocky ground, and some among thorns. Why, then, does he not drop it patiently, seed by seed, in fruitful furrows, rather than entail foreseen and reckless waste by sowing broadcast? The future crop may be uncertain if the seed be trusted to wind and weather, but it is impossible else. The waste of time in planting, seed by seed, would far outweigh the waste of seed in scattering. And, from the birds' point of view, the wayside seed would not be wasted. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." The "sower" still deliberately goes forth to sow, and the judgment of the ages is that he commits no waste.



Art. II.—HORACE BUSHNELL AND "THE VICARIOUS SACRIFICE"

I. Bushnell was born in Connecticut in 1802. He died in 1876. He was reared in the Congregational Church, but his mother had been a member of the Episcopal Church, and his father had learned Arminian views from his mother and objected to the rigid Calvinism delivered where he lived. So religiously varied currents met in Horace Bushnell. His father had two occupations—conducting a factory and a farm. Bushnell worked in connection with both. His heredity and environment seemed to combine to preclude narrowness and provincialism. Diversity came in upon him in life and thought. His mother was a woman by whom duty was made authoritative without being hateful, and who made religion felt as a reality without making it a constant topic of conversation. The home was a New England home and more; and in a sense it was prophetic of Bushnell, who was to be a New England man, and far more than that. Conscience, and a practical relation to life, with a compelling conviction in the things of religion, are three New England characteristics. These things were true, but not the distinctive, characteristics of Bushnell. The deep vein of mysticism and the versatility of his thought and life, in combination with the other qualities, made Bushnell what he was. At twenty-one he entered Yale College. After a course where he was felt as a leader he graduated. Then he studied law and became a tutor in the college. He had been religious as a boy, but a skeptical period came and an intense revival movement in the college found him intellectually unsympathetic. A group of young men who admired him stood aloof from the movement. This was more than Bushnell could bear. He listened to the demands of his conscience and his heart and opened himself to the revival influences. How his doubts were dealt with may be seen in his own words. Speaking of the Trinity he said: "I am glad I have a heart as well as a head. My heart wants the Father, my heart wants the Son, my heart wants the Holy Ghost—and one

just as much as the other." It was the appeal to experience which was to underlie much of his thinking and life. He entered the divinity school and in 1833 was invited to become pastor of the North Church in Hartford, Connecticut, where all his active ministerial life was spent. His pastorate entered into the very life of Hartford. The park bearing his name is one evidence of how deeply he impressed the city. His influence entered into the fiber of the manhood of the city, inspired it in educational ideals and even in commercial activity. He became Hartford's first citizen. After hearing him on Sunday, we are told, men would say: "I've heard a great sermon and I'm going to make my week mean something!" His relation to his own church is suggested by the unity with which it stood by him through the fierce theological controversies which raged about him, finally withdrawing from the Concession to protect him and express its loyalty to him. When his divergence from opinions almost universally held became understood the attack began which continued a running fire for years. Vain attempts were made again and again to bring him to trial. The Congregational polity was in his favor. Besides, Bushnell was not the sort of man to try for heresy; there was such a massive Christian quality about him that New England common sense held the heresy-hunters in check. He was interested in everything. He planned roads, could not pass over a stream without calculating its water power, had a passion for nature, organized a musical society when at Yale, was practical, poetic, virile, alive to the finger tips. Through all this versatile life the ring of conscience sounds clear, and under it there heaved the great tidal movement of a deep personal religious life. He was forever original. Though a reader, he was not in any technical sense a scholar. There was too much going on inside his own mind for that. He kept problems hanging on pegs, as he said, until he could get to them. Such eagerness and such vitality were his that to the last he was planning new and large enterprises of thought. If he were still alive, he would be publishing a book this year to startle men out of intellectual sluggishness, partly agreeing with the spirit of the time, as easily disagreeing with it; moving with an almost airy freedom from earth's control, but with a very

solid strength for a man who has wings. His thinking was a preacher's thinking, his theology was a preacher's theology. The young men who listened to him in Hartford found in him a leader. Through his books he has been the master of many, a sort of theological pastor, and his preaching rooted in his experience. Skillful and brilliant as he was, the secret of his power was not in these things, except as they expressed the spiritual realities which he had verified in his own life. Great as he was as a thinker, he was more great as a seer. His style at times is dazzlingly brilliant. Heaven and earth are laid under tribute, and one is sometimes almost bewildered by the play of light, the gleam of figure, the sweep of movement, and the quality of noble phrase. Yet it is not always an easy style to read, and it is not always just lucid. Bushnell's originality is his weakness, as well as his strength, here as elsewhere. He takes liberties with words. To a generation taught by Matthew Arnold some of his constructions are awkward. Perhaps it would be too much to expect a volcano to have regard to literary chastity. There is something in Bushnell's style which suggests the paintings of Church, with their daring brilliancy of color. The comparison may not be fair to Bushnell, but he has something of the fault of Church. All is, of course, redeemed by a wealth of thought which completely saves his style from being splendid pyrotechnics. Its best defense would be to say that it was an expression of the man.

The last years of Bushnell's life were a battle with disease. A manly battle it was, and they were not years of idleness. They were filled with work as he was able, and the richness of his nearness to God glowed over them. The theological controversies were healed not by agreement but by a growing respect and reverence for the man. In the day of his passing one of America's most distinct and notable minds was lost to this world's activities. When we think of the largely built men of his century, we are not ashamed to name him among them.

II. The New England theology was a thing of wonderful logical acumen, but it tended to reduce theology to the terms of formal logic. In one way Browning's "Tertium Quid" in The Ring and the Book might represent its fatal tendency to miss

reality in the pursuit of logical correctness. And the logic became not merely formal and mechanical but cold, heartless, even cruel. Some of its assertions were unethical enough unless measured by some supramundane standard of ethics where two and two morally do not make four. The reaction from this came about in two ways. First there was the Unitarian movement. It had several aspects. There was the moral aspect. Trying to get away from an immoral God, it gave itself to negations. It insisted and reinsisted that certain cruel things which theology had asserted could not be true of God. In many of its negations it was correct enough, and, doubtless, many were driven into Unitarianism by the false assertions of a mistaken orthodoxy. Then there was its theological aspect. It more and more reacted so as to leave Christ quite completely without divinity. Beginning with a lofty and spiritual sort of Arianism, by the very law of its nature it lowered and lowered its estimate of Christ. A distrust of the potency of the supernatural led toward the repudiation of miracles. Theologically, Unitarianism tended to drift into a modified skepticism. Then there was the æsthetic side. It represented religion without ethical cost. It created piety without the echo of Mount Sinai thundering through it. A natural outcome of this aspect is seen later in the philosophy of Emerson and the dilettante piety of "Christian Science." Beginning as a party of protest, Unitarianism possessed great and noble leaders. In many details it was right. But almost every profound tendency promised less and less noble things in days to come. The other reaction from the older New England theology was in the direction of a modified Calvinism. Here the governmental theory of the atonement found play. But it was an attempt to heal with more logic the wounds made by logic. The syllogism still sat grandly on the throne. Whatever may be thought of it as an intellectual achievement, the result did not save the situation. The modified Calvinism had taken up logic and by its logic it was to perish. In such a theological world Bushnell was trained. His whole theological life was a reaction from the reign of formal logic. The heart must be heard. Life must speak. Christian thinking must be made vital. We will best approach his work from the stand-

point of his theory of language. To him language was not a vehicle of absolutely correct speech; it was a symbol, a suggestion. If this were true, it was a great and destructive bomb thrown into the camp of the formal logicians. For, if words are but symbols, how can they be used in closely reasoned demonstrations? Who would think of making a syllogism of metaphors? Words are a means of contact with reality through a sort of splendid suggestion, but you must not try to tie them down to the niceties of absolute accuracy. Then nature was a great symbol. Bushnell was quite Wordsworthian in his feeling about nature. It was just another set of words, a symbol of the highest realities of life. Coming in this attitude to the problems of theology, he had a wonderful exegetical freedom. He really did not need the help of modern critical scholarship; his theory of language saved him in every awkward situation. Regarding the Trinity he at first expressed himself in quite Sabellian forms. He had a passion for the unity of God like that of Unitarians. One God with three modes of expression might pretty well describe the impression made by his early writing about the Trinity. The more he thought over the problem the more he tended to move toward orthodoxy. He pushed the distinctions in the Godhead farther and farther back until finally he spoke of God as "eternally threeing himself." Perhaps this sounds more nearly orthodox than it is, for to the last Bushnell emphasized the threefold aspect as necessary in regard to relations with the finite rather than inherently essential to the life of the Godhead. His study of the supernatural recognized a world of nature, with its mechanical laws, and a supernatural world including all persons—man as well as God—but he conceived of it all as a unity with God as ruler. The contention that man was supernatural tended to be of the greatest help to men beginning to be afraid of the laws of nature, and his insistence that all made a unity ruled by God was right and true. If he had seen that even the laws of nature are just God's ways of doing things, he would have come to the very heart of the problem. His work on Christian Nurture, of more practical than theological value, insisted that children in Christian homes should be brought up as belonging to God and trained as members of his kingdom.

This seems like a commonplace now, but the practical contention, valuable as it was, had a theological presupposition which needs careful scrutiny. A certain kind of emphasis on training needs to be made with clear understanding of the meaning of personality and personal choice. When Bushnell spoke of Christ he usually used terms in which the divinity swallowed up the humanity. He was sure of God in Christ. The other side of the problem perhaps scarcely occurred to him.

This hasty sketch of his work as a Christian thinker, omitting The Vicarious Sacrifice, which will be referred to immediately, does not reveal what was most characteristic and valuable in his theological method. He was always expressing his own Christian experience, or what he felt necessary to protect it. It was the theological foundation for a life he wanted to get. He was ready to consider and reconsider his theology in the light of his growing Christian life. Theology was to be not merely crystallized Christian experience; it was to be Christian experience living and thrilling in beautiful symbols, forever suggesting and leading the soul to the sanctuaries of Christian reality itself.

III. The first volume of The Vicarious Sacrifice was written during the Civil War. The book itself has a great throb of battle in it. But it is no petty warfare, with intellectual raid and plunder; it is a great, noble battle, a Gettysburg, with far-flung lines and loftiest heroism. The book has its necessary polemic, but its whole tone is lofty. Here Bushnell's repudiation of the theology of formal logic is expressed at white heat. The central thing about the Christian faith was salvation. The central thing must be expressed in terms of life. It must not be even wonderfully articulated bones, it must be flesh and blood and nerves. Here theology must be translated into heart throbs. So he set to work upon the great task, to discuss salvation in terms of life. And the great principle, the positive foundation for all the work, was the necessity inherent in love to get under whatever burden of sorrow and pain and sin affects those loved; in suffering sympathy to enter into the very meaning of their woe; to bare its own life to the blasts which beat upon them; to go forth to rescue at whatever cost, nay, with a certain passionate eagerness for the cost

of sorrowful experience which will work rescue. This is the principle of vicarious sacrifice inherent in love. It is a universal principle. It is true of God the Father, it is true of the Holy Ghost, it is true of the good angels, it is true of all redeemed souls. When love is love it has no other choice than to go forth under any burden of pain for the helping of those for whom love yearns. This is the motive of salvation. This is the spiritual meaning of the cross. It is an eternal meaning. There was a cross in the heart of God from eternity. Christ revealed it on Calvary. The inherent obligation of God's life required this sacrifice. He was not any better than he ought to be; he was just completely loyal to the meaning of his own love. But this quality of willingness to suffer for the rescue of men becomes itself a moral power, becomes itself a rescue when it is expressed in terms of human life. The vicarious principle in the heart of God, crystallized into action, becomes the moral power which conquers and renovates the sinner. Christ came to be this moral power. Not to be simply an example, not to be simply an influence, but to be a power, the power of love in the *abandon* of suffering to rescue from sin. His work as a healer gives a keynote to his ministry. He was always healing bodies, it was a parable of his work as a healer of souls. No technical change in legal status would satisfy him; he must see sin conquered—slain—in man, and his work was so to become a moral power that the very root motives in men's lives would be seized and held for God. How did he do it? By everything about him. By life and death all together. He did not come to die; he died because he was here and the situation in which he found himself required death. You can follow his life from the start, however, and, full of wonder as it is, full of heartbreak as his death is, the pivotal place in his practically becoming a moral power was at the resurrection. That showed who he was. The life and death of a splendid man could not become the required moral power, but the life and death of One revealed by the resurrection to be God in human life breaks right into the heart and becomes the power of God unto salvation. View life, and words, and works, and death from this high vantage ground, and all leaps with significance. The eternal heartbreak in the life of God has got

itself expressed. Thus he loved, thus he suffered; thus he entered the very burden of the world's woeful sin. Thus the very moral potency of God is set loose in human life. Thus does Christ become the moral power of God in rescuing men from sin.

But now we are beset by the hosts of the logicians. What becomes of the justice of God in this view? The question rings out with the charge of the enemy. Right eagerly Bushnell girds himself for the fray. Let us get to the root of the matter, he says, in effect. This whole question of justice must be scrutinized, for justice is not the fundamental thing in God. Justice is a quality of God in the practical exigencies of government. This is a deeper thing. It is the very ideal law of right, existing before government; the law in fundamental oneness with which God is what he is. Justice must be treated with respect, but this fundamental law must be satisfied. And what is vicarious sacrifice, what is love taking up the burden, the woe, the whole tragedy of sin upon its own feeling and life, in rescuing agony, but the very expression of this fundamental law? This is the law before government. It is the deepest thing we can touch; and instead of being an obstacle in the way it causes the rescue of men by the moral power of vicarious sacrifice. But what about the antagonism between justice and mercy? There is no antagonism. They work together. Justice holds the evil man in the chains of his evil until a change in his life lifts him out of the category where retributive causes work. There is no let-up in this. It is unflinching. Mercy finds a way to work in the man a change which lifts him out of the range of the retributive causes of life. Justice is steady, and works as another force in the very field where mercy works. Like two forces in nature they may seem to contain a formal contradiction but really are coöperative in the whole process. But what about the law's high demand upon life? Christ honors it in every way. He restores men to obedience to it. He restores it to its place of power. He obeys it himself, and he dies in loyalty to it. Christ is the great supporter and uplifter of the law. As to legal enforcement, there is no failure. We may almost say that a new sternness comes to light in Christ. He first announced the doctrine of eternal punishment, and he announced it in the most appalling

form of speech. And he announced the judgment. His words flame with moral fire. All this perfectly protects legal enforcements. As to God's rectoral honor, that, too, is protected. For Christ as God stepped aside from no burden laid upon the race by the curse of sin. He entered into the very meaning of the curse. Under its pressure he so lived and wrought and died as to become the world's supreme moral power. A work so wrought can never dishonor God as a ruler. So, not by mechanical or commercial substitution but by the moral power of his vicarious sacrifice Christ works our salvation. It is a process wrought in men. It is not something done for them in which they have no part. And what is their part? It is the consent of faith. By faith they so open their lives to this moral power that it does its work in them. Justification by faith is not a new legal status; it is a new life. The sinner is actually made into a new creature; but this new life constantly comes from the power of Christ. The man all the while is being worked upon. And this constant derivation of power from Christ through faith is justification.

Just now another attack comes sweeping before the reader. The guns thunder with the sacrificial ammunition of the Old Testament. Bushnell proceeds, as he believes, to capture the guns and to turn them upon the enemy. What was the meaning of the whole sacrificial system of the Old Testament? Why, like words themselves, it was a great symbol, and it was finally to teach not legal cleansing but moral cleansing. Ceremonial cleansing was finally to uplift cleansing of life. The whole system was a parable of purification. And what does all this mean but that the whole system was a preparation for the viewing of Christ's work as a real purification, as a moral power? Now, after the manner of ancient battles, the fighting along the line ceases and some giant words come up to do single combat. There are three Goliaths of them: Atonement, Propitiation, and Expiation. Of these Expiation is a Philistine indeed and Bushnell goes forth to his slaying. As a matter of fact, we are told, expiation is no biblical conception at all. It is a heathen conception grafted on the Bible and grafted on the gospel. Expiation spells itself out in terms of unutterable cruelty. It is a heartless conception from the classics. It has no

home in the Bible nor in our faith. Expiation slain, atonement and propitiation are explained. They have been fighting under the wrong colors. All we need is to understand them. Atonement is at-one-ment—the real, not the legal, harmonizing of man and God. And how is this done except by the power of Christ making the man a new creature? Propitiation is the new attitude God can have toward this changed, renewed man. The essential change is in the man. This makes possible a new relation of God to him, and this essential change is wrought by the moral power of Christ. But there is something left to be done. Christ's great sacrifice is to become a moral power in our lives and so save us from sin, but he does not become a moral power by our calling him that. He does not become a moral power by our thinking of him as that, or by our trusting him as that. In fact, we must forget all about his being a moral power or he cannot be the greatest power at all. Our very self-consciousness, in thinking of him as a moral power, is in danger of preventing his becoming so. How is this dilemma to be dealt with? We must think of him objectively. Not that his work is objective, to be sure, but that in order to be subjective it needs to be thought of objectively. So we may bring back the very phrases of objective atonement, only we will understand that we are using them as beautiful symbols to deliver us from over-subjectivity; not that we accept any mechanical logical conception which might seem to flow from their use. So shall Christ become our great moral power. So shall his vicarious sacrifice renew the world.

IV. All this work is done with a mental brilliancy, a resourcefulness in conflict, a constant and detailed reference to the Bible seen from continually surprising angles, a depth of spiritual power, a devotion to Christ and a moral passion of which this discussion has given no adequate notion at all. It is a splendid piece of constructive work coming from the mind and heart of a great Christian man. Now what is to be our verdict upon it? 1. In the first place, the great positive contention is true. Mr. Charles W. Iglehart once described the "Moral Influence theory" as "a number of true things about the atonement." That Christ's work is a power in men can never be denied, but while that is true it is not all the

truth; while it is a power in men it is also an achievement for men; and this Bushnell did not see. 2. Not a little of Bushnell's negative work will stand. The crass mechanical view of the atonement must be repudiated, and repudiated as earnestly as by Bushnell; but he had not faced the question whether an objective work of Christ had not been wrought which was no mechanical or commercial exchange but a vital thing, capable of being expressed in terms of vitality. And he did not ask if many who used terribly inadequate phrases might not be feeling after a reality which their phrases grossly misrepresented, but which was the great fact of the whole matter for all that. If he had sought to find the vital meaning in an objective atonement, instead of discarding it, all his work would have been different. 3. His presentation of the moral view keeps within sound of the thunders of Mount Sinai in the most wonderful way. It would surely be impossible to present the moral view in a more wholesome fashion. What he says of judgment, punishment, and all ethical things bristles with cutting blades of moral intensity. This is not, I think one may say, a characteristic of typical moral-influence theories. Could a man who had such an intensely glowing sense of fundamental moral things continue contented with the moral view? It remained to be seen. 4. His theory of language was a pitfall to its user. Of course there is a large symbolic element in language; but if speech is to be at all trustworthy, there must be a place for definite meanings, and even in transcendent themes we may be sure of certain results without claiming any exhaustive knowledge. We may have islands of certainty even in the definite ocean. There is a symbolic element in language and there is a definite element. When all speech is reduced to symbol it makes a man too free. It tends to make him lawless. 5. So Bushnell's use of the Bible, unconsciously to himself, was free and easy. It is not dependable. Often where modern criticism would have delivered Bushnell from difficulty he just takes wings and flies away. He had a right to the deliverance, but he had no right to the method, and often he uses the method when he has no right either to the deliverance or to the method. We must treat words more seriously and reverently than his theory allowed. 6. His feeling that the great subjective work

must be spoken of as though it were objective is a most interesting thing. It gives an air of artificiality to this part of a most real book. Yet his point is surely well made, and the escape from the dilemma is not hard for us to see. The work must be thought of objectively because it is an objective work—not as a necessary mental fiction. It is a work *for* us, and so becomes a power *in* us. Seeing the matter in this light, we preserve all that is of value in the moral view and give the deeper—the central—fact of the atonement its right place. 7. With all its vitality, there are most vital and essential questions the book does not adequately face: What does sin mean in the sight of God? Does sin make such a difference to God that something more than the rescue of the sinner must be done to satisfy him? How is the rescued man to have peace in spite of his memory of past sins? Just what is the New Testament consciousness about the death of Christ? 8. Bushnell did not succeed in so getting the great law of right quite into the nature of God that here was the very source of its existence. If he had done this, and had faced the demand of the nature of God in the presence of sin, he would have found full deliverance from mechanical and commercial theories, but he would not have made the port of the moral-influence theory.

V. The second volume of The Vicarious Sacrifice was first published in 1874—eight years after the publication of the first volume. It was published as a separate work, with the title, Forgiveness and Law, and it was Bushnell's intention that it should appear finally as a substitute for Parts III and IV of his earlier volume. This was much objected to, and after his death it was decided to let the first volume stand as it was, and publish Forgiveness and Law as a second volume under the same title as the first—The Vicarious Sacrifice.

This volume came as a result of what Bushnell felt to be an accession of new light. It has two positive contentions. One has regard to propitiation, the other expresses a conception of the relation of law and commandment. Bushnell had made the discovery that when a man tries to forgive there is a moral repulsion which can only be overcome as the person wronged gives himself, in some way, in self-sacrfice and suffering, to the one who has wronged him.

Then the hardness or moral repulsion departs from his own heart. He has propitiated himself. Using his favorite principle of arguing from analogy, Bushnell reasoned, If this be true of human nature, why not of the divine nature? And so he came to the conclusion that there is a moral repulsion in God's nature which is overcome by self-propitiation. But this self-propitiation of God is not the suffering life and death of Jesus. These are the means by which God's self-propitiation is revealed to men. But the self-propitiation itself is an eternal thing—God's everlasting taking cost and suffering upon himself—by virtue of his very nature. Jesus made this aspect of the nature of God tangible to men. It now becomes possible for Bushnell to see more in the phrases representing the idea of propitiation in the Bible. He now has a distinctly Godward side in his conception of the atonement. The other positive contention of the new volume had regard to law and commandment. Bushnell felt that the commandment of Christ was a different thing from the law—the statutes—of the Old Testament. The one was legal, and imposed demands for a man to perform definite things. The other implanted a great principle and, in free and spontaneous dependence on Christ, expected loyalty to it. Life, Bushnell felt, is full of parallels to these two. First there is the legal demand; later, with new incentives, the spontaneous loyalty. But these legal demands have regard not to final justice, but to discipline, and the "penally coercive discipline" and the great motives back of the commandment together work the completion of the Christian man. Final justice comes only in the summing up after this life is over. It has nothing to do with this life. This world is a place of discipline. And in that discipline the harder pressure of the law and the creative incentives of the commandment work together. Bushnell reaffirms his attitude toward justification by faith and urges finally the viewing of Christianity under different forms of thought, such as those used by Jesus in foretelling the Holy Spirit's work, in order that we may be freed from the frozen lifelessness of old formulas, and, perhaps, at last, from the larger perspective, see more adequately the great meaning of old words enslaved now by a scholastic theology.

This book was written when Bushnell was about seventy years

old. There are several things to be said about it. 1. It shows his wonderful openness of mind. He was always ready to receive new truth. He was the kind of man who keeps growing to the day of his death. 2. It was, more than he really knew, probably, a step toward an objective view of the atonement. It recognized an obstacle in God which had to be met. It was met, he believed, by self-propitiation. This was a long step. When a man sees that God's nature is such that something must be done to satisfy him before sin can be forgiven he is no longer merely a teacher of the moral-influence theory. 3. The significance of all this lies here: Bushnell had written the most nobly Christian exposition which could be made of the moral view. If a Christian could ever rest in the view, he could rest in it as it is expressed by Bushnell. But Bushnell himself could not rest in it. His own Christian consciousness was so profound that it required something more. And so the man of seventy years set about thinking out this "something more" and found it as an objective element, a Godward side to the atonement. So, though he himself did not see it, Bushnell becomes the most effective critic of the moral view. 4. It is, I think, not fanciful to see a certain kinship between Bushnell's idea of self-propitiation and Professor Curtis's idea of self-expression. The latter idea seems to have the reality Bushnell was reaching after. 5. His contention that this world is not being conducted on principles of absolute and stringent justice is correct. Such a view would preclude forgiveness. 6. But you do not feel that he has found the real root of the demand for the atonement. It is a nobly Christian mind moving toward the haven with the haven not yet in sight. The great true thing about Bushnell in relation to theology was his profound conviction that theology must not be a dead formula but a living reality. It must have a heart which keeps beating; it must have a conscience which keeps smiting; it must be a perfect dynamo of vital energy.

Lynn Harold Hough

Art. III.—SONNET-HUNTING

There is much reading sent out to the world which smells of mortality, but there is also, thanks to the genius of the past and present, much that is alive and will live forever. Nothing stirs the blood of a lover of good literature like a poem. He catches his breath as he sees the glimpses of glory pictured before his eyes. He sees the beauty the poet sees; he hears the far-off music; he shares the poet's joy and is stirred by his sorrow. He cannot tell what moves him any more than he can define the perfume of the violet. When we who are looking toward sunset remember the grip and power of poems we once enjoyed, and go back to our early love with a soul responsive to the heavenly vision, we become "Brave conquerors of dull humanity!" With us each summer vacation time has been spent in delving, that we may find for other fellow-workers something which they may wear for amulets; delving that others may have from our hand and our heart something of the patience and brave cheer that comes to us in our toil. The past summer the plan was to go sonnet-hunting. May brought the federation and hundreds of bright women; June, college commencement, alumni banquets, and the flood; July, recuperation from the quartet; August, the raging of the Dog Star, that kept its Sirius face toward us till long into September. Wanting to get courage for the hunt, we remarked to a bright woman that it was time to make a start.

Our optimistic friend at once turned pessimist, saying: "Our local psychologist has decided that no new thought can be produced after the age of thirty-five!"

"But Gladstone's head had to be measured for larger hats, at seventy!"

The pessimist solemnly shook her head. When an enthusiast once has cold water poured on his project, how many methods combine to produce chills and bring down the fever heat! How could I go sonnet-hunting when I knew so little about sonnets? To be able to appreciate any great and beautiful creation one must live

on an equally high plane of noble thinking. Laine says the valleys and lowlands are only for the swineherd. My whole summer, with its pleasures, cares, and burdens, had hardly taken me from the lowlands, physically or mentally! To be sure, when the floods came, and the Blue River spilled over into the town, we fled to the hills, but the mind stayed in the valley. Later in the season, though the mercury was sizzling at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, must one not, according to the traditions of the elders, care for pears, peaches, crab apples and plums, so that there shall be comfort in the household when one shiveringly draws near the glowing fire in December? To even think of sonnet-hunting under these conditions was as great a burden as the grasshopper. Indeed, was it not, all through the summer vacation, first the grasshopper, then the cankerworm, the caterpillar and the palmerworm? How *was* I to get strength to search for the sonnet? It would actually necessitate my rising to the plane of a poet myself; it would force me to be able to appreciate the sonnet, which, to tell the exact truth, I had never been wholly able to do before the age of thirty-five! There is only one recipe for making a poet, and as that is safe in the cold-storage of nature I am unable to tell *how* the sonnet is made. I have often wondered if there *were* any methods by which we could learn the poet's art. Is it learned by reading, by experience, by environment, by intuition? Tennyson learned by careful work and much weariness of flesh. For ten years after the failure of his first work, he was grinding at the mill of technical modes. We know how a music master drills a budding genius. We have wondered at the years of patient toil with paint and brush which Leonardo da Vinci spent before he sent out his masterpiece. There are some who declare that the poetic instinct is inborn; is not molded and shaped by experience or labor. An American writer has said that though poets may seem to be sudden prodigies, this is not the fact of the case—they are the slow result of the ages. The oak gets its nourishment from earth formed from the vegetable races of the past and which is exactly suited to the life and health of this giant of the field. In this same way poets are made! The tree is made up from what is old. It is not a new thing, neither can

it invent a new thing. The oak, like men of genius, holds mere invention cheap. Instead of creating something absolutely new it strikes its roots deeper and creates something out of the soil already at command. How familiar we are with this trait in Shakespeare! He really invented almost nothing. He gathered from all the world and from all ages, and made something out of his findings as unlike the original as the oak is unlike the weeds and shrubs that have grown on that same soil for centuries before the acorn was planted.

Pessimists may have a place in the world, but I am glad to remember that their influence over me is short-lived. One day, when practicing the science of domestic economics by paring peaches and making jelly, I fell to thinking about the suggestions of the pessimist—that I was past thirty-five and that I lived on the lowland; but at the same time came this encouraging thought regarding the soil that produced the oak. I looked back, with my mind's eye, at my family tree, or perhaps it might be safer to say my family shrubs, to see what soil was produced by these plants of decaying ancestors, and wondered if, in the evolution of the shrubs, plants, trees, it might be possible that I was an oak! There was encouragement in the thought. The oak is only a sapling at thirty-five. Then, though the oak likes the uplands, it casts a large shadow in the region where only "the swineherd" might dwell. How stimulating is the thought of having grand possibilities wrapped up in our character! "To appreciate a sonnet," I said to myself, "I ought to be able to write one. But *can* I do it?" I cautiously questioned. "It is only fourteen lines. Surely, I can ride my Pegasus thus far! There is to be a gamut of groans and sighs, then only six lines more, to get out from under the dumps. And only five feet to a line!" I cannot tell who wrote the first sonnet, but there was in the sixteenth century a great revival of sonneteering in Italy, and Petrarch brought it to perfection. Wyatt's poems were adaptations of the sonnets of Petrarch and were introduced into England in Tottel's Miscellany about 1550, the first printed poetical selections in the English language. Most of these sonnets were addressed to some lady love. I looked at my cans of beautiful Albertas, my clear amber jelly of crab apple and

royal-purple plum, wiped my thoughtful brow and felt sure that, by a slight stretch of imagination, I could also do that very thing. Doubtless the roots of the oak were in mold that had nourished many shrubs of real worth. Petrarch addressed his sonnets to a young lady. Dante's Beatrice was only a child. I faintly remembered that Spenser married his "Amorette." Milton had a dead wife. Nobody knows whom Shakespeare addressed. Sidney had his "Stella." Surrey addressed his love complaints to a little Irish girl. The pathetic sonnets of Heine express the influence of his mother on his life. Goethe—did he write any sonnets to his many loves? This last thought caused a discouraging sigh as I looked at my beautiful jellies and cans of Alberta peaches. Then I looked at the glasses and jars; they had the real—inside. Here was truth. That they were beautiful no one could deny. In writing poetry the oracle declares that truth and beauty must be kept in view. Aristotle regards poetry as a sort of air castle which ends in delight. I was positive in regard to the delight that would be expressed later on in regard to what was before me, but in regard to my poetry, if I could write it, I was not so sure. *Could* I write a sonnet on peaches?—*canned* peaches? I had for precedent William Wordsworth. He thought the incidents of common life appealed to the poet with greater force than the highly intellectualized emotions. Surely, I could equal his Idiot Boy, but—there were his sonnets! I began again to doubt. Is it really safe for my Pegasus to take me away from the atmosphere in which I belong? Though I dwell in the very center of the United States, that does not seem to be a proof that the horizon is broader or the altitude higher in the intellectual realm than it is on the edges. It is true that if a map of our country were to be doubled, with the shores, east and west, touching each other, and then folded again with lakes and gulf together, the center point would represent my dwelling place. Now, sonnet-hunting may be like fox-hunting—have long pauses while the covers are being drawn in search of game. I have reached the time of this problem and I am impressed that I must remember my limitations and environment. In our midst is a scientific college with two thousand students, and long ago there swept over us a tidal wave of materialism and com-

mercialism, placing these far above the humanities which had heretofore prevailed. It is sad to relate, but all my little world agrees with Bottom, the weaver, that there is more worth in hay—"good hay, sweet hay"—than in a feast of beauty and fairy creations. Being in the grip of such a spirit makes me doubly doubtful in regard to being able to catch an original sonnet, to use as a sort of crayon illustration, while on the hunt for the best which the world affords. But,

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distill it out.

I look again at my Amoret! I do not know why the sonnet has only fourteen iambic lines, with the formula u a x 5, any more than I know why the Spenserian stanza has nine iambic lines with a certain formula, but I suppose some one invented the sonnet whose harp had fourteen strings, and the poet, like the musician, knows when the melody should end. The stanza may leave the sense incomplete and run the thought into the next. The sonnet must be complete in itself. There are three well-defined forms of the sonnet found in English literature. The Shakespearean, rhyming thus (similar letters indicating lines that rhyme with each other), a b a b c d c d (this finishes the octave). The sestet is, e f e f g g. The Miltonian, or loose Italian sonnet, follows Petrarch's rule of four different vowel sounds in the rhymes, yet having the sense continuing from octave into sestet, thus: a b b a a b b a; c d c d c d. The strict Italian sonnets have a complete change of ideas in the sestet which also, if one desires variety, can be arranged in many different ways. The Wordsworthian sonnet varies between the Miltonian and strict Italian. We are taught that the good things of life never come singly but always with a mixture. It began to look as though my hunt for the *original* was over and my sonnet had beat the cover, for when I had thought out the structure I laid pencil and paper beside my fruit on the kitchen table. I would choose the Wordsworthian formula, varying it not with the Miltonian but with my own! Here is the formula: a a a a b b c c d d e e f f. The title of this framework, clothed—

A Domestic Sonnet

I think a woman's horizon is small,
If she sits shut in by her kitchen wall
And has a deaf ear to the Muse's call,
In this first, beautiful month of the fall.
What is she doing? Still making her jell!
She's been at it, and at it, I can't tell
How long. There's a gamut of aches most dire;
Head, back, limbs ache as she stands by the fire.
Eating the jell, in the heart of the year,
With mistletoe, holly, and all good cheer,
One forgets backache, hand-stains, slash of thumb,
When she views with delight peaches and plum
As a gift of love that's almost divine—
Pressing from September this celestial wine!

Just here the cans must be sealed, the jelly must be skimmed, and there was no time to correct imperfect rhyme or select the proper number of feet for the last line, so the Domestic Sonnet hobbled off like a mutilated centipede. With a soft sigh, that had no regret, but only weariness in it, I thought of my effort at sonnet-hunting while busy with domestic duties, and said, consolingly:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on."

The Miscellany which I mentioned as published by Tottel about 1550 had been before the public fifty-two years before Shakespeare's sonnets were published. Besides this Miscellany and the translations from Petrarch there were many other collections sent out to the world, for this was an age when there was a passion for sonnet-writing and its highest point of achievement was attained by Shakespeare. Shakespeare did not originate the sonnet structure which he used, but his genius gave it authority and name, even though the precisians held that the Shakespearean sonnets are not sonnets, but only fourteen-line poems. The one hundred and fifty-four poems which makes the book called "Shakespeare's Sonnettes," form a sonnet sequence. "They deal with two leading themes, in an order which is not necessarily historical but which discloses an interior principle of arrangement"; or, as a musician would say, "They consist of variations on two dominating

motives or themes." The writers who have searched for the key to Shakespeare's sonnets have been many, and their declarations in regard to the close relation of the sonnets to his own experience make an interesting study. But the conclusion drawn must be that the sonnets may be read as the poetic record of an emotional experience, or emotional experiences, but not as a record of fact. The experiences are hidden behind a veil of elaborate art and philosophy with which the thought of western Europe was saturated at this time. Tennyson wrote In Memoriam at different times and when in diverse moods, but as we read the poem as a whole we see unity of manner, theme, thought. For several years Shakespeare wrote sonnets to and for his friends, sending them, in his own heedless way, right and left, but when at last the one hundred and fifty-four poems are placed together in this sonnet sequence, it is found there is a general theme: a somewhat idealized friendship between the poet and a young man of great beauty of form and feature. The highest type of friendship in this age is love with the selfish element eliminated. That is not the type pictured in these sonnets. In the forty-second the poet finds the beautiful young man trying to win from him the heart of his mistress, and the heart of the poet breaks with loneliness, pain, self-denial, and self-renunciation. From thence on the friend, the "dark woman," and the poet are actors in a drama. In the one hundred and forty-fourth sonnet a spiritual motive is suggested.

> Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
> The better angel is a man, right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman, color'd ill.
> To win me soon to hell, my female evil
> Tempteth my better angel from my side,
> And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
> Wooing his purity with her foul pride.

Five or six sonnets previous to this one partly quoted the poet says of this woman, said to have been Marion Delorme, a French courtesan:

> When my love swears that she is made of truth,
> I do believe her, though I know she lies.

The last nine of these sonnets are full of discontent with himself and of bitterness toward others. At the very end of the sequence—the last two are given as a postlude to the group—"the little love-god, . . . once asleep," awakens and the maiden tries to put out the firebrand in a cool well, but the well, instead, "from love's fire took heat perpetual." It is useless to try to put the fire out, for "Love's fire heats water, water cools not love." The imagination, unreasoning and creative, shown in the sonnets, is the same imagination shown in the plays, and if Shakespeare should speak from his grave, he would say: "These sonnets tell nothing about my life. Every one in my own age knew I was not a saint. Every one in your age knows I was a genius, and for that reason, and because of the age in which I lived, much is forgiven. But men and devils, women and angels, love and hate, confidence and jealousy were always before me in poem, play, and sonnet. I tried to see what I could do with them; that is all." The mind goes by weight of impulse and habit. Shakespeare lived with his created characters, filled with wicked, gay, or foolish imaginations, ardent passions or melancholy mockery. If such a man wrote sonnets, they would give no clearer visions of his own life than did the poems and plays. As Shakespeare has never been held up as a pattern of propriety, to say the least, in his private life, the sonnets, naturally, would not reveal characteristics foreign to the whole life and character of the man. The sonnets were written for and sent among his friends, of whom no man had more friends won by his frankness of spirit, charm of manner, and the witchery of his genius.

Milton imitated the type of the Italian sonnet, but with none of its cold whiteness. Milton's sonnets are like his life, delicate, grave, lofty. The exotic beauty of the southland sonnets he brought to England and made indigenous to the soil. Milton in his blindness saw visions and dreamed dreams. In the sonnet to his dead wife he tells how she came to him, and what she was in her angelic beauty and sweetness. It is like the one Dante writes to his Beatrice, departed from this life. With Milton in his sonnet, the vision of "love, sweetness, goodness" which "in her person shined" *fled* when "I waked—and day brought back my night."

With Dante:

A gentle thought that of you holds discourse
Cometh now frequently with me *to dwell;*
And with such sweetness it of Love doth tell
My heart to yield unto him it doth force.
"Who then is this?" the soul saith to the heart;
"Who cometh to bring comfort to our mind,
And who hath virtue of so potent kind
That other thoughts he maketh to depart?"
"O, saddened soul," the heart to her replies,
"This is a little spirit fresh from Love,
And to my presence his desires he brings,
His very life and all his influence move
From out of the compassionating eyes
Of her who sorroweth for our sufferings."

Charles Lamb, in his own charmingly whimsical way, laughs at Milton's stilted talk, but Charles Lamb's remarks have irritating quality like those of Taine, who sits on the judgment seat teaching and exasperating lovers of English literature, as when he declares that Milton makes Adam enter paradise via England! that it was in England that Adam learned respectability and studied moral speechifying; that before Adam had touched the tree of knowledge he uttered an address as full of pithless sentences as a bachelor of arts could have uttered in his final thesis! But without asking permission of Taine all the world has become fond of the sonnet which Milton wrote on his blindness:

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide:
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Mrs. Browning, in speaking of the literature in the days of Elizabeth, says: "They [the years] were as full of poets as the summer days are of birds." "Never since the first nightingale broke voice

in Eden arose such a jubilee concert. . . . Why, a common man, walking through the earth in those days, grew a poet by position." The Elizabethan age proper closed with the death of the queen and the accession of James I (in 1603), but the literature of the following half century was quite as rich as that from the time the queen came to the throne (1557), and this half century is called the Age of Milton, who was born five years after the death of the queen and died (1674) about a century before Wordsworth was born (1770).

Wordsworth regarded himself as a reformer of poetry, but did not in practice adhere to the doctrine he preached in the preface of his book of Lyrical Ballads. The poems written to illustrate this theory of his were silly in theme and ludicrous in language; but his sincere love for nature, the companionship of the mountains and lakes, the simple life he led, soon made him give to the world the most charming thoughts, expressed in pure simple English and free from decorations of art. To him we owe the phrase which might mean much to us in this age, "Plain living and high thinking." He thought deeply, lived wisely and simply. After Wordsworth obtained recognition "he shone by himself," Stedman says, "and he shone in a serene and luminous orbit." Of the sonnets of Wordsworth, from the hundreds Dowden selects a score or more of political sonnets and three score of the miscellaneous. Many are without name, and several have the same subject; but whether named or not, we all recall them if one but repeats a line, as,

> It is beauteous evening, calm and free,
> The holy time is quiet as a nun
> Breathless with adoration.

The sonnet "Seclusion" gives the soul-hunger of the war-worn chieftain who wants to hide in cloistered privacy and soft repose. The next sonnet—same topic—describes the place where the poet would dwell:

> Methinks that to some vacant hermitage
> My feet would rather turn; to some dry nook
> Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
> Hurled down a mountain cove from stage to stage,
> Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
> In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
> Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,

Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A breechen bowl,
A maple dish my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
My nightwatch: nor should e'er the crested fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

The books we love in childhood are those that enter as factors forever in our mental life. The books read before we begin to look toward sunset have put a shaping hand on our character. A lover of books is influenced more by them than by lectures, sermons, or friends. I cannot remember when I was not a devoted admirer of Mrs. Browning. In my early teens I read "Aurora Leigh." I had a mother's sister who, saint that she was, always made me think of the orphan's guardian,

Eyes that once might have smiled,
But never, never have forgot themselves
In smiling.

Like the orphan, "I read books bad and good." It was,

"Books books, books!"
"Under my pillow in the morning's dark
An hour before the sun would let me read,"
I felt the heart-beat of the books.

It was not long before I learned to love the sonnets of Mrs. Browning. I should be afraid to tell how much Mrs. Browning's sonnet, "Work," has shaped my life, lest one might think I looked into my imagination for facts. "The Two Sayings," "The Look," "The Meaning of the Look"—whoever has read these thinks deeper—"The Portuguese Sonnets"—title taken by this singer as a sort of screen behind which she poured out her full heart—are the most exquisite poems written by woman. They express her perfect love for the one who understood her soul. The tenth says:

Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed,
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,
Let temple burn, or flax: an equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed.

Love is fire and love is love whether the flame is from the cedar of Lebanon or from a weed on a sandy desert. The only bit of

paradise left after the fall is Home. If every wife could say to her husband what Mrs. Browning says in the Forty-third Portuguese Sonnet, no home would look with longing eyes for the original Eden:

> How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
> I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
> My soul can reach when feeling out of sight
> For the ends of being and ideal grace.
> I love thee to the level of every day's
> Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
> I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
> I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
> I love thee with the passion put to use
> In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
> I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
> With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
> Smiles, tears of all my life; and, if God choose,
> I shall but love thee better after death.

To those who start out sonnet-hunting, Rossetti's "The House of Life," a series of sonnets quivering with emotion, must not be missed. But it is true

> The bee
> Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
> And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
> Within the hollow oak. I listen long
> To his domestic hum, and think I hear
> The sound of that advancing multitude
> Which soon shall fill these deserts.

Because this is true we need not always cross the ocean when we seek the lyric craftsmen. We have Aldrich and Winter and Gilder. One ought to stop awhile with "Laus Mariæ" of Sidney Lanier. It sometimes seems as though poetry had lost its hold upon American readers. Is the fault with the reader or with the poet? If we do not find in the poets of today that which captivates the fancy, we can turn to those of yesterday. Nowhere among the English poets, from the translations of the sonnets of Petrarch, introduced by Wyatt and Surrey—many of them again translated in our own age—to the exquisite series by Dante Gabriel Rossetti are there any surpassing the six, "Divina Commedia," by our own Longfellow. The soul is stirred by them as it is stirred at sight of the nation's flag when in a foreign field.

The tender charm in these tributes to the saints and holy men who have gone before gives to us a grace divine. When he speaks of the poet the translation of whose work was a labor of love, he says:

> I see thee in the gloom,—and strive to make my steps
> keep pace with thine.

And,

> The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
> The congregation of the dead make room
> For thee to pass.

They are so beautiful that

> Like the lark,
> That warbling in the air expatiates long,
> Then, trilling out his last sweet melody,
> Drops, satiate with the sweetness.

These sonnets, which accompany the Dante volumes, are not only perfect in structure, but the soul of the Divine Song is in the very heart of them. The sonnet "Nature" is familiar:

> As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
> Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
> Half willing, half-reluctant to be led
> And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
> Still gazing at them through the open door,
> Nor wholly reassured and comforted
> By promises of others in their stead,
> Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
> So Nature deals with us, and takes away
> Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
> Leads us to rest so gently that we go
> Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
> Being too full of sleep to understand
> How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

This sonnet we will put in our Bible with Saint John's "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again and receive you unto myself." But the "Divina Commedia" series make one reverently think of the daily petition, "Thy kingdom come," of which the first is the beginning of the answer to the prayer:

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
  A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
  Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
  Far off the noises of the world retreat;
  The loud vociferations of the street
Become an indistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
  And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
  The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
  While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Charlotte F. Wilder

Art. IV.—PETRARCH—THE FIRST MODERN MAN

There are three periods in the history of Western civilization which can be distinctly marked off one from the other: classical antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the modern world. And yet all three are intimately connected. The characteristic traits of Greek civilization are well known, but they have never been better summarized than in the following words of a modern writer: "Nothing in excess; clearness and purity of thought, amenity and sweetness of temperament, grace and charm of manners, desire for the beautiful, dignity and serenity, calm and fearless attitude toward the world and the future, vivacity and felicitous banter, sense of proportion, bold acknowledgment of all that is seen to be true, cheerful buoyancy and sense of joy, culture, right reasoning, lightness of touch, searching power and depth and delicacy of thought." It is not the place here to attempt to prove these statements; but if we recall to mind the dialogues of Plato, the greatest example of prose in the world's history, the dramas of Sophocles, the temple of the Parthenon, and the statues of Praxiteles; if we remember how Democritus and Empedocles anticipated the theory of matter, not only the atomic theory but still more the theory of Professor Crooke and Lord Kelvin due to the discovery of radium; if we remember how Aristotle ruled the world of the Middle Ages, and how without Plato there would have been no Saint Augustine, no Kant or Fichte, no Shelley or Emerson—if we remember these things, we begin to realize the truth of the apparently exaggerated statement of Sir Henry Maine, that "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." If to this Greek spirit we add the mighty organizing genius of Rome, the establishment of law, the principle of municipal government, the great structure of the empire, the subordination of the individual to the state, the love for clearness, for artistic form, we have a general idea of the ancient world. If we turn to the Middle or Dark Ages, we shall see a vast difference between the old and the new. First

there is the introduction of Christianity, opening up the other world, introducing new fears and new hopes, new manners and customs. Then comes the irruption of the northern barbarians, the rude, war-loving Teutons, with their own pagan religion and their own rude virtues. All these things together were flung into a sort of caldron out of which were to come centuries later a purer religion, a mightier moral force, and a nobler civilization. The Middle Ages are only the period when these various elements mingled together their streams before forming the broader and deeper flowing river on the bosom of which humanity now sails. Their peculiar features are well known. In the first place, there was an utter subjection of the individual to the corporation; in social life feudalism was universal and the once free German peasant became a slave, to all practical purposes as much a part of the land as the cattle which grazed in the fields. In religion the gospel of Christ was transformed into a marvelous structure that in its outer form perpetuated the spirit of the Roman empire, of which the church was supposed to be the heir. The individual had no right to any religious opinion; as the church commanded so he believed. Authority in the state, authority in the church, authority everywhere—such was the spirit of the Middle Ages. It showed itself in art. What the fathers had done was good enough; hence the long centuries of the Byzantine school in painting, till Cimabue and Giotto came. It showed itself in literature, in the repetition of the same motifs and the same subjects; in the expansion, first in poetry, then in prose, of the Chansons de Geste and the Arthurian romances; in the vast didactic compilations of Vincent de Beauvais, Brunetto Latini, and others. It showed itself in philosophy. With John Scotus Erigena scholasticism began to take shape and for six hundred years human thought fell asleep. No one dared to seek after truth; the church's dogmas were inexpugnable. All that philosophers could do was to strive to bring these dogmas into harmony with human reason, and after the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when new translations of Aristotle had been made, into harmony with him. Those who ventured to think independently, like Pierre Abelard or Berenger of Tours, Amaury of Bena and, later, Giordano Bruno, were

branded as heretics and peradventure burnt at the stake. This same spirit of authority was likewise seen in the various sciences: in medicine, which was nothing but a system of charms and incantations; in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, lasting sixteen hundred years; in the Lapidaries, or mineralogies, summing up the strange virtues of stones; in the Bestiaries, or books of zoölogy, which told how the pelican fed its young with its own lifeblood, how the phœnix rose from its ashes, and how the crocodile shed tears. Thus, in every walk of life, superstition, slavery to tradition, worship of authority and utter lack of the critical spirit characterized the Middle Ages. Faith was universal; all eyes were turned to the life beyond the grave. Everyone expected the world to end in the year 1000; documents were dated "termino mundi appropinquante" ("the end of the world approaching"). Hence the present world was neglected; the human body, so apotheosized by the Greeks, became a despised thing. Woman was called by Saint Jerome "janua diaboli." The beauty of nature, river and forest, mountain and plain, was utterly ignored. The highest ideal of humanity was that of the ascetic monk or mystic on the mountain top, crying:

> There is nothing that lives but God and the soul;
> Nothing at all that matters but God and the soul.

Over against the Middle Ages let us place the modern world, which is in every respect the diametrical opposite of it. Against faith and superstition and authority has arisen the critical spirit that will believe nothing but what it sees to be true. We all know what this critical spirit has done: it brought about the Reformation by subjecting the dogmas, the conduct, and the claims of the Papacy to the free investigation of truth on the part of the human mind; it has brought about the marvelous discoveries of modern science by discarding the inductive and adopting the experimental method. Through Descartes is founded modern philosophy by basing all knowledge on the one only fundamental irrefragable truth, "Cogito, ergo sum." It has opened up the knowledge of ancient classics and thus restored the dower of beauty to mankind; beauty which had lain asleep, like the princess in the fairy tale, throughout the long night of the Middle Ages:

the beauty of poetry in Homer and Virgil, of the drama in Sophocles, of prose in Plato and Cicero; the beauty of art in the Parthenon, in the ruins of ancient Rome, in vase and coin and sepulchral bas-reliefs. But this beauty is not only a thing of the past. Men discovered once more the world in which they lived—the blue sky, the shining sea, the misty-topped mountain, the bird and flower. They saw once more beauty in the despised human form. The new system of romantic love brought a deeper respect for woman; the *Ewig Weibliche* came into existence to bless, some think perchance to curse, mankind, and we find on the one hand the fatal love of Tristan and Iseult, on the other the magnificent apotheosis of Beatrice by Dante. By discovering the lands beyond the sea Columbus opened a new world to the eyes of men.

Before discussing in detail the points which go to justify more or less the title given to Petrarch it may be well to refresh our memories by a very brief and succinct account of his life. He was born July 20, 1304, in Arezzo, where his father had gone into exile at the same time as Dante, in 1302. In 1313 he moved to Avignon, or, rather, Carpentras, a few hours distant, where he obtained his early schooling. At fifteen years of age his father sent him to Montpellier, and later to Bologna, to study law. He cared but little for this profession, however, and at his father's death, in 1325, he gave it up and devoted himself to study and to writing. He was a great traveler, and at one time or another visited nearly every country in Western Europe. The year 1327 was an important date in his life, for it was then that he saw for the first time, in the church of Saint Clare, the woman who was to influence his whole life—Laura de Sade. In 1336 he visited Rome, returning the next year to Avignon. He now settled down to live in the famous valley of Vaucluse, where the river Sorgue springs from the base of a high rock and flows down through the green valley. His life there was full of quiet study and meditation. He would often go out at midnight and say his prayers among the mountains; at dawn he would issue forth to listen to the song of birds and the rest of the day he would devote to study. It was here that he wrote his Latin poem, "Africa," and the "De Viris

Illustribus." He received two invitations to be crowned, one from the University of Paris and the other from the Senate of Rome. He chose the latter, and on April 8, 1341, he ascended the steps of the Capitol, where a robe was given him by Robert, King of Naples, and amid the flourish of trumpets, and surrounded by a vast crowd, the laurel crown of poet was placed upon his brow. The later events of his life include his visits and sojourns in Parma, Milan, Venice, and Arqua. It was in the latter place that he died, July 8, 1374, bending over a favorite volume. He has often been called the "first modern man"; a title, however, which is open to certain modifications. He was by no means on a level with the civilization of today, and he still felt the effects of the Middle Ages. Yet he was the first to make a beginning, to set in motion currents which have broadened down to our own time. His influence was simply incalculable. He covered the whole field of literature and learning. His followers only carried out what he began; only divided among them the things he united in himself. As a type of what is said about Petrarch this is quoted from Körting's bulky volume on his life:

> As an Italian poet Petrarch is inferior to Dante, or even to Bocaccio; yet he has done far greater things than any other intellectual hero of ancient or modern times. He is the creator of a new form of culture, the founder and originator of the Renaissance, and has impressed during long centuries the mark of his genius not only on the intellectual achievements of his own country but on those of all civilized nations of the Western world. He is the founder, I repeat, of the Renaissance, though others helped. This is true of him in the same sense that Gutenberg invented the art of printing, that Columbus discovered the New World, and Luther brought about the Reformation. Petrarch is of immense importance for all mankind and for the whole future of modern culture.

In similar strain Geiger writes:

> His fame was widespread during his life; it filled the whole world after his death, and will last as long as antiquity, patriotism, and love remain precious means for the education and formation of men.

Voigt says that Petrarch not only opened horizons but traced the route for those who came after him:

> His name burns like a star of first magnitude, not only in literary history, but in that of the civilized world, in the history of all humanity.

It cannot be said that Petrarch was really the first modern

man in philosophy. That title, perhaps, belongs better to Abelard, who laid down the middle course between the Nominalists and Realists and thus pointed the way to William of Occam, on whose foundation Francis Bacon reared his marvelous monument. Yet Petrarch, with his consummate good sense, fights constantly the whole system of scholasticism, especially the Aristotelian Averrhoistic form, which in his day despised the stirrings of the Humanists and glorified the Middle Ages. Neither was Petrarch the first modern man in science; this title belongs, rather, to Roger Bacon. Yet Petrarch scourges all false science, especially as seen in the quackery and superstition of medicine, in the barbarous jargon of mediæval law, and in the then universally received belief in astrology and the influence of the stars. It needed no little courage to attack alchemy, and especially astrology, in a day when every king and prince in Christendom was likely to have his own court astrologer. Yet letter after letter of Petrarch contains invectives against this false science. But Petrarch's services to science were also positive. He observed carefully and described in his letters natural phenomena, flowers and trees, storms and earthquakes, the physical conformation of the land. How far he was in advance of the Middle Ages can be seen at once by anyone who reads a few pages of the Bestiary of Guillaume le Clerc, describing the pelican feeding its young, or the mandragora and its fatal effect on those who pluck it, and its power to lull the mind to sleep, and compares these passages with Petrarch's description of the faithful dog and other animals. But perhaps his greatest contribution to science was in the line of geography. He was literally the first man to apply actual observations to this science. His Itinirarium Syriacum, written for a friend about to travel in the East, with its description of important places in Italy, illustrated with extracts from the classics, is the first modern guidebook. He also made the first scientific map of Italy. He is, further, looked upon as the father of historical science, which is based on investigation and the critical method. The emperor Charles IV showed him a document, purporting to have been promulgated by both Cæsar and Nero, referring to Austria. Petrarch said it was false because Cæsar

never uses the form "we" in speaking of himself in his works; never called himself Augustus, that began with Octavius, his successor; there were no data and no consuls given in the document, things which are never lacking in genuine Roman documents.

Petrarch was also the founder of archæology, of numismatics, of paleography, and of all other *Hülfswirssenschaften* of classical scholarship. But, above all things else, his glory as the founder of humanism has never been denied. Before him men had read more or less of the classic Latin authors, but with no sense of beauty of form, and chiefly for the sake of the thoughts therein contained. Moreover, these thoughts were wrested from the natural meaning and turned into symbols. Seneca and Epictetus had, in the Dark Ages, been looked upon as Christians; the light tales of Ovid were allegories of Christian truth and Virgil became a mere necromancer. For Petrarch, and after him the humanists, form became an absorbing passion. They strove to realize every shade of art and beauty in the works of the ancients—nay, more, to restore in all its completeness the life of antiquity. Hence their passion for manuscripts, for coins, for vases, ruins, and monuments. Petrarch set the fashion; wherever he went his first duty was to hunt for manuscripts of the classics. He discovered a number himself, and his follower, Poggio Bracciolini, almost equaled his finds. The patient German scholar of today, striving to reconstruct the original text of some classic author, calling to his aid all the help furnished by archæology, inscriptions, coins, etc., traveling all over Europe in order to collate his text, nay, possibly hoping for the mystical joy of discovering a new manuscript, is but a far-away descendant of Petrarch. In fact, Petrarch may be looked upon as the first modern man, first, as a lover of nature; second, as a lyrical poet; third, as a forerunner of modern melancholy or *weltschmerz,* and, finally, as representing the subjectivity so characteristic of modern literature.

There are several ways of looking at the world of nature. First there is that of religion, which looks on all phenomena as the expression of a supernatural power. This is common to all ages and all nations and is the source of classic mythology, in which thunder and lightning are the bolts of Jove and the majesty

of the sea is represented in the form of Neptune. It is likewise the source of the grandeur of Northern mythology, in which we see the contest of spring and winter, day and night, the dawn of the universe and the *Götterdämmerung*. Next comes the scientific interest, which examines the courses of the stars (whence astronomy), plant life (botany), animal life (zoölogy), and which in our own day has produced the sciences of biology, chemistry, and physics. This scientific interest in nature is likewise old, finding its representatives in Egyptian astronomy, in the marvelous collections of the Museum of Alexandria, and especially in the epoch-making observations and writings of Aristotle. Thirdly, there is the utilitarian view of nature—the feeling of comfort in broad meadows, pleasant gardens, houses built on the seashore to catch the cool breezes in summer, all of which find frequent illustration in the *culturgeschichte* of Greece and Rome. Lastly, and most important for our present discussion, is the æsthetic, sentimental, artistic way of looking at nature. This is almost entirely modern. If the Greeks and Romans had it, they at least made but little use of it in their literature, and apparently did not realize its value as a means of art expression. And here a word as to the enormous difference between ancient and mediæval times and our own day. While you will look in vain for landscapes in mediæval art our own contemporary pictures are largely landscapes, and the artist travels over distant lands, to the mountains of Switzerland and the deserts of Africa, for no other purpose than to find subjects for his skill. But the sentimental, naïve feeling for nature, the "pathetic fallacy," as Ruskin calls it, is completely modern. You remember how Wordsworth finds a something in nature which answers to his own soul, how he sees "the spirit whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." In all this he simply sums up the whole atmosphere of modern nature-worship as seen in Jeffries, Emerson, Thoreau, and others in England and America, in Goethe and Schiller in Germany, and in Lamartine and Chateaubriand in France. Of all this wonderful outburst of nature-love Petrarch is indubitably the first example. His loving interest in nature is seen in all his works, poetical or prose, and reveals itself on almost every page and in various

ways. First, in his fondness for travel. He was among the first forerunners of the modern *wanderlust*. He traveled over nearly all Western Europe, France, Germany, Bohemia, and Italy. Everywhere he noticed the natural beauty of the scenes, and left minute descriptions of what he saw and felt. Deepest of all was his love for Italy. He never tired of talking of her glorious history, of the beauty of her skies, her seas, her plains and mountains. What Browning meant in the well-known lines,

> Open my heart, and you will see
> Graven inside of it "Italy,"

was literally true of Petrarch. No poet has ever written a more eloquent address to Italy than he, when, in 1353, he left Vaucluse to spend the rest of his life in his native land:

> Ad te nunc cupide post tempora longa revertor,
> Incola perpetuus.
> Italiam video frondentis colle Gebennæ;
> Nubila post tergum remanent; ferit ora serenus
> Spiritus et bandis assurgens motibus aer
> Excepit. Agnosco patriam gaudensque saluto
> Salve, pulchra parens, terrarum gloria, salve.[1]

The love of the mountains is, more than all other phases of nature-love, modern. Through all the Middle Ages men hurried over the Alps with no feeling but one of dread. Sebastian Münster in the sixteenth century, crossing the Gemmi Pass, shuddered to his very marrow at the horror of the scene. Only in comparatively recent years have men felt the charm of the high mountains,

> Where the white mists forever
> Are spread and unfurled
> In the stir of the forces
> Whence issued the world.

All the more must we wonder at the modernness of Petrarch, who probably furnishes our first example of a man climbing a high mountain for pleasure. He tells us that his sole motive was an æsthetic one. This was on April 2, 1335, when he made the ascent

[1] "To thee now I eagerly return after a long absence to dwell in thee forever. From the umbrageous hill of Gebenan I behold Italy. The clouds are left behind me. A gentle breeze caresses my brow and a soft air rises to meet me. I recognize my native land, and salute her with rejoicing heart. Hail, beautiful mother, Hail, thou glory of all lands."

of Mount Ventoux in company with his brother. The whole letter in which he describes the ascent is exceedingly interesting. In the brief passages quoted the reader will notice that the mediæval spirit of indifference to earthly things still struggles in him:

> Today I made the ascent of the highest mountain in this region. My only motive was the wish to see what so great an elevation had to offer. . . . At first, owing to the unaccustomed quality of the air, and the effect of the great sweep of view spread out before me, I stood like one dazed. I beheld the clouds under our feet, and what I had read of Athos and Olympus seemed less incredible as I myself witnessed the same things from a mountain of less fame. I turned my eyes toward Italy, whither my heart most inclined. The Alps, rugged and snow-capped, seemed to rise close by, although they really were at a great distance. I sighed, I must confess, for the skies of Italy, which I beheld rather with my mind than with my heart. An inexpressible longing came over me to see once more my friend and my country. . . . The sinking sun and the lengthening shadows of the mountains were already warning us that the time was near at hand when we must go. I turned about and gazed toward the west. I was unable to discern the summits of the Pyrenees, but I could see clearly to the right the mountains above Lyons, and to the left the Bay of Marseilles. Under our very eyes flowed the Rhone.

He had brought Saint Augustine's Confessions with him; he opened them at the tenth book and by chance his eyes fell on these words: "And men go about to wonder at the heights of mountains, and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not."

> I was abashed, closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things who might long ago have learned, even from the pagan writers and philosophers, that nothing is wonderful but the soul. . . . We came, long after dark, but with the full moon lending us its friendly light, to the little inn we had left that morning before dawn.

But the place which Petrarch loved and described the most is the famous valley of Vaucluse, a few miles from Avignon. Countless references to the beautiful surroundings are to be found in his poetry and letters. As a student he discovered it, and later it became his home for many years. Its most characteristic feature is a rock, over six hundred and fifty feet high, from the

base of which the river Sorgue bursts forth and flows along through grassy banks, and so clear that the bottom can be seen. While living here he would spend hours admiring the beauty of the landscapes. His love for nature, however, still had something of the Troubadour element in it, and the scenes of Vaucluse are constantly connected with his love for Laura. This combination is well seen in the famous canzone, "Chiare, fresche e dolci acque," where he describes how Laura sat upon the green turf with flowers all around and the blossoms of the trees falling upon her in a shower of beauty:

Ye limpid brooks, by whose clear streams
My goddess laid her tender limbs!
Ye gentle boughs, whose friendly shade
Gave shelter to the lovely maid!
Ye herbs and flowers so sweetly pressed
By her soft rising, snowy breast!
Ye zephyrs wild that breathed around
The place where Love my heart did wound!
Now at my summons all appear,
And to my dying words give ear.
Well I remember how the flowers
Descended from those boughs in showers.
Encircled in the fragrant cloud
She sat, nor 'midst such glory proud.
Some blossoms to her lap repair,
Some fall upon her flowing hair
(Like pearls inclosed in gold they seem);
Some on the ground, some on the stream;
In giddy rounds some dancing say,
Here Love and Laura only sway.

In another aspect Petrarch is the first modern man; that is in his lyrical love poetry. The poetry of the Troubadours, to whom he owed much, however, had ever been conventional, lifeless, and cold. The early Italian poets had introduced a philosophical element into love poetry and with Dante this had become spiritualized, so that at the end of the Divine Comedy Beatrice had become a symbol of divine wisdom. While we find, likewise, traces of this treatment in Petrarch, yet Laura is, after all, a real woman, not too fair or good "for human nature's daily food." The poet describes minutely all phases of her beauty—eyes and lips and hair and hands and feet:

Like men beholding things incredible
  Love and my eyes upon her, marveling, gaze;
  Whether she smiles or some sweet sentence says,
Herself unto herself sole parallel.
'Neath the calm brow, their mild receptacle,
  My beacons twain shoot forth such dazzling rays
  Naught else inflames his heart or lights his ways
Who nobly would with passion dwell.
What miracle it is when she on grass
  Sits like a flower; or doth reclining lay
Her snowy breast amid the meadow's green!
How sweet in early spring to see her pass
  In mateless musing, wearing by the way
The wreath that shall her golden tresses screen.

The influence of Petrarch's lyrics on the following centuries was enormous; all Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was permeated with him, Spain, France, and England felt the same mighty power. The sonnets of Sir Thomas Wyatt and Sir Philip Sidney are little more than translations from Petrarch. Spenser is full of the Petrarchist spirit; that most beautiful of love poems, the "Epithalamion," is filled with it:

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
  Like Phœbe from her chamber in the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
  Clad all in white that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems that ye would weene
Some angel she had beene.
  Her long, loose, yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
  Do like a golden mantle her attire,
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower,
And all her body like a palace fair.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and the echo ring?

Unfortunately, this influence on European lyrical poetry was bad in one respect. Petrarch was fond of conceits, plays on words, and puns. Laura and the laurel tree are inextricably mixed in his sonnets. This phase of his genius seemed to attract particularly those poets who only had a trick of rhyming. It was the development of Petrarchism along this line that deluged Europe with what is variously known as Euphuism, Marinism, Gongorism and Preciosity. A good example of this is seen in Gascoigne (1527-1577):

> The stately dames of Rome their pearls did wear
> About their necks to beautify their name;
> But she whom I do serve her pearls doth bear
> Close in her mouth, and, smiling, shows the same.

The love of Petrarch is always accompanied by melancholy, and again he is the forerunner. This feature—the modern tendency to melancholy and pessimism—is an interesting one. There is nothing like it among the Greeks, although here and there we find some testimony as to feeling on their part of the vanity of life. This is in the famous words of Glaucus to Diomedes, in the Iliad, comparing the generations of men to the leaves that open in the spring only to fall in the autumn; in the words of Sophocles, "The best thing is never to have been born; the next best to die as soon as possible." But in general the ancients were too sound, physically and mentally, to yield to that brooding, self-analyzing, overwhelming and paralyzing *weltschmerz* so characteristic of the early nineteenth century in Europe, and whose chief representatives, Goethe (Werther), Chateaubriand, Byron, and Leopardi, filled their works with tears and sighs. Now, this modern melancholy we see in Petrarch, and it is another evidence of his being the first modern man. All his works are literally soaked in this spirit. Read this passage: "Who can describe my weariness of life, the daily disgust that I experience, this ignoble and puzzling circle of my existence, this narrow and filthy hole in which I spend my life?" and compare it to the opening lines of Faust:

> Dafür ist all Freud' entrissen,
> Bilde mir nicht ein, was Recht's zu wissen.

Auch hab' ich weder Gut noch Geld,
Noch Ehr' und Herrlichkeit der Welt.
Es möchte kein Hund so länger leben.[1]

Petrarch's description of the shortness of life, "We do not remain still an instant, but are constantly hastening toward our death; nay, 'tis not a running but a flying," reminds us irresistibly of the famous lines of Leopardi, the great poet of Pessimism, who, in his poem on the "Asiatic Shepherd," describes life as a poor, stumbling, wretched old man, forever driven onward until at last he falls in the great abyss of death. So, too, Petrarch's disgust at the sordid life of Avignon, the rattling of the wagons, the unlovely faces he sees going by him, the repulsive countenances of the poor, the coarse and vice-marked features of the rich and overbearing, the constant effort to get the better of each other by fair or foul means,

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou'rt not my friend and I'm not thine.
Good-by to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple office, low and high,
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hastening feet,

and just as Petrarch flies back to the peace and quiet of Vaucluse, out of all this Babylon, so Emerson too cries out:

I'm going to my own hearthstone,
Bosom'd in yon green fields alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land.
O, when I am safe in my sylvan home
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learnèd clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

The fundamental feature of Petrarch's melancholy and the most characteristic element of his character is that self-discontent, that

[1] "Hence all my pleasure is taken from me—I feel that I know nothing aright. I have no goods nor treasure, nor worldly honor and glory—No dog would wish to live so any longer."

constant mental and spiritual struggle, that almost morbid self-analysis characteristic of the modern man. All ancient art and literature and life were largely objective. On the other hand, modern life and art and literature are almost entirely subjective. In religion Protestantism, and especially Pietism, has made us watch the most evanescent phases of our emotion; in the modern novel psychological observation has usurped the place of adventure and the description of dangers overcome. Lyrical poetry has become the vehicle of all the infinite, complicated soul-experiences of man. For we must remember that the mind of man is no longer so simple as it was in ancient times.

> Who can see the green earth any more
> As she was by the sources of Time?
> Who imagine her fields as they lay
> In the sunshine, unworn by the plow?
> Who thinks as they thought,
> The tribes who then roamed on her breast,
> Her vigorous, primitive sons?

All has become vastly more complex with the increase of civilization, and the old peaceful life has gone forever.

More, perhaps, than in any other respect is Petrarch the first modern man in this development of a complex, ever self-contradictory, subjective state of mind. All through his works are evidences of this inner conflict. The songs to Laura show him to us constantly tossed back and forth between his love for an earthly woman and his religious feeling that he should love God alone. In his letters we find him, when at rest, desiring to be on the move. At Vaucluse he longs to travel; when traveling he yearns for the rest of his quiet home. Filled with the sense of the vanity of all human things, he is yet consumed with a desire for earthly glory; simple in his tastes, he spends much of his time in the courts of princes. In one place he uses almost exactly the same words afterward used by Shakespeare in Measure for Measure: "What I have I value no more, what I have lost I deplore." Everywhere, in every period of his life, he is buffeted by the varying winds of this spiritual combat.

We hear a good deal nowadays of the new Renaissance. It is true that the spirit of today is the same as that of the fifteenth

century Renaissance, only wider and deeper. The humanists sought to know every phase of the life, culture, and art of antiquity, but they shut their eyes to the Middle Ages and their own times. Men of today have vastly increased the field of their research. They now try to understand all things, all times, all worlds. Geologists, chemists, astronomers, physicists strive to show us the universe: the star-clusters, the molten mass of the earth in its primitive state, the geologic ages, the molecular and infra-molecular world; psychologists, historians, poets and philosophers strive to show us the whole life of man. What is to be the outcome of it all? Is truth infinite? Is the human mind likewise infinite?—and shall time go on forever, man constantly discovering new and unimaginable things, ever nearing the time when we shall become *sicut Deus, omnia scientes?* Is our complicated civilization growing better? Are we really approaching that blessed time when all envy, malice, class-hatred, civil strife shall be done away, "When man shall be more like to man, through all the seasons of the golden year"? Who knows! At any rate, this is the ideal toward which is moving that whole civilization at the beginning of which rises the figure of Petrarch.

Oscar Kuhns.

Art. V.—HERETICS AND ORTHODOXY

With a terrific onset like the Black Knight before the Castle of Front de Bœuf, Mr. Chesterton has entered the battle and with blows from a battle-ax which few men could wield he has battered down the doors of modern rationalism. There is something so infectious and so hilarious about it all that it gives one the joy of a feast of victory to read these two volumes, Heretics and Orthodoxy. They set every nerve tingling. They are vital in every line and you desire to quote them to every man you meet. For not only are they terribly effective in their philosophy but they are as brilliant as the Fall of Port Arthur and as funny as Punch. I have seen a number of brief reviews of the two volumes, but those that I have seen must have been written, as most reviews are, by those who had not read the books, for they speak of the two volumes as the one tearing down and the other building up, whereas they are a unity, and the whole structure of orthodoxy is outlined in Heretics, and Orthodoxy is also a further and more complete serving up of heresy. The two should be read together and rushed along, for they move with the unity and dash of a great, red touring car through a crowded village—horses going one way, and dogs and fowls another, carts and stands and people topsy-turvy, and only the driver having a royal time, and the onlooker who delights in seeing the ordinary upset for the nonce, that a better order may come about. Materialists, and evolutionists, and pantheists, and pessimists, and optimists, and Calvinists, all are sent scurrying through the dust without apology, or even slacking up to see the damage done. But the car pulls up somewhere, and that somewhere is an enchanted world with enchanted gardens where God reigns and the saints are with him, and "wide diffused the golden blaze of everlasting light." You are not anxious about the arrival, however, you are having such fun of it as things go on, for here is one who has brought back wonder to the world and with wonder, faith.

Mr. Chesterton begins by looking about him and discussing

the intense mortals who are, or have just been, occupying the limelight—Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Wells, Mr. Moore, Mr. McCabe, the æsthetes, Omar, the yellow press, Whistler, the advocates of simplicity, etc. He slashes into the whole of them as lacking in general or cosmic ideas, as wanting in transcendentalism, which is the only thing that matters. "A man," he says, "may turn over and explore a million objects, but he must not find that strange object, the universe, for if he does, he will have a religion and be lost. Everything matters, except everything." Good taste, which he styles "the last and vilest of human superstitions," has succeeded in silencing even the discussion of religion. And yet he maintains "the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe"; "for a landlady considering a lodger it is important to know his income, but still more important to know his philosophy." His judgment is not an unsympathetic judgment. He goes a long way with his comrades, but he stops at the crossroads.

The crossroads are central to his philosophy, the place where one must choose, where freedom reveals itself and destiny hangs in the balance. But until one arrives at the crossroads no one enjoys his fellows more. Mr. Kipling he recognizes as one who has restored the romance of things. "He has perceived the significance of steam and of slang," and has seen that "where there is smoke there is fire." His militarism has at its heart the "idea of discipline," which belongs "as much to engineers or sailors or mules or railway engines." This vision of duty has made Mr. Kipling a cosmopolitan. "The ideal of discipline," he says, "is not the whole of life but is spread over the whole of the world," and the worship of it tends to confirm in Mr. Kipling a certain note of worldly wisdom, of the experience of the wanderer, which is one of the genuine charms of his best work. But right here comes the danger: Mr. Kipling "lacks the faculty of attachment," "lacks patriotism," and in Mr. Chesterton's view this means Mr. Kipling cares for nothing deeply, for "the moment we care for anything deeply, the world—that is, all the other miscellaneous interests—becomes our enemy." "The moment we are rooted in a place the place vanishes; we live like a tree with the whole

strength of the universe." It is the "dry and dusty things" that travel about "like dust and the High Commissioner in South Africa." "The man standing in his own kitchen garden, with fairyland opening at the gate, is the man with large ideas. His mind creates distance; the motor car stupidly destroys it." Then he pays his very great respects to Mr. Shaw, whom he considers "a thoroughly consistent man." "People," he says, "accuse Mr. Shaw of 'proving that black is white,' but they never ask whether the current color language is always correct. 'We call grapes white which are manifestly pale green.'" But "the trouble with Mr. Shaw is that he has never seen things as they really are; if he had, he would have fallen on his knees before them." "He has had a secret ideal that has withered all the things of this world." "This may be good, or it may be bad; but it is not seeing things as they are." "When we really see men as they are we do not criticise but worship," "for every instant of conscious life is an unimaginable prodigy." What folly, then, to seek a superman when you have a man! Mr. Shaw, according to Mr. Chesterton, needs a new philosophy, not a new kind of man. To use his own figure: "He is like a nurse who has tried rather bitter food for some years on a baby, and on discovering that it is not suitable throws away not the food but the baby and asks for a new baby." "But Christ chose as his corner stone, when he was establishing his great society, neither the brilliant Paul nor the mystic John, but a shuffler, a snob, a coward—in a word, a man."

And here, too, Mr. Chesterton finds his fault with Mr. Wells and his utopia, that he does not sufficiently allow for the stuff or material of men.

For the æsthetes and for the cult of Omar he has no respect. The one group are simply posers who "pray for the return of the maypole and the Olympic games, but in the time of the maypole would have thought the maypole vulgar, and in the time of the Olympic games would have thought the Olympic games vulgar"; and who, he has a haunting suspicion, do not keep Christmas, and Omar drinks for his health instead of drinking gayly and enjoying the universe. And you will find it to be a creed of Mr. Chesterton that one must have joy and joy in the nature of things. The yellow

press, with its show of bravery, he charges with only courage enough to keep up a campaign against the weather or to organize a secret society to make jokes about mothers-in-law. He has about as direct a way with those who are eager for the simple life who are trying, as it were, to put "a simple entree into a complex old gentleman, instead of putting a complex entree into a simple old gentleman," really forgetting that the way to live is to live eagerly and angrily in the enthusiasms of a right view of the human lot and human society. Equally directly does he treat the institution of the family as a good institution even because it is uncongenial, because in that way one comes in touch with the variety there is in life, and it is wise for one to realize that life is not a thing from the outside but a thing from the inside, and romance, even if it is "a toss," is the deepest thing in life.

Now, as you run through this book of Heretics, you come across general principles which work out in Orthodoxy—the principles of wonder, and of loyalty, and of mystery, and personality, as the only real explanations of the universe. When he begins his Orthodoxy, he notes that we have fallen upon a time when we cannot take as a common basis "original sin," as did our fathers, and so we have to start with the basis as to the influence of modern thought on our "wits," which, however, he considers practically as good. Then he proceeds to show that materialism in its infinite round, together with egotism, which is equally round, is all well symbolized by the serpent swallowing its own tail, leading to nothing except a madman's helplessness, for the madman's mind moves in a perfect but narrow circle where there are logical completeness and spiritual contraction; and that, according to our writer, is the note of half the chairs of science and seats of learning to-day. The explanation of materialism and determinism, which seems so simple, really is for that reason the madman's argument, for it covers everything and yet leaves everything out. So he swings on to the thought that mysticism alone keeps man sane, and that contradictory truths are the highest truths, showing that the materialistic tendencies of the day which are not contradictory lead to mania. He goes on to show that this mania *is suicidal* and that these processes stifle thought itself; but into that

I cannot go. Looking out now into the world, he sees things as he saw them in his childhood, Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, and all the other delightful stories of fairyland coming forward to really explain life, for they have in them the idea of a world that is orderly only as it is ruled by an orderly person. Something may happen any moment, and that happening of something is dependent on good will, and every moment is a crisis, and if one opens the box, things come out that otherwise would not come out. So he arrives at that which gives a joy in life and makes the world a weird and startling place, which might have been quite different, but which is quite delightful, and before which weirdness and delight one may well be modest and submit to the queerest limitations of so queer a kindness. But with these thoughts opening up a world which is big enough to be a cosmos, not a mere circle, he goes forward to the right attitude that we ought to have to this world, and finds it neither in a false optimism that says this world is our place and a good sort of place, nor in a false pessimism that leads to suicide which would destroy the universe. This attitude he defines as loyalty or "the oath of allegiance," the very thing that he found wanting in Mr. Kipling. And with this view of things he finds the Christian traditions strangely in touch as giving us a view of a world that God made and separated from himself, as children are separated by birth, a world which has suffered from a catastrophe, and into which we do not fit, but a Creator to whom we do in truth belong.

Even the paradoxes of Christianity are to him an argument in favor of the Christian tradition. The antitheses of humility and warfare, of the shirt of hair-cloth and the cape of crimson and gold, are an evidence of life within the system which is not in those systems where people are too humble to parade themselves, too proud to be prominent, and where ethical teachers write mildly against the power of millionaires but are not ready to whip publicly Mr. Rockefeller or any modern tyrant in Westminster Abbey. And in the perfect balance of all these antitheses lies the peculiar glory of Christianity, like the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, never letting the age have its head but always keeping one's own. But he has another theme to discuss, and that

is the whole question of What is progress? And here, again, he looks out from the sphere of the observable order, for unless there is a standard, how can we note progress? There is no progress from three o'clock to four o'clock, four o'clock to five o'clock; and there can be no progress without an outside view of things which must be fixed, and must also be composite, and which also must be watched with constant watchfulness, for it will never do to trust to environment. It is not environment that makes the man. The real thing that makes the man is internal, and there is no tradition more dangerous than that of environment, which, if pressed, would lead to oligarchy and tyranny and away from the great basis of democracy. All men must be trusted, and not one class, for aristocracy is not an institution but a sin; and the thought of trusting the rich because they are not bribable is absurd, for, according to our author, they are only rich because they have already been bribed.

Now, having brought forward these ideas of personality and democracy and freedom, he even dares to show the romance of Orthodoxy, the glory of miracles, the true liberality that does not confine itself to affirming as a creed certain stifling thoughts, but opens up the mind of man to all possibilities of personality, and here he takes issue with the great dead ideals of Buddhism, which makes the universe an immense melting pot, and places over against them the superb intensities of Christendom that set us hunting God like an eagle upon the mountain, and then shows in the deepest heart of Orthodoxy that strange miracle of the atonement, that even God himself is not complete until he has passed through the agony of incompleteness.

To what terrible and wearisome negations have we come when one sect denies pain, and another denies life, and another denies pleasure! We need the bursting of a sunrise through all these miasmas, and such are these writings of Mr. Chesterton, who forecasted his present sanity in his analysis of Robert Browning.

William McGraham Hazen

Art. VI.—IK MARVEL—WASHINGTON IRVING'S MATE

The human being who tranquillizes his fellow creatures is rare.—*William Winter.*

Thrifty New England looked out of the tail of her eye at the idle ways of Ik Marvel. He wouldn't study law, medicine, or theology. It was blank heresy, those days, for anyone who had laid a classical foundation at Yale not to do that. He just strolled off to his grandmother's farm. But he was busiest when he was doing nothing. He was conning the moods of nature, of men and birds and beasts; comparing the enamel of flowers, the fronds of ferns. His eyes were never off nature's revolving showcase. The tiniest object it contained was deemed worthy of closest observation. Nothing rural was common or unclean to him. All unconsciously, perhaps, he was gleaning the substance of volumes yet to be, and at the same time was acquiring a chaste and elevated bucolic style that makes one think of Virgil and Horace among ancients, and Walton, Thoreau, and Burroughs among moderns. Thrice he broke over the bounds of the farm, but kept his strolling, observant spirit, as in a wholly unconventional way he toured Europe. Not to mention historical associations, describe ruins, cities, castles, museums, and palaces made him a heretical tourist. But the reading public liked his heresy. His naïve talk of highways, lawns, bypaths and hedges, peasants, men, women, and children, arts and crafts, captured the reader's heart. In the very title his attachment to country life showed itself—Fresh Gleanings: A New Sheaf from Old Fields (1847)—and in the introduction he affirms that he knew how to handle the sickle, and could bind up ears in harvest with the stoutest. The appearance of Battle Summer (1849) illustrates how Mitchell's books run in couples. It is the mate to Fresh Gleanings, and contains his personal observations of the revolution in Paris in 1848. Lorgnette (1850) and Fudge Doings (1855) are satirical sketches of fashionable New York society. They set forth the "harms and hazards of living too fast, and some of the advantages of an old-

fashioned country rearing." Reveries of a Bachelor (1850) was Mitchell's first adequate expression of himself, seriously undertaken. It would seem that the reservoir of a lifetime had gushed out in a single volume. Yet the author was only twenty-six. It is a "book of the heart"—so the author called it. So it is. Half a century has passed, yet not a leaf of it has grown sear. It is perennial because the subjects it treats are of universal and perpetual interest. It throws one into that happy psychologic state where no burdensome sense of responsibility is felt. None is imposed. It plays a thousand strings. It taxes the tear-ducts, but with an admirable literary finesse it first throws the reader off guard by an unsentimental, if not really playfully sordid putting of certain hypothetical instances. Twenty years afterward his publisher asked Mitchell to revise his Reveries, bringing them up to date. His answer was: "Middle life does not look on life like youth. We cannot make it. Why mix the years and the thoughts? I cannot go back to that tide. I hear the rush of it in quiet hours like the murmur of lost music." In Dream Life (1852) Mitchell proposes to "gather up the shreds of feeling which the brambles of the world have left hanging." He does it with consummate skill. From cover to cover it is crowded with those fancies which "warp our frail hulks toward the ocean of the infinite." In this book, especially in the chapters "Boy Sentiment" and "Boy Religion," Mitchell shows himself a master in child study. It reminds one of Charles Lamb's exquisite Dream Children, or Thomas Bailey Aldrich's classic, Story of a Bad Boy. He proves himself *en rapport* with the feelings, standards, and dreams of the adolescent period. A few citations in evidence: "Flowers and children are near kin, and too much restraint or too much forcing or too much display ruins their chiefest charms." "Is any weak soul frightened that I should write of the religion of a boy? How, indeed, could I cover the field of his moral or intellectual growth if I left unnoticed those dreams of futurity and goodness which come sometimes to his quieter moments and oftener to his hours of vexation and trouble? It would be as wise to describe the seasons of the spring with no note of the silent influences of that burning Day-God which is melting day by day the shattered ice-drifts of the

winter. There is very much religious teaching even in so good a country as New England which is far too harsh, too dry, too cold, for the heart of a boy. Tediously worded dogmas uttered by those honest but hard-spoken men, the Westminster divines, fatigue and puzzle and dispirit him. Is it absurd that some adaptation is desirable? And might not the teaching of that religion which is the ægis of our moral being be inwrought with some of those finer harmonies of speech and form which were given to wise ends, and lure the boyish soul by something akin to that gentleness which belonged to the Nazarene Teacher?"

Reveries went through eighteen editions in two years, a phenomenal event in those days, and Dream Life was scarcely less popular. But sudden fame had no power to turn a head so well poised. To ever commercially exploit his writings was alien to Ik Marvel. He laid down a pen that could have earned thousands and took up a hoe. It does not matter the pitch of a copper to us where some of our writers live, but it would be impossible for Mitchell to live anywhere without making the place expressive of himself, and so absorbingly interesting to us. He took Xenophon's advice in his search for a country place. He refused Cato's. The Greek tells one to buy of a slatternly farmer, so that he may be sure to make his labor work largest results. The Latin, on the contrary, advises to buy of a good farmer, so that the buyer may be sure of good culture and equipments. In this connection, Mitchell gives one of his characteristically adroit turns of the pen—in this instance it is analytic of the two great ancient civilizations—"That is the difference between the two races. The Greek yearns to make his own brain tell, the Roman to make as much as he can out of the brains of other people!" As they approached the place his guide, pointing it out, exclaimed: "There it is at the edge of the wood!" "Edgewood shall be its name when it is mine!" cried Mitchell. He adds, sententiously: "Natural names are better than manufactured." Farming now became his real occupation, literature his pastime. He farmed religiously, affirming it a God-appointed duty to work land to the top limit of its producing power. Now began also a new epoch in his writing. He became the most fascinating, useful, æsthetic writer on rural themes

America has ever produced. The first of this distinct series, My Farm at Edgewood: A Country Book (1863), has been aptly described as "practical enough for an agriculturalist, yet romantic enough for a poet." He says of it himself: "It is, if I may use a professional expression, the fruit from the graft of the Fanciful set upon the Practical, and this is a style of grafting which is of more general adoption in the world than we are apt to imagine. Commercial life is not wholly free from the easy union, nor yet the clerical. All speculative forays, whether in the South Seas or in the sea of metaphysics, are to be credited to the graft of Fancy: and all routine, whether of ledger or litany, goes to the stock account of the Practical. Nor is this last necessarily always Profit and the other always Loss. There are, I am sure, a great many Practical failures in the world, and the number of Fanciful successes is undoubted." Rural Studies (1867), Pictures of Edgewood, followed, while Wet Days at Edgewood: with old Farmers, old Gardeners, and old Pastorals (1865), closes this unique group of books.

Ik Marvel's solitary novel is Dr. Johns: A Narrative of Certain Events in the Life of an Orthodox Minister in Connecticut (1866). It is a spirited protest against making all religious feeling to flow in doctrinal molds, and against that lack of sentiment which leaves unopened the poetical and æsthetic side of nature, and which prohibits without recommending substitutes: such a devotion to metaphysical theology as, for example, made Lyman Beecher ride over to Guilford on purpose to break his engagement with a certain young lady in case he should find her not up to the point of Hopkinsian "Disinterested submission"! Seven Stories with Basement and Attic (1864), among other interesting things gives glimpses of Ik Marvel's life at the consulate at Venice. About Old Storytellers (1878) "brings you into personal communion with cherished friends." Of Bound Together (1884) it may be enough to say that "Titian and His Times" alone would have justified the printing of the other miscellanies. The closing epoch of this long and fruitful career is marked by another change of subject, English Lands, Letters, and Kings (1889) in four volumes, and American Lands and Letters, two volumes. He

justifies his aim to "make an own book and not an echo of this or that expositor." Marked skill for clear and concise generalization is everywhere shown. Take the following for an example. A single stroke marks the contrast between Jamestown and Plymouth: "But if stone chapels and ambitious country houses, with fat dinners and hunting chaplains to say grace, came first to Virginia's shores, schoolhouses and printing presses and long, inexorable sermons came earliest to New England."

But to the conclusion. When Ik Marvel holds his highly burnished mirror with a deft hand up to Washington Irving, all unconsciously he is giving the best expression of himself that we shall ever have. He says of the seer of Sunnyside: "Always in his contact with the world he was genial. His career was full of honor but also full of serenity. He gave form to the common sentiment of us all, kindling our smile with his arch sallies. He conquered all the witchery of British speech, and graced it with a humor that reminds us of Goldsmith. Some authors' work we admire, while for themselves we care nothing. Irving was not one of these. The sympathy of the reader will keep his name always green. There may be greater purists, though they must con the language well, of more dramatic power, but one more tender hardly shall we see again. He depended on his friendships, shunned controversy, avoided strongly controversial points of history. He was not in mood for trenchant assertions of this or that belief, did not make entertainment of kindred belief the measure of his friendships. He was largely and Christianly catholic, as well in things polemical as literary, never made haste to condemn." "There is a rashness in criminating the retirement from everyday political contest which is, to say the least, very shortsighted. Extreme radicalism spurns the comparative inactivity, and says, 'Lo! the sluggard.' Extreme conservatism spurns it and says, 'Lo! a coward.' It is only too true that cowards and sluggards both may take shelter under the shield of indifference. But Irving's attitude belonged to his constitutional temperament, which, while passing calm and dispassionate judgments upon the excesses of opinion of either party, contributes insensibly to moderate the violence of both." "The themes of the Sketch Book are the

simplest, a rural funeral, Christmas among the hollies, an hour in Westminster. What is there new or to care greatly for in these things? Yet he touched them, and all the world is touched by them. Your critics say there is no serious insight, a pretty wind blows over. That is all. Yes, that is all; but how many are there who can set such currents of air aflow? Only a bruised daisy, a wounded hare, and Burns, with all his fresh, healthy manhood, and only a peasant's pen, touches them in such a way that his touch is making the nerves of men and women vibrate wherever our Saxon speech is uttered."

Every line, shade, hue, and color of this incomparable portraiture might be applied with equal truth to either the master of Sunnyside or Edgewood. As far as reality is concerned, it would matter little whether you labeled it Washington Irving or Donald Grant Mitchell.

Davis H. Clark

Art. VII.—THE NETHER SIDE OF IMMORTALITY—A STUDY IN CONSCIOUSNESS

"There are two sides to every question." Immortality has its underside. The steps of evolution stretch in both directions. The measureless reach before us does not belittle the strides we have taken. We are not in the mud, nor yet on the ground, but in the act of ascending. The basis in knowledge and consciousness runs nearly "neck and neck" with faith and aspiration. We have studied the products of the self to the exclusion of self-study. The first fact of self is consciousness. It is not an assumption but a recognition to say we are conscious; and conscious of other beings than ourselves. The Christian is conscious of God. There is a broad, natural basis for this Christian consciousness. The possibility of forming some acquaintance with a higher being is universal in animal life. If my being included in the animal world means anything, it means that I may obtain a working consciousness of the great Being above me. If a man cannot know God, he is not as complex an animal as the dog, that has come to know man. It is a fact well worth emphasis that, if I were a bird, beast, reptile, or fish, I could form a working acquaintance with man. He could give me a name and I could know his voice. In nature there is a circle of privilege, as well as one of necessity. A dog does not need a name to make him a dog; but being a dog he may have a name; and having one, may know it; and knowing it, he may know the one who speaks it. There are indications that the growing intelligence in the animal world is a result of a growing acquaintance with man. Read the use the rabbit has made of barbed-wire fences; the proverbial knowledge of the crow with regard to a gun. Trout certainly know the difference between the shadow of the limb of a tree and that of a fish pole over the same pool. There is the widest natural basis for the century-after-century-proven fact of the Christian's consciousness of God. Man's improvement has come along the line of his growing knowledge of the Invisible. In the last analysis the difference between barbarism and civilization is the difference in man's consciousness of God. We lose nothing

as Christians by recognizing that we are a part of the animal creation. That is simply a recognition of the basis on which our consciousness rests: our nature—animal, if you wish—the basis; God's uses, the method; the product, the Christian consciousness of God.

The products of this consciousness are never more than side proofs of its existence; most of civilization and all apologetics are but puny attempts at its expression. In the very nature of things this *idea* proves the fact: the notion could not have preceded, much less begotten, consciousness of God. There is no proof of the Christian consciousness that equals its possession. It is well worth study. It is a product. It is not the self. It is self's first work. The materialist will tell us that the juxtaposition of particles of matter produces it. We claim the proximity of matter, brought about by evolution, makes it possible; but the foundation is not the structure. Consciousness is not material in the materialistic sense. Prove that such juxtaposition of matter is cause of this self, and you prove that the self rises from matter. The *states* of consciousness through which even the self comes itself to know are dependent upon matter. This is probably the reason for the material universe, but the self is dependent upon God, and may antedate the material through which it comes to self-knowledge. Life is not a creation. It is an expression. Consciousness is a creation and through that product Jesus consciously reaches back to the immortal as well as looks out into the endless. Indeed, with him there is no past or future; he simply recognizes he *is* with God. On his consciousness rests the doctrine of his eternity. His recognition does not exclude, but includes, for he is the "Firstborn of many brethren." How much would you give to know how you felt when you put your arms around your mother's neck and awoke to love? That is the wings of the soul. Eggs are before feathers. I am before my first conscious state. Consciousness is a changing product; in fact, changes itself. Its greatest achievement is its own transformation. One finds it difficult to believe in the goodness of humanity until he recognizes that the arbiter of goodness changes with every age and many times in one human life. It is certain that Abraham's consciousness of God and the Christian's

differ radically. They differ as the man differs from the child—the same but different. Abraham squared his actions by his consciousness of God as closely as any other man in history, yet, measured by his living—the expression of that consciousness—there is no Christian church that would admit him to membership. The Mormons might welcome him, but they are misnamed "Latter Day Saints." The "Church of the Earliest Saints" is the best name we can grant them. They are out of joint with the Christian consciousness of the twentieth century, and it is no excuse that the early ages give them a plea for their practice. Now, these changes are not attributable to matter, but to the conquest of matter by the growing self. Materially, man is of the same material made in all ages. Saul's conversion was too sudden to depend upon digestion. Conversion does not change the material of which the body is made, but it does mightily change the consciousness that dwells in the material body. No historical product is more patent than the great fact which to-day we call the Christian consciousness. This product may be said to be a growing knowledge of the will of Him of whom we first became conscious. We must learn more than to call Him Father; we must learn what "Father" means. The finished product is not a necessity for a working basis. One questions whether, in the absolute sense, it will ever be finished. We are finite; God is infinite. From out the infinite the finite will always be bringing changing conscious states.

Let us go a step farther down the evolutionary ladder. In knowledge we recognize that the Christian consciousness is the product of states in which such consciousness formed no part. This is true both historically and personally. Childhood is not, and should not be, self-directed. The molding forces of infancy are external. The bias of many a spirit may be traced to the condition of the tenement in which it found its human habitation. Hence the importance of civic righteousness, right conditions. The wise God placed the infant race in a garden; he will give the finished race a city. Whether we accept the evolutionary or fiat theory of the creation of man, we get the same fact—personal consciousness before consciousness of a personal God; we know our present consciousness to be the outcome of our childhood. We are

the same personalities with other states of consciousness. Manhood is a state of consciousness that is the product of states that knew neither motive nor volition—infancy, childhood—gliding into states in which both motive and volition blend, or into responsibility. When the self elects the motive it will follow, that responsibility becomes twofold—responsibility to God and man for what it does, but also responsibility to itself for the states of consciousness that shall result from its selection. Only thus can responsibility be traced to personality. Thus consciousness turns on the self and becomes a producer, finding in its conscious states the highest and strongest motives that move the soul. In the highest sense man affects his destiny by making himself. The functions of the body are not as responsive to the personality as are the forces that construct personality. The man will act more quickly at his own bidding than will his stomach. Thought goes far enough down the ladder of life to know there was a time when this personality was not even conscious of its own consciousness. The Genesis story is true in a deeper sense than any form could be, however scientific. It is true to life. Man's history begins with his consciousness of God; yet man is older than that consciousness. The feet of knowledge will never tread the path of life further back than does the Genesis story. Our knowledge of our consciousness begins not with self but with its recognition of the other self; hence, in the Adamic story, Adam is a child in nothing but his consciousness. Man finds himself not in his animal or physical being but in his dawning consciousness of God. A dog is conscious of himself; that does not make him immortal. Man has become conscious of God. One recognizes the injustice of pushing back to mere consciousness of self the soul that has become conscious of God, and therefore doubts the divine ability to do it. Christian consciousness becomes the impregnable basis of our immortality. "This is life, . . . that they might know thee, . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." It was, and is, and will forever be life to know God. In Christ the divine and the human so blend that he is "the Life of the world."

In the material world the builder is more than the building, the maker more than the made. In this world of consciousness the

building is the builder, the product is the producer. It is the self that is growing. The helpers, or states, of experience that come to us are not the permanent things; it is the product that is permanent. This self comes to know itself only in its consciousness of God. To this self the continuity of the same conscious states is not essential to the continuity of the self. The teaching that maintains that no experiences can be utterly blotted out is false to the Book of God and also the book of life. Redemption gathers a deeper meaning when we learn that he will not only lift us out of sin but will lift the meaning of sin out of us. Isaiah records the fact, "I have blotted out thy transgressions, . . . for I have redeemed thee." Redemption is a great deep, as well as a high mountain. The darkness of forgetfulness girds its base; the light of God illumines its summit. The study of our consciousness confirms this declaration. I am no more conscious of my state of consciousness the hour I was born than I am conscious of Adam's state the day he blamed his wife for his state of consciousness. Will anyone hold that because of my loss I am not the person that was born, or that I was not conscious because I have lost the state? Who will hold that personality depends on any state of consciousness? Who will say, I had no consciousness before I was born? The very fact that memory cannot retrace the steps of life declares for the importance of self; the product of the states we have lost. Be it remembered that we find their meaning in their loss. Boyhood means more when seen through fatherhood than through boyhood. What girl will ever know the meaning of childhood until she is a mother? What soul will know the meaning of redemption till redemption is completed? What a heaven childhood would be if we could live it with the knowledge its loss brought us! So we say; but we must remember that to be child and man at the same time is impossible. We are children to be men. We live to live larger. To live means to leave, and probably forever will. We leave our states behind us, ourselves move on. We grow by leaving. This is the way of life eternally.

J. B. Stockdale

Art. VIII.—PROFESSOR TEUFELSDRÖCKH AND THE PRESENT GENERATION

What person of English speech does not know Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, professor of things-in-general in the University of Weissnichtwo? His spiritual leadership may be a thing of the past but his human personality is a perennial refreshment. We all remember his idyllic boyhood in Entepfuhl. How fragrant is the recollection of those suppers eaten on the orchard wall! "There, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation, as Day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless, I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding." We have followed his sad experiences at the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, where the teachers had no "fire of living thought" at which the thought of a young genius could kindle itself, and the sum total of their pedagogical wisdom was a recognition of the fact that the boyish mind possessed "a faculty called Memory" which "could be acted on through the muscular integument by the application of birch rods." We have watched the unfolding of his mind in the "worst of hitherto discovered universities," where "the hungry young looked up to their spiritual nurses, and for food were bidden eat the east wind," but where, in spite of all discouragements, he gained "the highest of all possessions, Self-help." We know his love romance, which unsealed the fountains of eloquence and poetry within him, and which he was yet capable of regarding with grim humor, as if from Mrs. Grundy's point of view. Some bold imaginations may even have longed to be present, in the midst of tobacco clouds and noisy potations, in the coffee house of Weissnichtwo for the sake of the sage's *obiter dicta*. And every ear that can appreciate somber and modulated eloquence must love the cadences of his night thoughts in his watchtower in the Wahngasse, even as every human heart must be thrilled and softened by their tenderness. Never is

Teufelsdröckh's wisdom more persuasive than when he discourses on the measure of human worth:

> Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her Man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue; indefeasibly royal, as of the Scepters of this Planet. . . . A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring toward inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust—which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

This standard of human worth fitted Teufelsdröckh for the functions of a professor of things-in-general. Few persons have regarded his official aspect with seriousness. A university professor who gives no lectures and receives no stipend—surely the academic side of Teufelsdröckh is only a pathetic satire on the futility of the intellectual life.

The chair of things-in-general in Weissnichtwo was established in anticipation of a need that the public never confessed. The present public is just as far from an acute consciousness of such a need, but among its inarticulate wants the want of the ministrations of a Teufelsdröckh is foremost. Happy will be the day when it rises into clear recognition! For the standard of human worth just quoted from Teufelsdröckh is not only a standard, it is also a conception of the relation between important classes in the state. "Must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?" The want of such guidance from any new university chair the public will not readily confess; the proposal to establish new departments of learning excites in the popular mind nothing but weary indignation. Is not every field of knowledge divided and subdivided to the last degree of specialization? Are they not all

manned by experts? No further sacrifices to knowledge can reasonably be made. This weariness and indignation, however, are only another aspect of the unacknowledged need. If that could be clearly defined and satisfied, they would disappear; they would be transformed into grateful recognition of the services of the experts. Teufelsdröckh, in his chair of things-in-general, never had a clearer vocation than now.

To speak without disguise, what is this unacknowledged need? It is the need of some medium of sympathy—some new body of men or some extension of sympathy in bodies already existing—between the universities and private scholars on the one hand, and the intelligent but technically unlearned public on the other. Even in this democratic country there is an estrangement between the classes that possess special intellectual privileges and those that are immersed in immediate practical concerns. That this estrangement is a menace to the highest interests of all classes need not be argued. To insulate a specialist from popular sympathy is to insulate him from the strength and virtue of the people, to leave his soul

> A spot of dull stagnation without light
> Or power of movement.

And to break down the confidence of the people in expert thinkers is to rob the people of leadership and expose them to the dangers of materialism and superstition. Intellectual pride in one party, vulgarity and animalism in the other, are the penalties that follow the setting up of barriers. Charlatans will assume the leadership that belongs to trained thinkers; there will be blind leaders of the blind, and both will fall together into the ditch. These considerations have their weight in every department of life—commerce, industry, politics, science, art and literature, education, philosophy, and religion. In some departments their importance is fully recognized; in others such recognition is confined to a few workers. Schools of technology are established to mediate between pure science and mathematics and the human need of buildings, bridges, light, transportation, etc. Schools of medicine mediate between the biological and chemical sciences and health.

Speaking roughly, one may say that the connection between physical science (and her handmaiden, mathematics) and the physical needs of mankind is thoroughly recognized and established. Workers in these fields are the more confident, fortunate, and useful. But when one approaches the spiritual interests of humanity it is not so clear that a good understanding exists between the specialists and the rest of mankind. Is it obvious to all that law schools and courts of law mediate successfully between expert legal knowledge and the human need of justice? Do schools of theology bring unquestioned satisfaction to the religious instinct? Do colleges of liberal arts "set the hearts of youth aflame" with the passion of culture, human service, human brotherhood? These questions are too large to be discussed in a single paper; the fact that they can be raised exemplifies the main truth I am endeavoring to emphasize—that there is need of a mediator between the specialized pursuits of the learned and the practical needs of the people. Let us focus the matter by confining ourselves to its application in the field of religion. In doing so I use an almost arbitrary distinction for the sake of convenience. Indeed, the synthesis and the sympathy I urge will never be fully attained till the primacy of religion among human interests, together with the religious significance of every human interest, is fully recognized. Not to deal wholly in counsels of perfection, however, let us consider what a mediating Teufelsdröckh might do in the sphere that is generally recognized as religious.

The mischief that attends an imperfect connection between learning and practice is fully illustrated in the present religious situation in this country. In that situation nothing is more impressive, nothing more challenges interpretation, than the growth of "Christian Science." Many factors have contributed to that growth, notable among them the personality of Mrs. Eddy and her capacity for organization. But this is far from explaining the whole phenomenon. The founder of "Christian Science" is not superior to the law of genius in relation to its environment; she had the advantage of a general condition. She built her ship, largely out of materials furnished by Dr. Quimby, but she did not create the sea on which it was launched. The idealism

of Emerson, falling into minds not so well fortified with common sense as his own, may have prepared a soil favorable to the reception of this curious cult. If that be the case, the fact only illustrates the central and radical cause of its success, namely, *religious people for the two latest generations have not been trained or encouraged to think for themselves.* They have been estranged from their true philosophical leaders; they have been caused to ignore and despise creeds; they have been led by timid reactionaries and sensational radicals; they have been entertained often, sometimes inspired, rarely rebuked, almost never instructed. The fear of intellectualism has resulted in one of the gravest of all heresies—that of denying that any element of human nature is to be excluded from its religious rights. One of the penalties is that thousands of communicants of the church have become followers of Mrs. Eddy. The safeguard against bad philosophy is good philosophy; the protection against pinchbeck idealism is the sound idealism of the Christian faith. In the forefront of the appeal of Eddyism is the assertion of power to heal the body. This is not the only source of its influence, but it is by far the most conspicuous source. The general diffusion of a few psychological facts, together with a study of the healing miracles of Christ and a recognition of the therapeutic value of Christian courage, would have robbed Mrs. Eddy of her apparently exclusive property in a Christian truth and made that truth a power in the church. Mrs. Eddy has fought us with a neglected weapon of our own. Furthermore, a coördination of psychology and faith could, in the older churches, have been accompanied by other wholesome coördinations; the truth of psycho-therapeutics need not have been isolated as Mrs. Eddy's propaganda has isolated it. The practical materialism which, in spite of its spiritual pretensions, has characterized the movement might have been avoided. Only the very largest truths, like the very largest men, can safely be isolated from their fellows and placed at the head of affairs. Some Christian ministers are now attempting the task of mediation between psychological science and religious life and bodily health. The clinics of Dr. Worcester in Boston and of Bishop Fallows in Chicago are undertaking this work; with what permanent success it is still

too early to decide. It is believed by some that such clinics, earlier established, might have averted the cult of "Christian Science."

But the foundation of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine is metaphysical. It is a crude idealism. It asserts that God is all in all, that evil cannot exist, that matter is impossible, that physical science and all pain are "errors of mortal mind," etc. Mrs. Eddy's book, in its most logical version, is only an incoherent statement of a pantheistic idealism. Its merits need not be discussed. My only contention concerning it is that it would never have gained a hearing if intelligent religious leaders had watched closely the intellectual temper of the generation to which it has been addressed and supplied the want that Science and Health has met. Christianity has a sound idealism based on the truth that God is love. Christianity exalts personality as the supreme reality and defines human life as the process of developing finite personalities. The logic of "Christian Science" cancels the will and, consequently, the dramatic and moral significance of life. Like all rose-water optimisms, it can issue no mandate for heroic endeavor; and the weakness of its program on the humanitarian and missionary side is a necessary consequence of its philosophy. Christianity is an heroic idealism; there is iron in it. This idealism discloses itself not chiefly in the speculative insight of thinkers but in the thick of the fight with evil. Only courage and action can bring it to being; it cannot survive in any atmosphere where the reality of evil, the reality of struggle, is denied. This idealism has fought its way in the thought and in the practice of mankind. It is found in history and in philosophy. It has been defined, defended by the subtle and devout minds of Christian thinkers. Even skeptics and heretics have illustrated it, sympathetically or against their wills. Had the laity been taught to appropriate this wealthy intellectual heritage, had their minds been disciplined by an honest effort to do so, Eddyism would have found fewer converts. But the great religious thinkers speak a dialect not easily comprehensible; and few persons have undertaken the task of mediating between them and the minds of the people. The result has been an intellectual softness in the present generation that corresponds in all respects with its moral softness—its absurd exaggeration of

mere physical comfort and sensuous gratification. It tries to avert its gaze from "half of human fate," from the possibility of tragedy and the actual tragedy of human life. Properly concerned to emphasize the love of God against the nightmare theology of the seventeenth century and the mechanical theology of the eighteenth, it has been at no pains to define the love of God, which, though "broader than the measure of man's mind," needs, as a working conception, to be rescued from mushy sentimentalism. In consequence, this truth, supreme above all others, on the proper apprehension of which all the health of the soul depends, has in thousands of minds degenerated to the ignoble estate in which it is expressed by Omar Khayyam: "Pish! He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well." As a popular teacher Robert Browning has done much to assert a more manly conception of religion, but his influence has been retarded by prejudice, and somewhat by the difficulties occasionally presented by his style. Mrs. Eddy's philosophy ignores all painful sensations and the total results of physical science as "the errors of mortal mind." This is a sentimentalism, not an idealism. Sentimentalism is the tendency to ignore or deny objective facts that are out of harmony with human wishes. Magnified into a philosophy, it denies *in toto* the reality of every experience alien to desire, and gives a metaphysical justification for this procedure by asserting that all such experiences are foreign to the Ground of the Universe, God. Christian idealism, to the person whose thoughts are centered in physical comfort, may seem to resemble such a sentimentalism by virtue of its assertion that God is love. Certainly Christianity places superlative emphasis on values rather than on facts. It recognizes the truth that human beings must be always employed in the enterprise of transforming facts into values, but it differentiates itself from the sentimentalism of "Christian Science" (1) by its acknowledgment of the reality of objective facts, or, if this sounds too materialistic, of the reality of painful experiences, and (2) by its emphasis on moral values in the process of transformation. Its love is not the love that knows no suffering, but the love that suffers long and is kind.

I wish to distinguish between the sentimentalism of Eddyism

and the idealism of Christianity, however, no more than my main argument requires. What, in addition to Christian common sense, is the best safeguard against this sentimentalism? Is it not, obviously, common sense made precise, the scientific spirit, with its veneration for facts as such? Could that spirit, so characteristic of the intellectual life of our day in academic circles, in many respects so tyrannical even, have been diffused widely among the churches, it would have checked the success of Mrs. Eddy. She has been forced to make terms with this spirit by drawing attention to the authentic cures her followers have accomplished, but she has realized the fundamental opposition between herself and science and has boldly accepted the task of discrediting all its vast results by a stroke of the pen. Now if a more cordial understanding between the people and the scholars had prevailed, the success of this enterprise would have been small. If an intermediary body of men, familiar with the conditions, processes, and aims of scientific thought, speaking an untechnical language, had spread among the people the scientific reverence for facts, the scientific habit of wide inductions, the scientific hatred of hasty conclusions and tacit assumptions—in short, the patience and honesty of scientific thought—would not the religious history of our day be a different tale? On the religious side, scientific men have been isolated from popular sympathy, distrusted, in some cases forced out of Christian communions. There has been fault on both sides, doubtless, but the misfortune has been great for the church as well as for the scientists. Happily, there are hopeful indications that the estrangement is coming to an end. The day of its complete disappearance will be the day of the church's strength against internal schism and external foes.

And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. . . . that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

The limitations of individuals in time, strength, and endowment render specialization an absolute necessity to progress. Not only must the specialist be in a measure sacrificed to his task, but he is to a great degree unfitted for coördinating his own results with those of other specialists and with the practical needs of men. But for him to lose his vision of the demands of life is to forfeit a true perspective for his own studies and the principal incentive to labor. His task becomes meaningless as soon as its human relations disappear from view. How beneficial to the investigator, then, if there stood between him and the public a class of men engaged in the practical application and popular diffusion of his results, sympathetic with him, as scholars with a scholar, sympathetic with the people, as men with men! Such a body could give proper direction to the work of specialists. They could establish vitalizing currents of thought and sympathy, circulating powerfully through the whole community. The project of setting apart any single class of men for this service is, perhaps, chimerical, but all educated men have a responsibility in this direction. This responsibility bears with especial weight upon clergymen, public writers, and instructors in colleges of liberal arts. It commands clergymen to abandon their hostility and indifference to men of science, and to recognize the fact that the same instinct that leads a philosopher, with all his refined technique, to think upon the relation of man with the universe stirs in the breast of the humblest man, and must be guided with tact, skill, and courage to its proper satisfaction. This responsibility commands public writers to forego the conception that many of them hold—that they are engaged in a commercial enterprise in which the law of supply and demand is the only factor. It commands them to be teachers, and not entertainers, recognizing seriously their obligation to truth and to their readers. It commands teachers in colleges of liberal arts to consider not only their relation to their subjects but also their relation to their pupils. It sharply bids many of them to readjust the proportions in which they view their labors. They must consent, in most cases and for the greater part, to leave to specialists in investigation the task of advancing the boundaries of knowledge, instructors in arts courses coöperating in the labors

of investigators largely for the sake of mastering the processes and results of their subject, and for the sake of sympathy with the pioneers. The men who occupy chairs of undergraduate instruction must content themselves with a task that is, perhaps, less fascinating to scholars than learned research and less productive of applause—the task of building the positive gains of science, art, and philosophy into the lives of youth.

The labor of the teacher is always one of mediation. He must aid the young to assimilate the gains of the race, and in so doing form their own characters and recognize their own vocations. The present situation in the religious community calls for a similar labor of mediation between the gains of specialists and needs that are common to all. In this labor every broad, courageous, serious man of enlightenment may participate with happiness and honor.

Lincoln R. Gibbs

Art. IX.—THE GOSPEL FOR A MATERIALISTIC AGE

One bright day in the early spring of the year nineteen hundred and six, when all the world of nature was expressing itself in a profusion of flowers, foliage, and the blowing clover, and the music of the Infinite filled the celestial spheres of the spiritual world with its thousandfold melodies, growing and dying like the immortal echoes in a forest glen, I chanced to be talking with a mechanic. He seemed to take only a moderate pleasure in watching the sparks fly from the anvil under the sturdy strokes of his blows with the hammer. Longfellow would have heard music in that shop, but my friend only saw the labor and the sorrow which would accompany his three score years and ten of human life. He laughed ironically as he turned to me and said that preachers were a poor lot, and he believed in little of what they said of the spiritual life. This world, along with human nature, was run upon the natural plan—hard-and-fast inexorable principles—and all preachers, poets, prophets, and dreamers were indulging their fancy in an infinite deal of nonsense. There was much philosophy involved in my friend's reflections. Who could fail to hear in them the dominant note of our modern civilization? There are those who might say that he was ignorant, unlettered; but ignorance in that sense is only relative. Fundamentally he was as spiritual, and could see the kingdom of God and his righteousness as truly, as the shrewdest worldly-wise man engineering monopolies fifty times the size of the one possessed by the mechanic. His assertion sounded like the sorrowful dirge, a funeral march, of men in caravans slowly moving over the desert wastes of human life only to lie in graves where the solemn words of the committal service would be pathetically true: "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes."

Not many years ago Dr. Henry van Dyke wrote a Gospel for an Age of Doubt. It was singularly appropriate for its time. It has been suggested that some one write a Gospel for an Age of Pleasure—which would be extremely apt. But if we are to reach

the root of the problems of to-day, we will find that it is with the spirit of materialism that we have to deal, and a Gospel for an Age of Materialism would accomplish some slight good. In all ages, to be sure, materialism has wrought havoc, but in our day it seems that the entire trend of thought is in that direction. What one of the brood of evils is there in modern society which cannot be traced to that source? The problem of capital and labor, with its infinite complexities and ramifications throughout the entire fabric of society, is upon that one basis. Men are not looked upon nowadays as altogether human. They are paid in the direct ratio of weight in muscle to dollars and cents, and science has reduced things to such a fine point that it can tell exactly how many brain cells have to explode in a man's head for him to earn a certain amount of money. In our Legislatures moral issues have to fight their way, while supply and demand, profit and loss, and two-cent rates are the subjects for eloquence. In the world of amusements our professional entertainers will sacrifice anything for money, while in the domain of literature our most brilliant authors, capable of gaining for themselves immortal renown, will sacrifice that which is eternal for that which is for a moment and will die away. This is one of the conditions of modern life which the church is called upon to face. If her task is hard, her opportunity is, at least, grand, and, though we may mourn the fallen greatness of a former age, living in the present is a glorious privilege, and the gospel, full-orbed, with its infinite sweep of the eternities, enkindling the heart with courage and the imagination with fervor, is the cheer which the preacher has as he steps into the world bringing the vision of the new heaven and the new earth to those people who are trudging along the dusty road of common life.

The gospel for this particular age no one would make any definite effort to define in a dogmatic fashion; but one may be granted the privilege of the reflection that the conception of Christ which is current in the thoughts and minds of people has much to do with the loss of the charm of our religious faith. Our conception of Christ is likely to be too material or historical. By material and historical I mean the placing of the accent of our faith upon matters purely external, as merely the critical apprehension of the

text of Scripture or the intellectual mastery of systems of theology, and this at the expense of the development of the individual vision springing from the creative religious faculty of the mind. Howsoever fundamental such conceptions may be for the maintenance of our faith upon a philosophic basis, nevertheless, Christ represented to a far greater extent those spiritual verities which vibrate at the touch of a sensitive conscience. One day several years ago as I passed along the streets of an Oriental city I chanced to see a series of living pictures. Traveling along the road, a man four fifths naked, smeared with ashes and carrying a pair of tongs, begged an alms. Groveling in the hot dust, under the blaze of the midday sun, a creature, half devil and half child, wriggled and writhed in agony. Squatting upon a board pierced with upturned nails was what you and I would call a religious fanatic. Hobbling along the road, whipped and scourged by their own request, with spiked shoes to pierce the feet and hooks tearing their flesh, a row of religious devotees were forcing their way to a sacred shrine. To-day the missionary will wax eloquent as he tells of the errors of the Indian religious devotees, and justly so; but the hope of the Indian empire rests upon the impulse which prompts those fanatics to subject themselves to such torture. The flesh, these clothes I wear, my hands, and my feet—what are they? Nothing. A few years and they will be moldering in an unknown grave. The Indian devotee knows that; he despises the flesh, and to show his disdain subjects it to the most excruciating torture. It requires of him a spiritual vision. If the Indians have erred in holding the material world in utter contempt, they, at least, put to shame our materialistic vanity and display. When the lands of the rising sun have heard the full gospel of Christ, they will give to us their overwrought spiritual conception, which, when it has blended itself with our gross materialistic conception, will show us the orb of Christ full and resplendent as when the morning sun emerges from behind the dark clouds of error, superstition, ignorance, and folly. That will be the day when the morning stars will sing together. When that day comes the music of the universe will be complete. The moral world will be a symphony in comparison with which the music from the soul of Beethoven

will scarcely be audible. Carlyle had some such vision when with the prophet's eye he saw the day that this conception of Christ would be realized. He said: "Our highest Orpheus walked in Judæa eighteen hundred years ago; his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men, and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them." This is the gospel which I advocate for a world of materialism, and each succeeding generation will explore new fields and awaken new thoughts of spiritual truth. The material world has been explored. Every island, hidden recess, and obscure crevice has been subjected to the intense searchlight of man's curiosity and hunger for knowledge; but to-day and to-morrow the search will be increasingly in that realm of spiritual phenomena which may be hidden to-day, but whose keys are in the possession of those geniuses who by magic will open the doors, one by one, and let us look farther and farther, until our vision expands to that extent that we ourselves will merge into the life from which we came. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

One of the most fascinating periods of American history was the period of discovery when new continents were dawning on the sight of men. Then indeed it must have been interesting to live, but not more interesting than it is to-day. One night John Keats went over to call on a friend. They read together Chapman's translation of Homer. To the mind of the poet a new continent of truth had been opened. In eagerness he went home and penned that sonnet which men will not let die:

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The realm of Christian spirituality is as vast as the eternities, and man's mind has all eternity in which to explore the illimitable ex-

panse. Wordsworth, pagan poet though he may be called, had some conception of what it was to live and move and have his being in this world. His soul craved for

> Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,
> High instincts before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
> But for those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence.

And each new truth adds greater power to our individual and our national life. No nation exists to-day with the same amount of energy that we have in our civilization, but energy when, like ours, it is merely a nervous strain, is not made of the stuff that will last. It is a surface tension, and does not come from the boundless depths of a hidden reservoir of power. Men in growing too independent have lost a great deal of the strength which comes from relating themselves to God's life and to his plans. They have not the springs welling up as the laughing waters to eternity. Emerson once said that he was part and parcel of all that he beheld. "Give me health and a day and I'll make the pomp of empires ridiculous." His spirit took wings on the air of his spiritual vision. He that is spiritual is supreme. In the city of Vienna the oratorio of the Creation was being rendered in honor of the great composer Haydn. The day was overcast. Dark clouds hung in the sky; the thunder rumbled and roared with intermittent streaks of lightning. The composer sat on the platform. The performance was proceeding when, at the words, "Let there be light, and there was light," there was a thrilling change from the minor to the major. Suddenly there was a rift in the clouds and the sun burst forth and flooded the entire auditorium with light. Every eye was riv-

eted on the composer, who, overcome with emotion, rushed out on the platform and exclaimed: "It came from there." He indicated his devout belief in the divine origin of his genius.

If there is any laborer who is chafing under the evils of a perverted social ideal; if there is any capitalist who, the object of the slander of a misguided public opinion, is, therefore, hardening his heart toward the bondage of his brother; if there is any woman who, the victim of our nervous and fretful age, is flying over the restless waters seeking a haven of peace and rest—and all this brought about by a misdirected energy for social and material welfare—I would say, in the words of Christ, who said of himself that he was from above while all these things were from below: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

George Avery Neeld.

Art X.—EVOLUTION AND THE ATONEMENT

The subject involves the reconcilability of the favorite hypothesis of modern science with the central doctrine of the Christian faith. A few years ago the controversy was on the compatibility of Evolution with the story of creation as told in the opening chapters of Genesis. That discussion has resulted in a modified Evolution and a modified regard for the literary character of Genesis. In more recent discussion the real crux of the problem is felt to lie in the harmonizing of scientific Evolution with the fundamental doctrines of Christian faith, such as the Fall of Man, Redemption through Christ, and Immortality.

In discussing a subject of this character much depends upon the temper of mind with which one undertakes the task. It would be very easy so to state the theory of Evolution that it would appear at a glance to be utterly irreconcilable not alone with the doctrine of Atonement but with every other doctrine of Christianity; irreconcilable, indeed, with any theistic belief whatever. There are some who, seizing upon the most extreme and materialistic statements of Evolution, jump to the conclusion that the whole evolutionary hypothesis is in vital conflict with Christianity and proceed to arm themselves against its every suggestion as tending to the subversion of true religion and vital piety. Little is gained by such prejudice and blind assault. If a sympathetic interest is a prime requisite for the proper interpretation of a Christian doctrine, it is equally so for the fair and adequate interpretation of a scientific theory. The writer enters upon this discussion, therefore, not as an opponent of Evolution, not with suspicion that scientists are laboring with malicious purpose to undermine Christianity, but with the conviction that as a class they are honest seekers after truth, and as such are colaborers with us. So far as their conclusions are found reconcilable with those of theological thinkers there is ground for mutual rejoicing; where there is divergence or conflict there is need of further investigation, not alone on their part but upon ours as well. Theologians no more

than scientists have a right to dogmatize or to refuse to reinvestigate the basis of their doctrines. If it is true that much of error and contradiction are to be found in what is called modern science, it is also quite probable that there is much in the teaching of the Christian Church to-day that will need modification and restatement in the light of fuller knowledge. Truth is never in contradiction with itself. Its outcroppings in the field of scientific research cannot be in conflict with any doctrine of Christianity which is a correct expression of religious truth. It would seem quite improbable that a theory which has captivated the whole scientific world and which has commanded the enthusiastic indorsement of the greatest scientists of the age should not have in it something of truth. Doubtless much of error has been incorporated in it, especially in its earlier presentations; doubtless, also, certain of its advocates have allowed their enthusiasm to carry them too far and to betray them into extravagant claims and untenable positions; nevertheless, something of truth must be involved in a doctrine which has been able to command such almost universal support and to maintain its supremacy in the field of science for at least half a century. What is this truth? and is the essential truth of Evolution reconcilable with Christianity?

First of all, there is need of a clear apprehension of the scientific theory under discussion. Bacon said that "truth is more readily derived from error than from confusion." As the term "Higher Criticism" is used to-day by the average layman to cover all forms of heresy, from the writing of the Revised Version to the denial of the divinity of Christ, so the term "Evolution" has been employed to characterize scientific theories as far apart as the teachings of John Calvin and those of Hosea Ballou. Evolution, as taught by Herbert Spencer, was atheistic, materialistic, and fatalistic. He knew no God, no soul, no immortality. Practically, he said: "Given a little star-dust and a little motion, and the universe will construct itself." Like Laplace, he felt no need of a Creator. It would be absurd to propose a serious discussion of the compatibility of such a theory with the doctrine of Atonement. But the man who knows Evolution only in its Darwinian and Spencerian form is hardly up to date in his scientific reading. In

recent years there has been a decided and world-wide movement of scientific opinion toward Christianity. About two years ago Professor Bowne published an article in the Homiletic Review, on "The Passing of Mechanical Naturalism," in which he shows that Professor Ernst Haeckel, of the University of Jena, is about the only survivor of the old atheistic, materialistic, evolution theory. Professor Virchow, DuBois Reymond, Wundt, and George Romanes, who were once numbered among the advocates of that theory, later on abandoned it for something more reconcilable with the Christian faith. The same movement is in progress to-day. Only last November the Keplerbund was organized in Germany. This is an association of scientific men, numbering at last account nearly seven hundred of the leading teachers and professors of Germany, organized to protest against the Monistic Evolution taught by Professor Haeckel. The ideals of the Bund are expressed in the words: "Modern natural science is not able to overthrow the theistic conception of the world and its phenomena; and theism has, to say the least, as much right to be regarded thoroughly scientific as Haeckel's Monism." These men are not blind conservatives; they insist that Christianity must accept the certain results of scientific research, but in so doing they assure us that the essentials of Christianity will not be disturbed. While there could be no hope of reconciling the Atonement with Darwinianism or Haeckelism, it may be possible to find a place for it along with the Evolution taught by the majority of scientists to-day.

Coming back to definitions, we are confronted first of all by that framed by Herbert Spencer. "Evolution," said he, "is the integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Of this definition some one has said: "The universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when through the cerebration of an eminent thinker it had been delivered of this account of itself." A somewhat simpler definition has been given as follows: "Evolution is a process in which, by a series of continuous progressive changes, a complex arrangement, agency, or organism is developed from

rude or simple beginnings." The definition given by Professor Le Conte has been generally accepted, and affords an interesting starting point from which to trace some of the modifications of the evolutionary theory during recent years. "Evolution," said Le Conte, "is a continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces." According to the earlier notion of Evolution, "continuous progressive change" meant the gradual development of all orders of being by slow and imperceptible variations; but the later Evolution recognizes the continuity not so much in the mere phenomena of nature as in the underlying purpose of nature. For example, John Fiske, in an article published after his death, asks, "What, then, is the central pith of the doctrine of Evolution?" and answers as follows: "It is simply this: that the changes which are going on throughout the universe, so far as our scientific methods enable us to discern and follow them, are not chaotic or unrelated, but follow an intelligible course from one state of things toward another." So Professor George H. Darwin, in a recent address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said: "Certain considerations lead me to doubt whether biologists have been correct in looking for continuous transformation of species. Judging by analogy, they should rather expect to find continuous changes occurring during a long period of time, followed by a somewhat sudden transformation." All that is required by the present theory of Evolution is that these changes are not chaotic, or unrelated, but follow an intelligible course from one state of things toward another. The fact is evolutionists are compelled to recognize at least three great "breaks" in the continuity of the world's transformation. The first is marked by the dawn of life on our planet. Science can give no account of the origin of life. Microscope and laboratory have been worked to their limit in the attempt to establish the theory of spontaneous generation, but in vain. The doctrine of biogenesis still unquestionably holds the field. Between the dead inorganic world and the world of life is a gulf which the old theory of Evolution could never span. The second great "break," which at first may not impress us as being so formidable as the first, is found in the dawn of sensation. Plant life

and animal life, it is true, shade into each other by almost imperceptible degrees, but somewhere there is the beginning of a nervous system, which marks a new and distinct set of phenomena; and in reality the gulf between the unconscious and the conscious is just as impassable as that between the inorganic and the organic. The third "break" occurs in the dawn of self-consciousness, and marks the dividing line between the animal and the human. At every one of these "breaks" some new element is introduced; something enters which was not in the matter, not in the organism before. The older theory of Evolution spent its time trying to discover "missing links" by which to bind together these dissevered orders of being; but the newer Evolution adjusts itself to these "breaks" in a different manner, namely, by enlarging its conception of environment to include not merely the immediate material surroundings but also the presence of spiritual potencies and the immanence of God in the world's processes of development. The new Evolution is theistic. The earlier Evolution failed through an inadequate theory of causation. It interpreted "resident forces" to mean forces resident in matter; it endeavored to account for all the functions of life and consciousness in the language of physics. It attempted the impossible task of accounting for the higher in terms of the lower. As one writer well puts it, "If, indeed, the cause accounts for the effect, it is the effect alone that can explain and render intelligible the cause; and for this reason, if for no other, we must postulate spirit before matter, God before the universe, ere we can hope to escape the confusion and self-contradictoriness of much that goes by the name of 'modern science.'" Not only does the present theory of Evolution recognize a personal God back of the primeval fire-mist from which the universe has evolved, but it recognizes the immanence of that God in all cosmic processes. There is no other rational explanation of progress through successive changes. Herbert Spencer taught the heredity of acquired characteristics. Much-used organs not only acquired greater development for the individual, but this enlarged development was transmitted to posterity, thus accounting for a gradual change of type; but in recent years eminent scientists declare that "no acquired characteristics what-

soever are transmitted to posterity." Heredity, therefore, is set aside as an explanation of progress through successive change. Darwin taught a natural selection through survival of the fittest; but it is now admitted that this doctrine does not explain the origin of species, but only the survival of species; it does not answer the deeper question of why the more perfect organisms appear. Only the purpose of a divine Creator explains the mystery.

Without going into further details, we may now venture another definition of Evolution as it is held to-day by a multitude of Christian thinkers: "Evolution is the theory of an orderly unfolding of the universe under divine guidance, according to divine plan, and with various divine interpositions for higher moral and spiritual ends." Is such a theory of cosmic evolution reconcilable with the doctrine of the Atonement? And, if so, does it in any sense or to any degree illuminate or confirm that doctrine? In the judgment of the writer, if there is any doctrine of Christianity which stands in urgent need of restatement, it is the doctrine of the Atonement. In its present form the pulpit does not preach it, the people are not impressed by it, and vast numbers totally reject it. It appears chiefly as a governmental expedient, whereby the penalty of violated law may be averted from the sinner without violence to the moral government of God. The doctrine is clothed with the phraseology of the courts; it is supported by analogies drawn from a mediæval administration of justice. The so-called "Governmental Theory" set forth by Dr. Miley is still more unsatisfactory than the old Calvinistic theory of Substitution, because it renders the Atonement still more artificial and still more remote from the actual life of the individual. The whole subject needs restatement—a change of emphasis and a change in terminology—to bring it into closer relation to human life.

Let it be borne in mind that the Atonement has to do with *life* as well as with *law*. It has a biological aspect as well as a theological aspect. If Paul presents salvation in terms of law, John presents it in terms of life. With the legal aspect of the Atonement natural science has nothing to do. It has no word in regard to the propitiation of divine wrath, nothing to say in regard to the satisfaction of divine justice. It has no light to throw upon

the Atonement as the payment of a debt. But as the Atonement relates itself to human life, so far as its biological phases extend, natural science may aid us to its better understanding. First, in regard to the necessity of the Atonement. Hitherto Evolution was supposed to be in vital conflict with the doctrine of the Fall, but reinvestigation has shown it to be not only consistent with that doctrine but confirmatory of it. One of the most astonishing discoveries of modern science, and one of which evolutionists have made great use, is the fact that the individual repeats in its early life the history of its ancestry. As one writer says, "The prenatal child passes through every grade of animal life, from the simplest and lowest to the highest and most complex. Over one hundred and forty useless organs appear, grow, and pass away, like leaves upon the tree of life. . . . After birth this candidate for humanity continues this evolution, in which he has already repeated the history of the animal world, by repeating the history of his own race life from savagery to civilization." Here, then, is the evolutionist's life record of the vicissitudes through which the race has passed, written not upon fading parchment but in the development of every individual man. Is there any record here of a fall? Watch the development of the child. When it reaches the age of moral accountability the alternative is presented of self-gratification or of conforming to the morally right, of keeping the law or tasting the forbidden fruit. And what does it do but repeat the experience of our first parents? Unless it be controlled by the will of others the child repeats over and over again its choice of self-gratification, thus exhibiting a fixed bias toward evil. The Eden of innocence is lost, and the shadow of guilt passes over the life. We are all conscious of the change. Once we were innocent babes. We became guilty men. Somewhere there was a fall, and in that experience we have written the fall of the race. Of the calamitous nature of this fall Evolution speaks in language even more stern and hopeless than that of revelation. It does not say that it was a "fall upward," but a fall abysmal, fatal, irremediable, unless a miracle of grace intervene. Evolution teaches that life and development are conditioned upon a proper correspondence of the organism with its environment. The higher the organism

the more extensive its environment, and the more complicated its correspondence therewith. Man is the most highly organized being known to natural science. He possesses not only a physical and psychical nature, but also a moral and spiritual nature. His life in the full possession of its highest functions demands perfect correspondence with its spiritual environment. Having the image of God and the breath of the Almighty within him, created with the ability to commune with God, his higher life was conditioned upon his continued fellowship with God. When man refused obedience to God he lost touch with his spiritual environment, and so forfeited the very condition upon which his life and development could continue. According to all the laws of Evolution the result must be death or degradation. Having lost the proper correspondence with his spiritual environment, there was absolutely no means known to natural science by which he could reinstate himself in the higher life which he had forfeited. All men have the intuitive conviction that God is, but the cry of fallen humanity is, "O that I knew where I might find him!" There is a race-wide consciousness of alienation from God. The intuition of God amounts to a sort of race memory of him, while the sense of alienation from him bears unmistakable testimony to the reality and calamitous nature of the fall. The penalty of such a fall, according to all the laws of natural science, would be irrevocably death. The fact that the human race continues to exist in the present condition is evidence that some special provision must have been made for its preservation. Thus the way is open for the Christian doctrine of the Atonement.

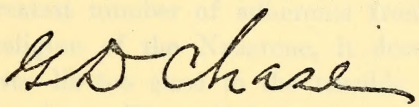
In regard to the nature of the Atonement, so far as it relates itself to human life, Evolution is perfectly in accord with orthodox Christianity. The result of man's sin was forfeiture of life—a life conditioned upon fellowship with God, a proper correspondence of man's higher spiritual organism with its spiritual environment. How can that life be restored? Evolution answers, Only by bringing man back to his higher spiritual environment. And how can this be done? Again Evolution answers, Only as the higher spiritual kingdom shall draw near to man and through a representative of that kingdom impart life from above. This line

of thought has been so beautifully developed by Professor Drummond in his famous chapter on "Biogenesis" that I need only to allude to it here. Just as the door of the inorganic world is so shut toward the world of life that no mineral can open it, the door of the natural is so shut toward the spiritual that no man can open it. It is to man his lost kingdom; and he can enter it again only as God himself shall open the door and restore him to his lost inheritance. The coming of God in the person of Jesus Christ reopens the door and brings the race again into touch with God, into possible correspondence with its lost environment. The vicarious nature of Christ's sufferings is perfectly reconcilable with the doctrine of Evolution. Evolution has long been familiar with this principle of vicarious sacrifice. The doctrine of Natural Selection is based upon it. The weak die off that the fittest may survive. But Professor Drummond, in his book entitled The Ascent of Man, has pointed out the fact that in the natural world there is not only a struggle for life but a struggle for the life of others; that there is discernible in nature a constantly developing principle of altruism by which the strong give their life for the weak. As organisms become more highly developed this principle becomes more dominant in the life and greater demands are made upon it. Not only are the strong called upon to suffer for the weak but the innocent for the guilty, and the just for the unjust. This great law of vicarious sacrifice is written large all through the natural world, and there is no system of science but must take note of it. All life-giving is costly. That Christ should suffer a vicarious death in the consummation of his mission to give life to a dying world is precisely what evolutionary science would expect. Evolution is likewise in perfect harmony with orthodox Christianity as regards the extent of the Atonement. When Christ took upon him our nature he took that nature which we possess in common with all other human creatures. He identified himself with our race. His redemption was a race-wide redemption. In him every child of Adam is brought back into touch with the lost spiritual environment; but whether men continue in touch with that environment depends upon their own free choice. Every child born into the world is born saved; but when the age of accountability arrives

every individual must decide whether he will live in fellowship with Christ or not. If he decides to enthrone Christ in his life, his salvation is wrought out in ever-increasing beauty and glory by the power of Christ working in him. If he refuses allegiance to Christ, his spiritual life droops and dies. The Atonement, in a biological sense, is unlimited, yet salvation is conditioned upon the choice of our own free will.

I conclude in the language of E. Griffith Jones, in his work entitled The Ascent Through Christ: "The incarnate sacrifice of Jesus Christ helps to bring man back to his true relationship to God and start him once more on the pathway of upward evolution. It was quite necessary that this should be done—that the lost relationship of filial union and love should be restored. For if with God is the fountain of life, if his loving presence is the soul's true atmosphere and environment, in which alone it can breathe and develop, then no real growth can take place without bringing man back to God that his Spirit may energize within his heart. Without God humanity is in the 'winter of its discontent'; with him summer visits the soul, and it grows in grace like a flower in the sunshine."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."



Art. XI.—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND INSANITY

Christian Science is a form of insanity. The phenomena it presents are inexplicable, until we consider them as manifestations of monomania; then the whole matter becomes perfectly plain and simple. Take, first, its rapid spread among the well-dressed classes. How is that to be accounted for? The claim of the devotees themselves, that this is due to the power of "the truth," can hardly be entertained by anyone who has a sense of humor; but when we regard it as the growth of epidemic hysteria it becomes at once understandable and takes its place as one of many similar instances of history. Some such a madness was the Crusades, culminating in the unspeakable folly of the Children's Crusade; such were the Millerites, who in the last generation confidently expected the bodily coming of our Lord, and at various given dates sold all their possessions and gathered on the hilltops to await him; such were many of the curious phases of the "sanctification" idea that from time to time infested the Mississippi valley; and such also were the numberless vagaries of the Middle Ages, including the Flagellants, the Adamites and those afflicted with the dancing mania. Being a sort of a beatific selfishness, it draws its greatest number of adherents from the boulevards. Unlike the religion of the Nazarene, it does not attract the poor, whose lives lie too close to the terrible facts of want and suffering and crime. The well-dressed crowd who cluster about the lieutenants of Mrs. Eddy are only too glad to go into a hypnotic moral stupor that enables them to forget and to deny the unpleasant realities of existence, with which they have struggled, through which they have climbed, and upon which they wish to batten down the hatches of pity. It is no little comfort for those who live in good houses and wear purple and fine linen to meet on the Sabbath day and, under the soothing accents of Mrs. Dogberry's abracadabra, bask in the idiotic assurance that the great open sore of the world, spread all around them in the slums of the city, does not exist.

One is often met with the plea: "But does not Christian Science do a great deal of good?" The good alluded to is the sweetening of the temper of the one afflicted with the mania in question. This sweetening does occur. As far as it goes it is good. But it is good only in the same way that opium and coal-tar preparations are good, or any other medicine that deadens pain. The medical world has long ago discovered that these pain-killers are dangerous exactly in proportion to the apparent relief they give. Their continued use invariably brings on a wreckage of the nerves, a collapse of the heart, or some other fatal injury to the vital powers. Similarly, the net result of the ease of mind brought on by Christian Science is fatal to the moral nature. When the multitudes awake from their feeble-minded dream of the nonexistence of evil, it will be to turn in disgust from religion of any sort. The decay of a corrupt religion in Italy and France has left the people indisposed to any spiritual sentiment, and the abatement of Christian Science will be followed by a vigorous recrudescence of materialism and infidelity. Any delusion which is based on falsehood and is wholly contrary to common sense must eventually end in harm. It will not do for us to excuse the baneful final results of any abnormal condition merely on account of the temporary pleasure it gives the patient. All of these extravagances, from Christian Science to Dowieism, can do nothing but disorder and impede the wholesome development of sound and sane religious conviction among the people. No sort of evidence ought to shake our belief in the usefulness of truth and reason, and in the noxiousness of any sort of hocus-pocus. The evidence upon which this fad supports its claims and by which it wins its converts, is the "testimony" of those who have been "healed." This is just the kind of evidence an alienist would expect from the subjects of hysteria. It is of the Lydia Pinkham and Dr. Munyon grade. Delivered under the influence of excitement, and untested by scientific sifting, it can prove nothing to a well-balanced mind. The comparison of these cures to the miracles of Jesus and the apostles is not new, but has been made by disordered enthusiasts throughout the history of the Christian Church.

Our classification of this propaganda as a mania is strengthened when we turn to its author. The rise of an ignorant woman from the position of a local freak, such as abounds in every large city, to that of leader of thousands of minds, most of them superior to her own, is something that can only be accounted for by the laws governing the spread of hysteria. When we pick up the text-book of this faith we are reinforced in our persuasion that we have to do with a problem of mental aberration. It is a tiresome jumble of involved sentences and cheap platitudes, shreds of outworn philosophical vagaries flavored with a rhapsodical style. What thought it has is simply Neoplatonism dressed up in silk petticoats and pink ribbons. One can find in the forgotten works of Plotinus, who lived in the third century, this same attempt to rhapsodize into thin air the Christian religion, the term "divine science" being even employed. Where Mrs. Eddy's book is not incomprehensible it is stupid. Nothing but the strong delusion of mania can explain why persons who have received a common-school education should pore over this wretched jargon daily, and go every Sunday to hear its miserable balderdash read alongside the simple dignity of the Holy Scriptures.

There is another strong bit of evidence for our point. It is the marked absence of a sense of humor among Christian Scientists. A sense of humor is one of the best safeguards of sanity, its absence noticeable among the unbalanced. When we lose this sense, and are able to regard the amazing antics of Christian Science in solemn earnestness, it is a pretty sure sign that the delicate machinery of consciousness is out of gear.

But the most determining symptom in the diagnosis of insanity is that the patient loses his power of orientation, so to speak; that is, he has become possessed of a single idea, and has lost the ability to rectify it by comparison with the realities of experience. For instance, in a dream, which is an abnormal state of the mind, when we think we see a dead friend entering the room we are sure of it because all other mental concepts save this one are excluded by our condition of sleep. We have no real facts at hand by which to adjust it. If we happen to have such

a vision in our waking moments, and if we are sane, we immediately dismiss it, classing it as an hallucination, because it does not square with common sense and experience. It is well known that there are many persons in our insane hospitals who are otherwise as sensible as anybody, but who upon some one peculiar notion have lost this faculty of rectifying their mental impressions by reality. This is precisely the Christian Science attitude. Closing their eyes to the entire field of suffering, disease, and sin, they deliberately induce in themselves a condition of pleasurable dementia.

In insanity the appeal to matter of fact is useless. The reality, to the crazy person, is not the facts around him, but the particular maniacal idea within him. He cannot be turned nor taught. The process of learning by experience is one of constantly altering our notions as we find them not to be in agreement with the world of fact. The Christian Scientist reverses this process, and alters the world of fact to accord with his forechosen opinion. An insane patient was once possessed of the idea that he was a corpse. On all other matters he was perfectly intelligent. His physician one day said to him: "Suppose I were to cut your hand, and it should bleed, you would admit then that you are not dead, wouldn't you? For you know that a dead person will not bleed." "Certainly," was the reply. "I will not bleed. A corpse cannot bleed." Thereupon, with the patient's consent, the doctor slightly cut the man's hand with his lancet, and of course drew a drop of blood. The insane patient regarded it a moment in some perplexity, but quickly brightened, and exclaimed: "Well, I declare! *A corpse does bleed, doesn't it?*" Those who have tried to convince the Christian Scientist, by the most palpable proofs, and have heard the sort of arguments he uses, will recognize his mental process as being exactly like this.

I have no taste for theological quarreling, and am more than disposed to acknowledge good in other sects than the one to which I belong; but I am not disposed to let pass this gigantic humbug, which has gathered into its bosom hosts of disaffected Christians and has given them a fictitious ease, offering happiness without repentance and forgiveness of sin, health in defi-

ance of the laws of hygiene, and salvation not by the cross of "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," but by hypnotic subservience to Our Lady of Dreams. The harm done is great, and will be greater. Already has this unfortunate mania darkened many a home by permitting bodily agony to go unrelieved by proper medical treatment; by allowing helpless little children and old people to suffer, with no alleviation but the heathen incantations of a mystical book; by crying, "Peace, peace!" to minds burdened with a consciousness of sin, when there is no peace, and never has been since the world began, except to those who acknowledge, renounce, and fight against evil; and by comforting and coddling the well-to-do in their all too-willing belief that the great ocean of human want and woe does not exist. But the worst is still to come. In the wake of every false religious excitement invariably follows a period of reaction, which takes the form of a deeper godlessness and worldliness, as if the popular heart, deceived anew in its ideals, would plunge still deeper into the fleshpots of material enjoyment. When this hysteria shall have run its course the thousands of lives that shall have been burned over by false sentiment will be added to the number of them that are incapable of knowing or feeling the sane guidance of religious truth.

Frank Crane

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Dr. Richard S. Storrs closed his great lectures on "The Divine Origin of Christianity" with a vision of Christ in glory in the eternal world, and then said: "It seems to me to glorify life, it seems to me to banish the shadow of gloom from death, to feel that that majestic figure of Brother, Teacher, Friend, Redeemer, which towers supremely over the centuries, which made the earth sublime by its advent, which seemed in ascending to unite it to the heavens, has equal place in worlds to come! That we may trust his imperative word; that we may serve his kingly cause; that we may see the illumined universe, for us as for him, a house of victory and of peace! that we may stand, by and by, with him, amid the light as yet unreached, and say, each one of us, to our Lord and Saviour: *'O, Christ, I believed in thy religion! I saw its triumphs in the earth; I felt its power in my heart; I rose to God in love upon it; I foreknew by it what now I find—Eternal Life!'* "

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON

The period of the Babylonian captivity stands for all time as one of the completest illustrations of painful and prolonged adversity, presenting both the sufferings and the mitigations, the afflictions and the opportunities of such a state.

"By the rivers of Babylon" suggests a picture dark with deep shadows, relieved by some touches of light: a theme fraught with pathos and inspiration for poet or painter or preacher. Yet the only good poem we know upon it is by one whose name is as well unmentioned, and the only good painting suggested by the theme was in Cologne by an almost unknown artist. In that touching picture a young girl buries her face in her father's lap and the father, growing gray and bent through trouble, rests his hand tenderly on the shoulder of the bowed and sobbing child. Near by a new-made mother weeps and sighs to think her firstborn in her arms is born a captive and shudders at the future that awaits her boy; while the babe, as if dimly conscious of a general sorrow which it does not comprehend,

nestles closer to its mother's bosom as her tears fall on its head. And the neglected harps are seen lying on the ground at the foot of the willows, with strings broken or loosened.

The elements of Israel's painful experience in Babylon are such as enter into the adversities and constitute the hardships of many human lives in all times and places; and in the story of the captivity many can trace resemblances to some chapters of their own experience, while all of us by present sympathy may in some degree appreciate, and, possibly, by future experiences may be made to understand the grievous tests of adversity. Not without interest, therefore, to modern men and women is the plight of the ancient Israelites by the rivers of Babylon.

1. They missed Jerusalem. Babylon was a far more splendid city, but it could never seem half so glorious in their eyes. Its fat plains and fertile river-banks were more fruitful than the hill-slopes of Judæa, but they would rather subsist on scanty harvests at home than dwell amid plenty in an alien land. Dear to them was every stone of wall or gate or pavement, homelike and familiar was every scene, of their own Jerusalem. Perched on its high rocks above its deep valleys, surrounded by its picturesque landscape of hills, it stood continually in their thoughts, their love, and their regret. Continually longing for it, their misery was that only in imagination could they behold it, only in dreams could they see the sun rising over the Moab Mountains, or standing at noon over Bethlehem, or sinking at evening behind the Mediterranean hills. They missed and longed for the dear old city, the home of their hearts, and nothing could console them for its loss. If sunrise lit or sunset kindled Babylonian waters and skies, the splendor was naught to them, because never any more for them broke the day or fell the night which showed or hid Jerusalem in their sight. Rivers of Babylon, their banks abloom with flowers, their trees gay with bright-plumaged birds, their surface sprinkled with lotus-lilies, their rippling water-edge merry with children prattling, laughing, and splashing along the margin of the stream, could not beguile the captive Israelites of their longing for home, nor mitigate in the least their sense of loss. John Stuart Blackie tells of a Scotch lassie setting out for America who was found to be carrying with her a bundle of turf from her mother's grave. The dear and sacred graves of their fathers and their mothers were in the homeland which the Israelites had lost.

Especially, the Israelites missed the stately and familiar temple

ordinances. This to a devout Jew was a grievous loss. The temple-worship was noble, imposing, and inspiring. Nothing equally impressive could well be conducted where they now were. Many, not Israelites, know what it is to miss the home sanctuary. A young woman taken at marriage to a distant town found the church there so cold and cheerless in comparison that her heart was filled with longing for her home church, and many a time during the service she had to count the organ pipes over and over as fast as possible to keep herself from bursting into tears. When Sir Robert Cotton was debarred the use of his own books lest he should use them against the government, the old man sank into great sadness, saying, "They have broken my heart by locking my library from me." But he did not miss his books worse than the devout Jew missed his temple and its hallowed worship.

2. They mourned over the ruin and desolation of their country. Not only had they been driven out from it into a distant captivity, but they knew it had been ruthlessly laid waste. The temple had been plundered of its sacred vessels and was now in ashes. Their houses had been robbed of everything valuable and burned. The walls of Jerusalem had been demolished. Slaughter as well as robbery and fire had ravaged all the strength and riches, the beauty and the glory of the land. The Chaldeans had put multitudes to the sword, even in the sanctuaries and beside the holy altars. The ruined condition of their country made desolate and distressed the hearts of the captives by the far-off rivers of Babylon. They longed to return and rebuild its waste places and restore its prosperity, as Mazzini in his exile longed to return home to deliver his loved Italy, then blighted by the papacy, cursed by the priesthood, impoverished, divided against itself, and put by its dissensions at the mercy of its enemies. No wonder the captives in Babylon wept when they remembered Zion and thought upon its ruined and desolate state.

3. Whatever bitterness there is in looking back from days of adversity to a prosperous past, and feeling hurt and humiliated by the contrast, Israel endured by the rivers of Babylon as multitudes taste a similar bitterness here and now. That "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things" has passed into a proverb. In the Alcestis of Euripides, when Admetus comes back from the funeral and sepulcher of his wife to his dark and empty home, as he enters the widowed halls and the whole woe, billow-like, breaks over him, his friends attempt to comfort him by calling up the

memories of his past delights, saying, "Once thy joy was thus and thus." But he declares their attempted comforting pierces him through and hurts the very quick of ulceration in his soul. There is in Dante's Inferno a passage which says, "There is no greater pain than for one in wretchedness to recall a happy time." However the austere moralist may reprove his afflicted fellow men in their reverses for ignoring past blessedness, or for using it only to intensify by contrast the acuteness of present misery, to do so is a human tendency which few are able to resist. And none can wonder that he who thinks and says, "My grief lies onward and my joy behind," also cries out, "O break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once!" We are prone to magnify lost joys and to intensify our unhappiness by dwelling on the contrast therewith of our present privations. And this retrospective glorification of past privileges and possessions is not wholly incorrect and unwarranted. While blessings are with us we seldom appreciate or understand them. Frequently we learn their full value only by losing them. We do not understand or value our childhood till we have left it, our youth till it has departed, our health and strength till we have lost them, our life itself till it verges toward its close. The great laureate was not wrong in writing, "For a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." When Trojan Hector, going forth with Paris to the Grecian fight, parts with his wife Andromache, he is filled with apprehensions of the end of Troy's imperial glories, and his bitterest thought is the misery and sufferings of his wife if she should be taken captive. Full of fear he exclaims:

> "I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
> In Argive looms our battles to design—
> To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
> The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
> There, while you groan beneath the loads of life,
> They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
> Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
> Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
> The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
> A thousand griefs shall waken at my name."

4. They suffered the rigors and cruelties of captivity. They were not gypsies choosing to be without a country, wandering restlessly from land to land; nor voluntary emigrants seeking larger liberty and better fortunes in a strange land and cherishing bright expectations even though the parting look at their native shores be taken through tears. No, they were unhappy and pitiable captives. Against their

will they were detained in a far-off, foreign land, and held in subjection to an alien rule under which they were helpless. They were powerless; their Chaldean conqueror, captor, and oppressor was practically almighty. Captivity is in its effects the same as exile, no easier to bear; and men have not thought lightly of exile, nor found it sweet. Plato tells us that Socrates esteemed exile worse than death. The son of the House of Montague, when Friar Laurence announces his banishment from Verona, cries:

> "'Banishment'? Be merciful. Say death!
> For exile hath more terror in his look,
> Much more than death."

And when the Friar says,

> "I'll give thee adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
> To comfort thee against thy banishment,"

the banished man replies:

> "Hang up philosophy!
> Unless philosophy can give me what I love and long for,
> It helps not, it prevails not."

An old Book says: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep ye sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Samson, preferring death to captivity, felt for the pillars of the building and bowed his strength upon them to bring it to the ground. David preferred pestilence to captivity, counting it better to fall into the hands of God and not into the hands of men.

Few things are so grievous as captivity, and many there be to whom in various ways life seems a captivity; its hard, narrow, and merciless conditions take on the aspect of heartless taskmasters and chains and prison bars. A company of poor Bornou Negroes, carried captive into slavery by the Moors, wailed mournfully in a melancholy chant as they were driven like cattle across the desert: "Where are we going, O God? How large the world is! Where are we going, O God? O God, we are miserable. Let us return again to our own dear home." Even poor savages could feel the wretchedness of captivity. Nay, even a brute resents captivity. A certain man had opportunity to watch a new-caught lion, a bright beast with a splendid skin, pacing fiercely around his cage, raging against confinement. One day the desert or the jungle stung the lion in his sleep, and he burst wide awake with a roar which was like a call to the powers of his native wilderness to come and set him free. An old story tells of a

wayworn, sunburned man, looking like a wanderer, who entered a market where caged birds were exposed for sale. The stranger watched them flying about in their tiny prisons as if struggling to get free, until tears came into his eyes. Then he went from cage to cage, asked the price of the occupant of each cage, paid it, opened the door and set the little prisoner free. And this he did until every bird was away in the boundless liberty of the open sky. Then said the strange man to the wondering bystanders who thought him crazy, "I myself was once a captive, and I know the sweets of liberty." And having so done and said, he went his way. Captivity, imprisonment, bondage, whether under the iron hand of the ancient Chaldean by the rivers of Babylon, or under the tyranny of harsh conditions imposed by alien and unfriendly masteries upon multitudes of modern human lives, are a bitter portion and a cruel fate.

5. The captive Israelites were surrounded by cold and heartless indifference. There was no pity nor sympathy for their trials. Suffering and sadness can ill brook indifference. Even the indifference of nature to our woes seems cruel to us. The day after you have gone groaning within yourself to the damp edge of the grave and shuddered at the earth-smell and the sound of falling clods, seen all that was bright on earth sucked down into its bottomless dark, seen a vapor ascend out of it that quenched stars, moon, and sun,

> The morn comes up again
> With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
> Laughing the night away with playful scorn,
> Rejoicing as if earth contained no tomb.

The universe will not put on mourning for your grief. Reading Tennyson's poem, we wonder why "the little birds sing east and the little birds west" when "in the tower the castle's lord leans in silence on his sword with an anguish in his breast." When your great sorrow fell on you, it seemed to you that the rushing world ought to stop and pay some attention to it; but the driving, selfish world thought otherwise and went on—steadily, busily, heartlessly on.

6. They were subjected to insolence from their foes and masters, who tried to make a show of them as the Philistines did with Samson. To such things captives do not easily submit. In Piloty's great painting of Thusnelda in the Triumph Procession of Germanicus, Thusnelda wears no subdued, obsequious look, nor even a deprecating, appealing, entreating smile, as she passes before her throned and lictored imperial captor. The best thing in the big and crowded pic-

ture is her lofty carriage and the superbly scornful expression of her face, her majestic look of unutterable aversion and abhorrence—a queen humiliated by indignity but unhumbled in spirit toward her triumphant captor. The Israelites by the rivers of Babylon felt as Alsace and Lorraine did in 1870 toward their German conquerors, when it was necessary to load down those provinces, newly snatched from France, with a German army of occupation in order to enforce quietness among an angry and resentful population.

7. In their mourning they were required to make merry. This was a cruel demand. "Come now, you must sing for us," said their masters. "Take your harps from the willows, and play for us." But songs are for the gay and the glad. Music suits not with misery and anxiety. King Darius put away the instruments of music on that troubled and anxious night when Daniel was in the den of lions. Tobit in captivity could not eat the bread of joyfulness on the feast of Pentecost, but ate his bread in heaviness. How could these poor captives make music with harps and songs? They might well have said:

> "We cannot sing,
> We that are exiled in this gloomy place,
> Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face
> With many a bitter tear.
>
> "Bid us lament and mourn,
> Bid us that we go groaning all the day,
> And we will find it easy to obey,
> Of our best things forlorn."

At Springfield, when Lincoln left home for Washington to be inaugurated President, and at many points along the route, great crowds gathered clamoring for a speech, but seldom anything that could be called a speech did he deliver. His heart was too full and too heavy. At Springfield the burden of his parting words to his old friends and neighbors was, "Pray for me as I go to take up my difficult task, my heavy burden. O, pray for me." Without exultation, but groaning in spirit, he went to his duty, and the eager, curious crowds along his way had no entertainment from him as, with solemn, serious, and solitary soul, he moved on through gathering clouds and darkness to his high and dangerous post.

8. Their holiest things were made light of and trifled with. Not in a spirit of reverence, but of mockery, or, at best, of idle curiosity, were they bidden to sing some of the songs of Zion for the unsympathetic ears of Zion's defilers and destroyers. How could the children

of Zion desecrate the holy temple hymns by rendering them for the delectation of profane idolaters? "Sing us the songs of Zion!" "How *can* we sing those dear, divine, and holy hymns in a strange and vile and wicked land like this? Zion! It breaks our hearts to think of her, and if we tried to sing her sweet songs here our voices would be choked by sobs." It was too much to ask of them. It was like going to the little palace of Malmaison after the divorce, and asking Josephine to take her harp and play for you the air she often played for Napoleon because it was his favorite; or, rather, it was a thousandfold worse. It was like asking the homesick Switzer, far away from his loved Alpine hills and valleys, alone, forlorn, and unhappy in some unhomelike land of flat, tame, and oppressively monotonous scenery, to yodle for you the cow-songs of his canton with which he was wont to call home his herds from the mountain pastures, only immeasurably worse. It was like asking a bereaved mother to sit down by the empty cradle and rock it and sing at the bidding of an intrusive stranger the lullaby she used to croon to her baby whose exquisite sweet loveliness only a month ago was torn from her tender breast and buried in the graveyard.

9. The last and sharpest element in their adversity was that they had the bitterness of knowing they had brought themselves into their present state of privation and misery by their own sins and follies. It was a punishment, and they knew it was just, for they had brought it on themselves. The "Man Without a Country," in Edward Everett Hale's story, is dumb and unable to utter a complaint, because he knows it is all his own fault and that he deserves what he is getting. He had sown the seed for exactly such a harvest as he is naturally and inevitably reaping. We sometimes pity the innocent who suffer, but blessed are the innocent who suffer, for they may be inwardly sustained by the knowledge that the calamity which has come is not by any fault of theirs. Conscious innocence is an immense comfort in any plight. The least mitigable suffering is his who knows that his own evil and foolish course is the responsible cause of all his woes. This was the sharpest pang in Israel's distress.

As fully as we could we have analyzed the condition of the captives by the rivers of Babylon, and enumerated the elements of their adversity. The shadows of the picture are not deeper than the facts of Israel's state, nor darker than those in some individual lives known to us; though it hardly ever happens that so many black elements darken any one human lot. No earthly situation is ever wholly

dark, and without a single gleam of light or possibility of relief or hope. The Babylonian captivity was not without its mitigations, its profitable lessons, and its lasting benefits. These must also be enumerated, and we look now for the touches of sunlight which brighten here and there the dark picture. The possibilities and opportunities of an adverse lot are sometimes fine and large, and afford, all by themselves, a theme capable of extensive expansion and endless illustration.

By the rivers of Babylon the children of Zion were not without great comforts and blessings. They were not forsaken by Jehovah. He does not leave his children alone, even in their deserved and self-caused adversity. The captives in Babylon had proof of the presence of a speaking God, a protecting God, a promising God. In the successive captivities the three great bodies of God's people who were dispersed abroad among the heathen, in Assyria, in Egypt, and in Babylon, had each its own great prophet, a messenger and mouthpiece of the Lord: Ezekiel among the captives by the river Chebar, Jeremiah in Egypt, and Daniel in Babylon. Ezekiel says: "It came to pass as I was among the captives by the river Chebar, that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God." And by the rivers of Babylon the Lord was not absent from, nor silent toward, his humiliated and afflicted and oppressed people. They had visions of God and saw that he was with them to protect when Daniel came unharmed out of the den of lions and the three Hebrew children out of the fiery furnace. And there was written many a sure word of promise on which they could depend. Thus they were not without cheer, for they were not without hope. After all, we are not to think that there were no songs in the long night of their seventy years' captivity. Grieve they must, but why should they be sullen and desperate in their adversity? Doubtless, when their insolent and taunting masters were not near, they sang, sadly sometimes and with tears, remembering their lost and ruined Jerusalem, but sometimes with hope, expecting deliverance and a return to Zion with songs of joy. Doubtless, many patient souls were confident and trustful, making sweet music to their comrades with songs in the night. Even in a strange land they did sing the Lord's song. There is a splendid bravery which smiles an amiable defiance in the face of evil fortune, which is better than the grim and stolid endurance which stoically dares disaster to do its worst. And there is, better still, a sublime trust in God, an absolute assurance that he will succor and save the forlornest derelict, the most beggarly

soul that repents and calls and falls upon him. In such strong confidence the Negro boatmen, when Whittier heard them at Port Royal, were singing to the rhythmic beating of their oars:

> "We knowed de promise nebber fail,
> And nebber lie de Word;
> So, like de 'postles in de jail,
> We waited for de Lord."

So the children of Zion, in bondage by the rivers of Babylon, knew that the Lord, in his own good time, would surely bring them home from their captivity, giving them "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And He who giveth songs in the night helped them to make melody in their hearts, a melody that was like the sound of "a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, which to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune." The lesson is that on God's earth and under his heaven no human lot is hopeless and no soul need be utterly comfortless. For every one who looks to heaven and calls for help there is a listening, speaking, protecting, and promising God. And to persist in singing the Lord's song in a strange, unfriendly land, in no matter what adversity, is to force the sour and sullen desert to blossom as the rose, to inflict gladness on a doleful situation, and to lead captivity captive.

In Israel's humiliating and painful plight by the rivers of Babylon there were not wanting grand possibilities of development and attainment. Adversity is the most auspicious of all conditions for evoking the noblest qualities, the most superb virtues, crowning intellectual and moral character with glory. It is the soil and the season for the blossoming of human nature into its finest bloom, the time when knighthood is in flower.

> He who hath never warred with misery,
> Nor ever tugged with fortune and distress,
> Hath had no occasion and no field to try
> The strength and forces of his worthiness.

Abilities are completely shown only in exigency and extremity. Affliction often begets more virtue and more fame than favoring fortunes can. The fairest examples of renown have risen out of adverse circumstances.

Amid dangers we look for the heroic to appear. Under heavy burdens stalwart powers, hitherto unrevealed, straighten themselves erect and walk off with their loads. There was opportunity and call for courage in the Babylonian captivity; and Daniel prayed with open windows toward Jerusalem against the royal decree; and Shadrach,

Meshach, and Abednego calmly refused to bow at the king's command to the image in the Dura plain. Multitudes of the children of Zion refused to forget whose people they were; they refused to join in the profane worship and ways of the idolaters around them, or to conform to the customs and follow the fashions of the rich and the powerful whose helpless victims they were. They would not drink forgetfulness out of the cup of sensual indulgence, nor seek to satisfy their hunger with meaner things than Zion had fed them on. They would not give up their confidence in the Lord God of Israel nor distrust his promise, nor relinquish their hope of release from captivity and a happy return to Zion.

Some there were whom not even the loathsome memory of gross sins could keep from prayer and praise; and some who vowed, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." And not a few could join in the spirit of the words:

> This is He of whom aforetime we have made our boast,
> Who lit the fiery pillar in our path,
> Who swept the Red Sea dry before our feet,
> Who in His jealousy smote kings, and hath
> Sworn once to David: One shall fill thy seat,
> Born of thy body, as the sun and moon
> Established for aye in sovereignty complete.
> O, Lord, remember David, and that soon.
> The glory hath departed, Ichabod!
> Yet now, before our sun grow dark at noon,
> Before we come to naught beneath thy rod,
> Before we go down quick into the pit,
> Remember us, for good, O God, our God!
> Thy name will I remember in my praise
> And call to mind thy faithfulness of old,
> Tho' as a weaver thou cut off my days,
> And end me as a tale ends that is told.

Not only integrity and loyalty and courage were possible by the rivers of Babylon; usefulness, influence, and high honor were not beyond attainment. Daniel rose to be prime minister over a hundred and twenty princes. History has shown again and again, in almost every age, that a captive, an exile, a slave, may, by inherent, sterling qualities, resolute and persistent self-discipline, diligence, upright behavior, and the favoring help of a Providence which administers back of thrones, heaves in the rolling of the sea, whirls the constellations through infinite space, and marshals the armies of heaven, even such an one may thus become a leader of peoples and an uplifter of mankind. Even in our own America, a born slave, risen out of

abysmal adversity, is doing that high work to-day. And everywhere, in every trying time, and in the hardest lot, human nature may, by the help of God, be at its best, in courage, patience, integrity, loyalty to high ideals, and resisting the devil till he flees defeated and ashamed.

The purpose of Jehovah in permitting the captivity was not unaccomplished. He meant to cure his chosen people of their sins and follies, and recover them to spirituality and purity. The stay in Babylon was a period of renovation. Israel was cleansed of the past and fitted for the future. Changes of world-wide and age-long importance were wrought in God's people. They were chastened in spirit, purged of their idolatries and cured of their sins. Their ideas were expanded, their narrow tribal notions enlarged and their language greatly modified. During this period the chief traits of the Jewish character were formed and permanently fixed: their intense historic consciousness of the national past, their passionate regard for the national future, their strict theocratic legislation, their plasticity of intellect, and rigidity of social observance. The absence of the ritual services of the temple brought out the more spiritual elements of their religion, and the nation was better prepared for the approach of the dispensation of the Gospel.

The captivity was ended by the return promised and prophesied. Starting in the spring, they were four months on the way. They crossed the desert and the mountains singing the songs of Zion. Restored to their own dear country, they at once rebuilt their homes and the temple, but the temple before the homes. And Israel, cleansed from its idols by adversity and the chastening of the Lord, entered on a new and purer life.

While we have been sketching with faint strokes the outline, and filling in lights and shadows of the picture, "By the rivers of Babylon," we have acknowledged our own lives to be touched here and there by parallels of resemblance or crossed by lines of contrast; and have noted consolations to be appropriated, admonitions to be accepted, and lessons to be learned by all who feel themselves in any sense far off from the City of Peace, Jerusalem the Golden, and the streams that make it glad; far away in a land that is not the Lord's land, by strange waters, bitter as Meribah, as vile to them, in contrast with the streams where they would be, as tepid, turbid Jordan was to Naaman when he thought of the clear cold rivers of Damascus; far from the fellowship of the blessed, amid the gainsaying and perverse,

jostled and jeered by evildoers; overshadowed by the menace of masteries whose tender mercies are cruel, overshone by the glittering palaces of prosperous wickedness. And such are apt to be the feelings, soon or late, more or less, of all goodness, gentleness, and fine sensibility in this bad, rough world.

There are surely counsel and comfort here for all who from the forlorn depths of present downfall and disaster, either temporal or spiritual, look back on better days gone by; for all who in a grievous lot ask how it shall be borne, or in a strait ask how they shall turn round; for all whose sacred things are trifled with by some power too bad or brutal to care for their sanctities; for all who feel themselves driven before the lash of Retribution, and justly, but pitiably, overtaken by the consequences of their own sins or blindness; for all who, in present woe or darkness of any sort, look forward in hope for better days to come.

On the walls of Victor Hugo's dining room on the Island of Guernsey, during his banishment from France, was the inscription, "Life is an exile." Seventy years was Israel captive in Babylon, and then the Lord turned again their captivity and their mouth was filled with laughter and their tongue with singing. Seventy years likewise is the allotted time of this exile we call life, and then the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Not unsuited nor impossible to us in our earthly lot are the homesick longing and heavenly hope of the sweet Scotch song:

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles,
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an wi' heart running owre we shall see
The King in his beauty an' our ain countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

THE ARENA

MEDITATION: ITS PLACE IN CHRISTIAN CULTURE

THIS age in which we live may be said to have some characteristics peculiar to itself. It is characterized by a certain nervous tension which requires constant activity, physical or mental, or both. It might, therefore, be said that in these days and in this country meditation has become a lost art, if not, indeed, a lost faculty. We have become incapable of sustained thought, of prolonged consideration of divine truth. "Even with the aid of a well-studied and well-spoken discourse," said Dr. Clarkson, "and in the presence of sympathetic fellow listeners, it is found difficult to maintain continuous attention for more than half an hour, once or twice a week." It is a known fact that it is an exceedingly difficult matter to get our people to settled, serious, and profound thought. The preference seems to be for something of the lighter vein. This is said to be a reading age, but, indeed, what do the people read? It has been freely admitted by the agents of our own as of other great publishing interests, that, to meet the demand of the reading public, they must publish books of the lighter (not trashy) grade; that is what the people want, and, consequently, that is what is published. Such books as Agnes Grant's Education, Bud, Black Rock, Sky Pilot, etc., books of wholesome and pure sentiment, but read with little thought, form the large per cent of book sales.

Now, what does all this signify? Simply this: that the continual strain in which we are living makes it almost impossible or at least difficult to settle down to hard and serious thought. The meditation of which we speak is hindered by the same difficulty, and yet the writer of the Psalms again and again refers to this sacred duty as in Psalm 1. 2; "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." The best men of Old and of New Testament times, as of all ages, have been men of meditation as well as of action—Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Elijah, John the Baptist, Paul, and John. Our Lord himself sought the mountainfold of solitude for the quiet communion with his own heart and with his Father. The best men who have lived and wrought since the last apostle finished the last words of divine revelation have been men who have found time for contemplation and for the devotion in which that finds its loftiest perfection. In a time and in a country where action is felt to be everything, where attractions are multiform on every side, where every hour may be occupied in some lawful and praiseworthy activity, where a positive effort must be made to secure a quiet hour, there is serious danger lest our Christian character suffer from want of earnest and devout meditation.

There are at least two things on which to dwell in profitable meditation; these are God's Word and our own ways. We should meditate on

God's precepts and we should "think on our own ways." This opens before us a marvelous field for thought. The nature and character of the work of God as revealed in sacred history and in Jesus Christ, the truth spoken to us by our Lord and written for our learning by inspired men, the ways in which divine truth has been illustrated and enforced in human history, the path along which God has led us, the witness we have borne and the work we have done, together with the failure to become what we might have been or to effect all we might have done, and the lessening distance before us this side the grave and the eternal life beyond, all impel to serious contemplation and thought. It reveals the mighty plan and marvelous work of the "mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." It brings to us the contemplation of duty, or, better, the privilege of being and doing in harmony with the divine thought and nature.

Again, meditation on these lines naturally culminates in true and earnest prayer—communion with the Father of Spirits. Meditation is the best friend to devotion, to real worship; it is its guide and safeguard. There is much that passes for prayer and worship which, in the absence of meditation, is but mechanical repetition, while there is no real meditation, in the sense in which we are using the word, which does not pass into genuine, acceptable, and faithful worship, prayer, and praise.

For some years in early life the writer attended religious services in which it was the custom of the worshipers to gather at the hour appointed and for the first several moments settle into the most profound silence in meditation and heart worship. In this attitude of thought and quiet it was not an uncommon thing for some layman, man or woman or young person, to break out in public prayer from any part of the congregation. That never caused commotion or confusion, but was always wholesome, edifying, and helpful. This worshipful, silent meditation, followed or not by outbursts of public prayer, prepared the heart and mind for the divine message. I am thinking that it would be a good policy still. In this we would but practice the sentiment of the General Conference which can be found in the Discipline of our church. We suggest that the moment we enter the house of God we should assume the attitude of worshipers, meditate only on divine and holy things, leaving out of our thoughts all business and social pleasures and all that might detract from God's true service. But meditation depends much more on heart mood than on brain power. It is really a moral faculty using brain power as its agency and carefully keeping the brain power in subjection. Interest in meditation is found to be in precise relation to spiritual culture, but it powerfully aids the development of that spiritual culture and it is alert with spiritual insight which gets at the heart of things and cannot be trammeled by mere forms and settings.

But, lastly, what is the practical result? To be nothing but a thinker or even nothing but a student is a sad, a fatal mistake. The world does not care for what we may have or what we may know if

it is untouched and unmoved by it. We must come forth from the chamber of communion and meditation to the field of conflict, to lift the world from sin to God. Eastern sages were dreamers but died in the happy tranquillity of their dreams, and the East has slept on down the ages. But here and now there is little danger of too much seclusion. Much serious consideration passing into prayer is the very best preparation for the world's broad battlefield, for the dangers to be dared and the duties to be done in order that the millions still in the chains of darkness may be rescued by the light of life divine.

Newkirk, Oklahoma. E. J. WILLIAMS.

A NEW BOOK FROM LUCKNOW, INDIA

THIS book of less than three hundred pages lies on my table. It came by way of Ocean Grove. The topic did not at first appeal to me, Outlines of Biblical Theology, Vol. I (one more to follow). Had I not traversed that field from Watson and Butler to Foster and Fisher? But this, sent me by a college friend, published in Lucknow, written by the hand of Dr. T. J. Scott, so long principal of Bareilly Seminary—I must taste of it. Even the cheap binding seems quaint and attractively foreign. I may characterize the small condensed volume by the aid of personal reminiscences.

During a vacation at the Ohio Wesleyan University Scott preached at Youngstown, as I remember the place. The word "sympathy" is in the text (Heb. 4.15). It is not in the English, but Greek testament. The young preacher told the congregation that it was compounded from two Greek words, *sun* and *patheo*. Next day the pastor's boy, with the usual readiness for the funny side, said, "I looked to see the sinners tumble when he flung that Greek at us." Nevertheless, that painstaking accuracy and power of analysis, with no thought of pedantry, was a precursor of a book that has caught hold on subject and reader. It is clarified by close touch with Oriental religions, and wider outlook than most works on theology, including views of the best European and American theologians.

Another illustrative incident: As students we went on Sundays into all the country round to preach—"to practice on the people," some said; yet revivals and churches came of it. I had an appointment four miles away. Scott agreed to be my company. With Sunday came rain and mud, and a four-mile wade. I proposed to excuse my companion. "I shall go," said he, and he waded it to keep his word. That quality took him to India and through years at Bareilly and produced this fine book. Later on Scott, Nathan Sites, of Foochow, and I stood near Saint Paul's Church in Delaware, Ohio, both of them on furlough. One said, "I have orders to return." "So have I," said the other. To obey meant to leave families behind. They went. Is it imaginary when I feel the throb of that loyalty as I read this thin book, the outcome of a great life by a gifted author? ISAAC CROOK.

Ironton, Ohio.

A COMPOSITE CLERGYMAN

I PRESUME that we are as good, and no better, than the ministers in any city of 40,000 people in the United States. I am one of them, and it has been an interesting study to watch them at work in the Ministers' Association. I write not to criticise, but to record.

We have one whose voice is heavy and who impresses me as Websterian. I think of Webster as always being heavy. This man gives one the impression of being learned. I think he puts in more time in making sermons for the sake of the sermon than any other man in the Association. He has a deep voice; it seems hard, if not impossible, to touch anything lightly; but for weighty matters, it is like a sledge-hammer.

Then, we have another, not far from his own age, who can touch a thing more lightly than any other of whom I have knowledge. He is a natural reformer. He has introduced more matters for civic righteousness than any other five. He is a very radical man in his pulpit and in the Association and he is the most courteous man on the floor. And, still, but yesterday, he surprised us all by refusing to act on a committee on a reform motion he had introduced, saying he was a willing fellow, but he had been discriminated against and would not serve on the committee; that is, he showed his teeth in true bull-dog fashion, yet so gracefully as almost to appear to smile. I said he touched habitually a matter more lightly than any other, and yet, to me, at least, he seems to have an immense reserve force; that is, he seems to purposely say a thing lightly with the implied understanding that he said it lightly as a matter of kindness, and yet that he can bring enormous resources to reinforce his position if his seeming kindness is abused.

We have a Covenanter who has had all the acids of life transformed, under grace, into the milk of human kindness, who says soothing things.

We have a man who irritates us more than perhaps any other because he is always blundering, yet he never had a malicious thought; even when he does and says things which in any other would be malicious, in him they are not. He is a big-hearted, warm-hearted brother.

We have a man with a German mind who can never see things as our man with a heavy voice. He is serious, stern, can possibly see a joke, but does not appear to. He is as far removed from fervor as any could wish—farther than most.

Again, we have a man with a flint face who kept his gloves and overcoat on during an entire session. He is stern-looking to the point of crabbedness—gives the "lie" to any statement which conflicts with a previously expressed opinion; who might have taken the place of Nero, if his morals were enough lowered, and fiddled while Rome burned without a wrong quiver of a string.

We have a colored man who is as black as a crow, who preaches at us, who is rather intellectual, but whose wit never fails him even when his knowledge may.

Still, again, we have one who has ideas, who puts his right hand

in his pocket, his left on his hip, concaves his stomach, and says some incisive things.

We have one who talks to his congregation much about evolution, and who seems to have taken on a peculiar donkey physiognomy—perhaps as a matter of heredity. Besides these—well, these take in the types pretty well.

Now, the heavy man is handicapped because there are things which need to be touched lightly. The reformer needs a great deal of balance. Nero needs sympathy, the Covenanter needs an insight into character and firmness, and the severe German needs to have something that the Covenanter has and be a big-hearted, warm-hearted brother, as our blundering friend. I am striving to be as learned as the first, as radical as the reformer and as courteous. I do not want to be deceived any more than our German: I must have the sweetness of the Covenanter, and all the firmness of Nero, and be a warm-hearted brother. I must have all, and be all these. But can I?

Weissnichtwo, No-Man's-Land. ONE OF THEM.

"THE BROKEN HEART SALOON"

STANDING on a crowded thoroughfare in Saint Louis, I saw an aged and decrepit man carrying a banner with the inscription, "The Broken Heart Saloon." Inquiring where it was, he pointed down the thoroughfare and said, "Yonder flag is waving over the doorway of the Broken Heart Saloon." It is one of the most magnificent saloons in the world—marble floors, costly statuary, luxurious paintings, frescoed ceilings, cut glass, rare china; the maze, a labyrinth of bewilderment, so arranged with mirrors that you are utterly lost, and can find no exit without a guide. It is an appropriate name, for many thoughtless ones have entered its labyrinthine ways, to go out from under its spell no more forever. Charmed by its bewitching music, bewildered by the parade of wealth, they have gone on down the road which leads to death and hell.

Standing there, I thought of the homes desolated, paintings taken from the walls, furniture pawned, wardrobe, books, silverware, music, bread and meat, all gone—desolation and despair where once were music and mirth and happy children. And I saw a father coming home debauched with liquor, staggering, cursing, maddened, the children hiding from his sight, crying, "Father is coming." The mother, cold, hungry, sick, with no medicine, with her babe at her breast crying with hunger and shivering with cold. No lamp, but a smoking candle. One night he came home in silence. They carried him home—dead, killed in a drunken brawl. "Old Joe is dead," they said. He was once his mother's darling boy. She rocked him to sleep as she sang, "Sleep, my precious one, sleep." But now, home and mother—where are they? "Over the hills and far away; over the hills and far away." "Dead," moaned the autumn winds, sighing a requiem for the lost. "Dead," howled the tempest that beat upon his home and his helpless and hopeless ones. "Dead," shrieked his wife, for she loved him yet. "Dead,"

sobbed his children around his coffin. They wrapped him in a winding sheet, in a pauper's coffin, and laid him away in a potter's field. But, yonder under the pines and the hemlock, in his tomb of granite and bronze, lies the man who broke his heart and wrecked his home for greed of gold. I saw the widow, broken and bowed in her last grief, the fatherless, homeless children left to the mercies of strangers.

I thought of all the widows' tears, of all the homeless children, of all the mothers' sobs over wandering boys and lost girls whose names they never speak without a shudder, of all the hospitals of pain, of all the asylums of anguish, of all the almshouses, the prisons, the scaffold, and eternity. And I thought and wondered, Why are not all saloons called "The Broken Heart Saloon"? Every saloon deserves the inscription that Dante saw over the portals of Hell, "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

JOHN P. MARTIN.

Springfield, Missouri.

SHORT-SIGHTED THEOLOGY

GERMAN theologians are discussing the problem of the relation of our Scriptures to ethnic religions. According to Professor Meinhold, of the University of Bonn, the New Testament Scriptures have largely grown out of the ethnic religions of the East; Jesus, and Paul, and John especially, owe much to them. Such a conclusion is inexcusably short-sighted and absurd. Any thoughtful mind can certainly revert to the time when all the inhabitants of the earth were conversant with the idea of the true God; when faith on the earth among men was a faith centered in the Creator, and religion was founded on obedience to divine law and faith in the divine promise of a Redeemer who should come in the fullness of time to atone for man's sin. As men multiplied and went into different parts of the earth they naturally carried with them these primitive ideas of religion, but under the transforming and transmuting conditions of life to which they were subjected, and the dominating influences of mere animalism consequent upon the nomadic and rugged life they lived, the true faith became immersed in a veritable sea of sensuality and superstition. Here and there it came to the surface in trite, traditional utterances of religious truth, but these were not the product of paganism; they bubbled up in the paganistic sea as the product of the primitive faith carried by their ancestors into all parts of the pagan world.

Christianity and the New Testament Scriptures are the outgrowth of the faith and truth preserved intact by the descendants of Abraham; and it would be strange indeed if, in some points, Christianity and the Holy Scriptures did not find themselves reflected in the ethnic religions of the world. Christianity and the New Testament owe nothing to ethnic religions. All that these coördinate points prove is that all mankind were once of one faith, believing in one God and worshiping the same. Heathenism and all forms of ethnic religion are the result of primitive faith corrupted.

WM. W. LANCE.

Defiance, Ohio.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

A RITUAL FOR THE USE OF THE LAITY

One of the great innovations of John Wesley upon the usage of his time was the introduction of lay preaching in the church. The employment of men who were not candidates for orders, and whose authority to preach was the divine call and the appointment of Mr. Wesley to some field of activity, marked an era in the progress of the Christian Church. The employment of laymen in Christian work has spread until practically all denominations give great prominence to the lay element in the church. The Episcopal Church has its lay readers who conduct services and do general church work. Important church positions which were formerly occupied by ministers are now taken by laymen, and it is believed by many to be a great advantage to the church. Missionary secretaryships and other church positions are filled by men who do not take orders. The great conventions of laymen for the advancement of missions and other good causes are a proof of the advanced movement in lay effort. There are power and directness about a layman speaking to laymen and a sympathetic relationship which cannot be overlooked. It is well known that when a layman, highly respected for his Christian character and ability, speaks in the church there is a keen interest growing out of the fact that he is not speaking as a professional man, and not formally as a minister, but a Christian brother speaking face to face with his fellow men who understand him and whom he understands. It is equally true of the labors of women, who can very effectively address women in the same sympathetic relationship which grows out of the fact that they are workers together in Christ and bound together by him.

The thought in mind at the present time is whether it would not be entirely consistent with church usage to have a complete service, with Scripture selections, hymns, etc., after the manner of the Episcopal service which could be used by laymen, especially on occasions when the services of a minister are not accessible. It not unfrequently happens that the pastor, through sickness or some other cause, is absent, and it is difficult to secure any one to fill the pulpit. Laymen do not feel at liberty to take the pulpit and preach a sermon, and yet if there were some form laid down by the church, subject to local modifications, which could be used for Sabbath services, a service sufficiently prepared, some layman could always be found in the church who could conduct it and save the church often from a great embarrassment. This would be in harmony with the vesper service and other services which are arranged for special occasions. This does not involve High Church tendency but simply offers a method of great service on the part of laymen. We have called it a "Liturgy for Laymen" not because it would be so different from any other liturgy but because it could be employed with profit by laymen wherever the circumstances would render it admissible. This is in no sense a plea for an elaborate ritual. It is a

suggestion merely for the application of the usage to a service for laymen. Ritualistic values, however, should not be overlooked. Liturgies have done much to preserve the historic faith. The loss of formulated expression involves a loss of the idea which it is intended to convey. The repetitions of the same expressions in a liturgical service are a perpetual reminder of the great truths. In times of spiritual lethargy the familiar formulas revive the thought and forms which the soul longs to express. Much of sacred truth would disappear if it were not for its repetition. The Lord's Prayer has not become antiquated by its frequent employment as an appendix to extemporaneous prayers. The Apostles' Creed has not become commonplace by its constant use.

The suggestion of this paper is for a simple service involving some great fundamentals of Christianity, with suitable prayers, leaving room for extemporaneous prayer, as a means to prepare laymen in this new era of laymen's activity for a service not in conflict with the services of the church but supplemental to it, and by which orderly method they may carry forward a church service in the absence of the pastor or when some other interest requires it. The use of such a liturgy for the deeper emotions which well up in the human soul and which cannot be expressed in liturgical form we should deprecate. A visit to the Coptic or Greek churches in the East, where everything is so perfunctory, illustrates the point we have in mind and warns us of the possible danger of the exclusive use of the ritual.

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON UNITARIANISM

A RECENT meeting of the Unitarian Club in New York had the privilege of an address from the distinguished president of Harvard University, a gentleman whose high character and great achievement in the educational world are honored by his countrymen everywhere. President Eliot in opening his remarks, according to the press, said that the Unitarians occupied a position analogous to that occupied by the Protestants in France, who comprised scarcely one twentieth of the population in that country. In the United States the Unitarians were only eighty thousand out of eighty millions, but they held a disproportionate share of honors. Referring to Boston, he said: "See what has happened in the headquarters of Unitarianism this fall. Not only did we have the pleasure in assisting in the election of a Unitarian for President of the United States but we chose a governor and a lieutenant-governor, both of whom are Unitarians. We also have in Boston a mayor who is a Unitarian. It is no longer a bar to public office that a man is a Unitarian. I remember when west of the Hudson River a Unitarian was abhorred. Now, when Presbyterian and Methodist ministers issue circulars by the thousands asking people, 'Are you going to vote for President for a man who denies the divinity of Jesus Christ?'—and this was done liberally in the last election—millions of our fellow citizens reply, 'We are,' and they did. In the same election the Republicans in the State of Ohio had the imprudence to nominate a very ordinary machine politician for governor. Taft had a plurality of some forty-seven

thousand in Ohio. At the same time, the Democratic candidate for governor in that state had a plurality of about seventeen thousand. The Democratic candidate for governor was a Unitarian." Then President Eliot went on to say that Unitarianism had "on its side all modern forces in the world."

These strong statements of President Eliot are worthy of careful consideration, and he makes some points that are of vital interest to the country. First, he said that there are eighty thousand Unitarians out of eighty millions of population, but that they hold a disproportionate share of honors, and he proceeds to enumerate the high positions to which Unitarians have been elected. He goes on to say that an effort was made to defeat Mr. Taft because he was a Unitarian, and intimates that the fact that the candidates were elected to office under those circumstances shows the tendency toward Unitarianism. The Unitarian body has had in its membership many great and good men, but President Eliot's inference will hardly hold that they have a monopoly of the literary and scientific men of the modern age.

The second thing that we note is that President Eliot does not understand the breadth of Protestant evangelistic Christendom. He cites Mr. Taft as a case showing the hold Unitarianism has on the country. The election clearly shows that millions of men who did not accept the tenets of Unitarianism subordinated their religious convictions on matters of Christian doctrines to their ideas of public duty. Certainly eighty thousand Unitarians among eighty millions of population would make a very small show in electing a President. If Mr. Taft had not been helped by the millions of evangelical Protestant believers in the United States, and by Roman Catholics as well, all of whom dissent from the Unitarian view on the Divinity of Christ, he would not have been elected. This does away with the charge of narrowness so often made against orthodox churches. They recognize that in this country church and state are separate, and they voted for Mr. Taft not because of his Unitarianism, but because of his high qualifications for this great office. The election of Mr. Taft was not intended as an indorsement of Unitarianism nor of any other church nor creed. The high positions in the state are not the property of any church, and should not be. The Presidency of the United States is no exception to this. Our Presidents have not been confined to any church or creed. Mr. Taft is a Unitarian and he has a right to be. General Garfield belonged to what is known as the Christian Church. President McKinley was a Methodist, and Presidents Harrison and Cleveland were Presbyterians, and President Grant affiliated with the Methodists, and President Roosevelt belonged to the Reformed Church; and so we could go through the list, and the fact that a Unitarian was elected President is not only a credit to him for his high character and ability but is a credit to evangelical Christians who saw in his church relations no bar to his advancement to the highest office in the nation. None will support him more loyally than those who differ with these contentions of the Unitarian body. Certainly, this indicates the breadth of our common Christianity.

The slowness of the progress of Unitarianism shows that it does not

have a profound hold on the great masses of the Christian people. The presumption underlying the particular boast quoted above is that the spread of Unitarianism, and the so-called liberal organizations as distinguished from orthodox churches, is vital to the literary, scientific, commercial, and political progress of the country. We would not for a moment undervalue the great names that President Eliot has selected as representatives of Unitarianism, but we think that in these particulars in which they boast, the Christian Church—by which we mean the whole body which represents their fundamental and doctrinal views especially as to the divinity of our Lord—has furnished as many names of eminence as the Unitarian body, and probably more. While giving all credit to Unitarianism that belongs to it, we do not believe that it has taken or will in any near future take possession of the country, and we believe that the ratio which it now sustains, according to President Eliot, of eighty thousand to eighty millions, will continue to be its ratio for many years to come.

SOME TENDENCIES IN PUBLIC PRAYER

ALL Christians pray. It is the first evidence that a soul has passed from death unto life. It is an instinct of the renewed soul. When Saint Paul was converted on his road to Damascus the Lord appeared to Ananias in a vision and gave him as a reason that he should see Saul of Tarsus, "for behold, he prayeth." A church without prayer would be no church, and a life without prayer is destitute of the life of God in the soul. The matter, however, to which we call attention is public prayer which the minister or layman, as the case may be, offers on public occasions as the representative of the people. These have special significance and prayers are as important in the church service as the sermon. People used to go to Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London as much to hear him pray as to hear him preach. His prayers were such that they carried the people to the throne of heavenly grace and they realized the conscious presence of God. Prayer is the pouring out of the heart before God, expressing the needs, the aspirations, and experiences of the human soul. It is a soul bowed before its Maker. Its main characteristics are adoration, thanksgiving, and supplication, and these in some form are never absent from complete prayer. This does not mean that there are no prayers which have not all these elements. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." The soul will cry out from its very depths and call upon God, sometimes with formal words and ofttimes with groanings of the spirit.

These general considerations concerning prayer are common to all professing Christians. There can be no substitute for genuine prayer, but the form in which oral prayer may be presented may change with varying conditions and the religious states of the worshiper. Public prayer, in the very nature of the case, involves more elaborate statement than private prayer. There are some tendencies in public prayer that seem to us to be deprecated. The first tendency is to excessive length. This is not the case in personal prayers. In the latter case the suppliant only is con-

sidered. He may well in the great crises of life follow the example of our Lord and continue all night in prayer, but in the public congregation it is different. The preacher is the representative, for the time, of the people, and their attention weakens when they are weary and they are not edified. In ritualistic churches prayers are distributed through the service but the prayers are not long. At the beginning of the service the prayer should be longer than the prayer at the conclusion, but even that should not be so long as to call attention to its length on the part of the worshiper. Of course in the years gone by we remember that the young people waited outside until the long prayer was over. Modern prayers are not so long as in years gone by, but there is still room for improvement in this respect.

Another tendency is the use of philosophical and topical prayers. As already indicated, prayer is the pouring out of the heart to God for some blessing to be secured, or some danger to be averted, or for thanksgiving and adoration. The topical prayer in which the suppliant gathers his thought around a particular subject and pours out his soul under that aspect is often the very prayer to be uttered. It is a question whether philosophical disquisitions which do not connect themselves directly with thanksgiving, supplication, and adoration are, on the whole, as edifying as the ordinary form of prayer. These methods are sometimes employed on the supposition that extemporaneous prayer should have variety. The preacher is anxious to avoid sameness, and in so doing he runs the risk of omitting the essential elements for which prayer is instituted. In churches where a form of prayer is employed there is no embarrassment in the feeling of the worshiper growing out of the sameness of the prayers week by week. The deeper wants of the soul are ever fresh and call for constant reëxpression. The same wants, the same aspirations are ever appearing in our human conditions, and we need the same things day by day and year by year.

There is another tendency—that of underestimating the value of prayer as a part of the church service. It is a part for which the preacher often makes no special preparation. It is extemporaneous to excess. One cannot properly express the aspirations of the people, varied in their social positions, in their aspirations, in their special needs, without a period of contemplation in which he shall feel the woes and enter into the experiences and rejoice in the aspirations of those whom he represents before God. Thus to express in public the prayers of the people is the highest position which the minister of the gospel can occupy.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

BABYLONIAN DIVINATION AND KINDRED ARTS

THE Hebrew Scriptures furnish abundant proof that divination in its various forms was practiced very generally from most ancient times among the various Semitic nations. No branch of these peoples was freer from these acts than the Hebrews, and probably none more addicted to them than the Babylonians. While generally condemned in every period of Hebrew history, they were assiduously cultivated by the priests and temple officials in the Euphrates. The fact that the Hebrew Scriptures condemn and prohibit almost every form of magic shows clearly that the practices inseparably connected therewith were pernicious and detrimental to spiritual and moral growth. And yet, notwithstanding the persistent effort of prophet and priest to put down these harmful practices, Israel was never absolutely free from them. In Israel it was the least religious and the more ignorant that clung to divination; in Babylonia, however, the aristocracy, including rulers and priests, were genuine believers in the efficacy of magic.

The fact that the temple was the central point around which the diviners congregated, and that the priests were the mediators between the people and the gods, proves sufficiently that the origin of many of these practices must be sought in religion. Man everywhere has always had an intense desire to lift up the veil which hangs over the future, to peer into the darkness enveloping his destiny. Nowhere has this been more pronounced than in the Semitic mind, whether in Babylonia, Syria, or Arabia. God alone knows the future; the easiest way to discover his will is to inquire of him in some temple through the priest, his representative here on earth. The priests, by the very nature of their office, had a more direct communication with heaven than any other class of men. Hence the great esteem in which they were held everywhere by young and old, rich and poor, peasant and king. The Semites never doubted the omnipotence of God, nor his ability and willingness to assist men, if approached in the proper way and through the divinely appointed channels. The ascertaining of God's will and plans was the business of the priest, and this could best be done in the temple where the Deity, whose help was desired, was supposed to dwell.

We have known for many generations, from the Old Testament and the classic writers, that Babylonia placed great reliance upon divination and kindred arts, but it is not till comparatively recent times that its own literature has furnished us with tens of thousands of tablets bearing directly upon these subjects. Of the large number of cuneiform inscriptions dug out from beneath the ruins of temples and libraries, few are more interesting than the magic texts and omen tablets. These give us many *data* regarding the most ancient beliefs and practices as well as the

intellectual status of the Babylonians. Such tablets have been found in many ruins. This fact justifies the conclusion that every large temple was furnished with them. Perhaps no collection of cuneiform inscriptions is of greater importance than those found in Asurbanipal's library, and of these none are more important than the so-called omen-texts, "tablets of various size in which explanations are afforded of all physical peculiarities to be observed in animals and men; of natural phenomena, of the position and movements of the planets and stars, of the incidents and accidents of public and private life—in short of all possible occurrences and situations" (Jastrow). Many of these tablets profess to be of very great age, dating to the time of Sargon the Great. The older the tablet or omen, the greater its reliability. The multitude of omen and magic tablets preserved in our great museums is an eloquent testimony to the dependence of the Babylonians upon divination and soothsaying. The study of these tablets was required of all those who aspired to perform priestly functions, for their contents had been carefully digested, classified, and reduced to a regular "science." Indeed, the priest was a keen observer of everything in sky, earth, and water. He was a "seer par excellence." To quote Jastrow again: "The appearance of the clouds, an eclipse, the condition of the streams, an earthquake, the direction of the winds, storms, the flight of birds, the barking of dogs, the movements of snakes and serpents, the peculiar marks on the bodies of children, of adults and animals, monstrosities among mankind or the brute creation, the meeting with certain persons or animals, the rustling of leaves, the change of seasons, the luster of precious stones all attracted man's attention." No class of men would observe these things like the priests. It was for this reason that they were consulted on great questions, especially those of national importance. No Babylonian king or general would begin a war, invade a country, or ever undertake any important enterprise, such as the building of a canal, or, indeed, the erection or repairing a temple or palace, without consulting the gods through the priests, in their temples.

Much has been written upon this subject during the past quarter of a century, and, no doubt, as the tablets are further deciphered and translated, we are still to have much more light. Of those who have contributed to the subject we must mention L. W. King and R. C. Thompson in England; Lenormant, Boissier, and Virolleaud in France; Zimmern in Germany; Morris Jastrow in this country, and then many articles in Bible dictionaries, cyclopedias, and magazines. We recommend especially the fourscore pages or more devoted by Jastrow to oracles, omens, etc., in his excellent volume, Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. Herr Arthur Ungnad has written a most interesting article in a popular style, in the February number of *Deutsche Rundschau*, Berlin. To these and other sources we acknowledge our indebtedness for some of the facts contained in this article.

We cannot enter fully in the space at our disposal on the subject of Babylonian divination or soothsaying. We shall therefore limit ourselves to the more important varieties. The passage recorded in Dan. 2. 2 acquaints us with some forms of divination in vogue among the Babylonians

at the time of Nebuchadnezzar for forecasting the future. Four classes are mentioned: the magicians, enchanters, sorcerers, and Chaldeans. The last term was employed for a class of men skilled in interpreting the will of the gods, possibly by means of astrology. We have another reference to the same king in connection with divination in Ezek. 21. 21. Of this we shall speak farther on. Perhaps the principal method, at least among the learned classes, for ascertaining the will of the gods was by means of astrology. The gods had written their will and plans in the heavens. An interpreter, however, was necessary to decipher them. This was one of the principal offices of the regularly constituted priests, who, as direct representatives of the gods, were held in highest esteem by men of all ranks and conditions. Of the heavenly bodies the moon played the most important part by far. The sun regulated the day and night only. But the moon among the Babylonians, as with the Hebrews, was appointed for seasons, that is, for determining the time of the sacred festivals, of which there were many in all Semitic lands. It also divided the year into weeks and months. No wonder, therefore, that the appearance of the new moon was religiously observed and announced with blowing of trumpets (Num. 10. 10) even in Israel. Every day in the month was either a lucky or unlucky day, of course varying with the different months. To see the moon on the first day of the month was regarded as a fortunate omen, but should it appear on the thirtieth day bad weather and worse calamities were inevitable. A halo or a circle around the moon was also an unfailing sign of misfortune, and especially if one or more of the great planets should be unfortunately caught within this fatal circle. Such a phenomenon served notice upon the king that an enemy was about to surround him, or that the commerce of the land was to suffer. To see the sun and moon on the fifteenth day betokened evil; if, however, this occurred on the fourteenth, prosperity and happiness were sure to follow. Astrology in the very nature of the case was a "science" of the night. Thus it is perfectly natural that the sun should play a secondary roll and afforded fewer omens; and yet the sun was observed. A circle around it foretold a change of weather and furious storms. The color of the sun at rising and setting aided the astrologer in forecasting the future. If the sun went up yellow on the first day of Nisan there would be a death in the royal family as well as other great calamities. Eclipses of the sun were almost invariably bad omens. The planets, at least five of them—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury—were known from very early times, and are often mentioned in connection with omens in the Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions. Here we might say that the great library of Asurbanipal yielded no fewer than seventy astronomical tablets, each containing about one hundred omens.

Next to astrology, perhaps, hepatoscopy played the most important part. This, as the term indicates, was divination by the inspection of the liver of the victim offered as sacrifice. There are numerous references in the cuneiform inscriptions to this method of ascertaining the divine will. There have been found in more than one place little clay tablets in the shape of the liver, literally covered with inscriptions. This mode of divination was not confined to Babylonia, for liver-formed tablets were found by

Winckler at Boghazkoi, near Angora, in Asia Minor. There is, too, just one reference to this mode of divination in the Old Testament. We read in Ezekiel (21. 21), "For the king of Babylon [Nebuchadnezzar] stood on the parting of the way, at the head of two ways to use divination; he shook the arrows to and fro, he consulted the teraphin, *he looked into the liver.*" We might also call attention to a passage in Tobit, 6.4ff., which tells of exorcism by the inspection of the liver of a fish. The student of the classics need not be told that hepatoscopy was known to the Greeks at least in post-Homeric times, and, according to Cicero, that the Romans learned it from the Etruscans at an early date. Some of the tablets referring to hepatoscopy are from the time of Hammurabi, which goes to show its great antiquity. We mention this because the older the practice the more reliable the omen. By way of illustration let us quote the following from Ungnad's paper: "If the surface of the liver entirely covers the gall duct, this is an [favorable] omen of Sargon, on the strength of which he marched against Elam, surrounded and defeated the Elamites, and cut off their provisions." It would be easy to multiply illustrations, but let the above suffice. However, we might add that other portions of the animal were subjected to inspection in order to ascertain the will of the gods.

The Babylonians, in common with all other nations, laid great stress upon oneiromancy, or divination by dreams. Even in Israel, down to New Testament times, dreams and their interpretation played an important role, for it was regarded as one of the ways by which Jehovah revealed his will to those he loved. It was believed that the gods could the more easily reveal themselves and communicate their plans and purpose to a person when asleep than when awake. Thus the greatest importance was attached to dreams. The Babylonians, as we see from the inscriptions, had made a thorough study of dreams from remotest times, had collected and classified them in regular order and with their interpretation. It was here that the priest, by virtue of his acquaintance with these collections of dreams, could render valuable service to those less informed in this branch of study. Having been examined by these temple officials from every standpoint, their interpretation of dreams was greatly appreciated by the people in general. We are familiar with the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar and his anxiety till they were interpreted. The inscriptions tell us of Gudea's dreams, in which he was commanded to build the temple of Ningureu, and also of the dream of Gyges, king of Lydia, who was admonished to submit to Asurbanipal in order that he might gain victory over his enemies. Let the following dreams and their interpretations, taken from the Babylonian dream literature, serve as examples: If one dreams of seeing a bow there will be a lawsuit. If one dreams that he is dead evil will befall him. If one dreams that he drinks wine he will have joy. If one dreams that he is eating brick gladness will fill his heart. If one dreams that a serpent falls at his *right* side his enemy will fall; if, however, it falls on the *left* side dire curse will befall him. In the very nature of things dreams would come to all persons regardless of rank, but those sent to kings and priests were regarded as of special importance and pregnant with meaning; and no trouble or expense would be spared in the effort to discover the will of

the god or gods who sent these warnings or encouragements. There was no end to omens based upon dreams.

The omen tablets concerning human and animal birth are very numerous. Indeed, it seems that they are made to fit every possible and, for that matter, impossible birth. Special attention was given to monstrosities and malformations. "Every part of the body was embraced in the omens: the ears, the eyes, the mouth, nose, lips, arms, hands, feet," etc. We have space for only a few of these: If a woman bear twins whose back-bones are grown together the land will suffer greatly and will be abandoned by the gods. If a sheep gives birth to a deer the king's son will usurp his father's throne. If a young animal has eight feet and two tails the ruler will acquire great power. If a woman will bear a child with the ear of a lion a great ruler will appear in the land. If a colt is born without a tail the king will die. Many omens were likewise based upon the behavior or conduct of animals and birds. If a yellow dog enters a palace distress is at hand; but if the dog is speckled peace will be granted the enemy. If a white dog enters a temple the foundation of that temple will remain firm; the reverse will follow if the dog is black. If a raven enters a house the owner of that house will get all the desires of his heart. If a bull crouches at the gate of a city the enemy will capture it. It is more than probable that when more of the thousands of cuneiform tablets which yet remain unread shall have been deciphered, we shall find other species of divination which were practiced in Babylonia. We know, for example, from Ezek. 21. 21, that belomancy was employed by the king of Babylon to ascertain the will of his god. This mode of divination, known to many ancient nations, is not mentioned in any of the cuneiform inscriptions so far read.

One word in conclusion. A comparison of the religious texts of Babylonia and Assyria with the Old Testament Scriptures shows the great distance between the attitude of Israel and Babylonia. The former uniformly condemns magic arts of whatever nature, while the latter not only tolerated but assiduously cultivated them. This is another proof, if any were needed, of Israel's supremacy in the realm of spirituality and religious thought.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

"POSITIVE" AND "LIBERAL" THEOLOGY IN GERMANY

It has been a custom of the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* (Hengstenberg's), an exponent of the strictest orthodoxy, to republish, a little before the opening of each academic semester, the official announcements of the lectures and exercises offered by the several Protestant theological faculties of Germany. But the paper adds an interesting touch to what had been originally a colorless statement. By the use of different sorts of type in the printing of the names the theological *Richtung*, or bent, of each professor and instructor is indicated. Disregarding minor differences the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* distinguishes two chief *Richtungen*, the "positive" and the "liberal." The "positive" theologians, however, are again divided into two groups: the "confessional," or orthodox Lutheran, and the "otherwise positive" (chiefly biblicists and representatives of the "Positive Union"). In the nature of the case no such attempt at classification can ever be wholly successful. The classification is sure to be faulty not only because no man can be an infallible judge of the mental attitude and bent of another but also because, instead of there being merely two (or three) main groups with sharply defined bounds, there are innumerable shadings and combinations in the theological world. And yet this attempt is both interesting and instructive. The classification indicates clearly enough the main theological standpoints as commonly recognized and it helps to a knowledge of the criteria generally applied by conservatives in judging of the standpoint of a given man. Limiting our view for the present to the ordinary professors, we note that the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* makes the conservatives and the liberals nearly equal in number. Three faculties (Erlangen, Greifswald, and Rostock) are exclusively conservative and three (Giessen, Jena, and Strassburg) are exclusively liberal. In all the rest the conservatives and the liberals are mingled in various proportions.

The term "positive" as applied to theology has been assumed by the conservatives in opposition to the supposed "negative" character of liberalism. Thereby they lay claim to an affirmative, constructive theology without slavery to tradition and by implication reproach the liberals with a negative and destructive tendency. But what constitutes a positive theology? And what constitutes a liberal, or modern, or negative theology? Why, for example, is a man like Häring in Tübingen, a man so warmly evangelical, so helpfully constructive throughout, set down as a liberal? The answer is plain: Häring is a disciple of Ritschl. And although he stands at the extreme of the right wing of the Ritschlians and much closer to a pronounced conservative like Kähler than to Ritschl, he is put under the ban as a liberal. Evidently the distinctions are often merely

arbitrary. Why should Loofs in Halle be reckoned as among the liberals while his colleague Haupt is counted as "positive"? Both are modern in the best sense and at the same time warmly evangelical. But the former as a Ritschlian must, at all events, be called liberal, while the latter, though nowise more conservative, being not a Ritschlian, may be called "positive." A terminology no better grounded than this surely can have very little value. While the conservatives fondly apply to themselves the term "positive," the liberals, of course, repudiate the term "negative." They too would be positive, they would build up and not tear down. The favorite epithet which they apply to themselves and their theology is "modern." At this point, however, the positive theologians in their turn object to the implication that they on their part are unmodern. Accordingly some of the leading conservatives have raised the watchword, "A modern theology of the old faith," or "A modern-positive theology."

It is not a part of our present purpose to seek to give a general answer to the question, What constitutes a "positive," and what a "modern" or "liberal" theology? The object is, rather, to point out some of the distinguishing marks of the two main *Richtungen* as viewed by German theologians themselves. In America, according to the popular conception, conservatives and liberals are distinguishable primarily by their position regarding questions of the higher criticism. In Germany this is no longer the case. In that country the issue has clearly reached a more advanced stage. The deeper question of the *authority* of the Bible is recognized as vital, but not the question of the *authorship* of the several books. Bernhard Weiss has expressed the consensus of *conservative* thought on this matter when he wrote: "The higher criticism of the Bible can never harm the faith, because criticism can never render uncertain the fact that through the Bible as it is we actually find God in Christ." Martin Kähler, a tower of strength for "positive" theology, in a discussion of "modern theology" has declared: "Its injurious effects lie never in history and exegesis, but always in dogmatics; never in the mere methodical investigation, but always in the fundamental religio-ethical view—in the *faith*. . . . I therefore purposely and, I think, with good reason exclude the purely methodical criticism from the characterization of 'modern theology.' This criticism may become very troublesome and in particular instances disturb life. On the whole, however, its effect is salutary and it bears within itself its own antidote, if it remains honest." According to Kähler the modern theology that is *not* positive is that which is based upon a monistic philosophy rather than upon the historical revelation of God in Jesus Christ. The line of cleavage between positive and modern theology is not to be sought in the results of purely historical research but in the religious interpretation of the facts of divine revelation. And it cannot be denied that monism is the ruling idea in much that purports to be modern theology. Yet one must not fail to observe that many of the most "modern" theologians reject monism. Tröltsch, the dogmatician of the history-of-religions school, has declared that monism is the doctrine which Christianity is called upon chiefly to oppose in our day. Kähler is the most distinguished representative of a

newer biblicism. From this standpoint he has written much and powerfully in behalf of the authority of the Bible. Yet he continually warns against the peril of assuming the burden of proof for its infallibility in the nonessential as well as in the essential. "In thus accepting the burden of proof [the earlier conservatives] conceded the *rightfulness of the demand for proof* and acknowledged that the negative criticism would be in the right in case the contrary proof should appear to be invalid." The datum upon which faith may build "*must* be immediately accessible" in the biblical witness. "Faith must have a storm-free domain." Faith's independence of criticism, however, is not merely affirmed on *a priori* grounds, it is also manifest in experience. A good many years have passed since Dillmann, referring to Keil, the commentator, said in his lecture-room in Berlin: "Gentlemen, yesterday there passed away the last champion of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch among German scholars." Did faith expire with the triumph of the new views in Old Testament criticism? The most conservative professor of Old Testament studies in a German university is probably König, of Bonn. Yet he accepts as fully established a large mass of the results of modern criticism. His conservatism is to be sought not so much in a different view of the *facts* of Old Testament history from that held by the more advanced critics as in a more orthodox *interpretation* of those facts. And yet even a liberal like Budde, who in historical criticism is a disciple of Wellhausen, has declared that for him the belief in an underlying self-revelation of God in the Old Testament remains "*felsenfest*"—firm as a rock.

Yet there are profound differences between the different schools of thought, though the really characteristic differences are to be sought in their attitude toward the vital questions of faith, such as the nature and method of revelation and the person and work of Christ. This is a day of popularization of theology in Germany. The enormous agitations in the theological world effected two generations ago by the writings of Strauss and Baur were little felt by the people at large. Now, however, theological discussions are industriously brought before the general public—by courses of lectures, by popularly written pamphlets and books. In this matter the liberals have of late been taking the leading part. The *Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher* (Popular Books on the History of Religion) have met with extraordinary success. The conservatives soon followed with a similar undertaking but from the opposite standpoint: *Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen* (Controverted Biblical Questions of the Times), some numbers of which have appeared in English translation under the general title Foreign Religious Series (New York, Eaton & Mains). A comparison of the two series reveals an unexpectedly large measure of agreement in matters of literary and historical criticism; but this condition serves to show all the more clearly how great and how significant are the differences in matters of doctrine. No one can read the two most notable publications in the former series—Bousset's Jesus, and Wrede's Paulus—without recognizing that here he encounters a genuinely radical theology. The conflict between the various schools of

religious thought has in recent years grown peculiarly intense. The history-of-religions school refuses to affirm (where it does not deny) the absoluteness of Christianity. Its representatives are most zealous propagandists of an evolutionistic religion which holds Jesus to be the highest teacher and example that has as yet appeared. But, on the other hand, there is in Germany no lack of men of faith and learning to bear witness to the whole gospel as it is in Jesus Christ. And although the number of liberals to obtain professors' chairs has increased in recent years, it should not be supposed that all liberals are radicals. Without doubt the most of the men called liberals are really evangelical. But that Germany has many really radical theologians cannot be questioned; and they are making a decided impression upon the thought of the day. The issue lies with the God of truth.

May the reconciliation of the theological parties of Germany be hoped for? The extremes stand very far apart. Between the dogmatism and sacramentarianism of some high-church Lutherans and the free-thinking as exemplified in Bremen there seems to be an impassable gulf fixed. But the great mass of German Protestants seem to stand on common ground. The very nature of the conflict bears witness to this fact. But what, in view of so many divergences and antitheses, may be regarded as the innermost essence and final test of an evangelical faith and theology? Is it not the confession of faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God? This was the position taken by Lütgert in his speech before the great "National Church Assembly" in Berlin, 1905. But so simply biblical, so broad-minded and yet withal so positive was his discussion of the theme that only the extreme liberals could have felt themselves excluded. Professor Ecke, of Bonn, has published a very interesting pamphlet entitled *Unverrückbare Grenzsteine* (Irremovable Landmarks, 3d ed., 1907). It is "an open word to Dr. Rade [editor of the *Christliche Welt*] and his friends." Ecke finds in the liberal Rade and the most of the "friends of the *Christliche Welt*" a cordial acknowledgment of that which is most essential to evangelical faith. On this account he deplores the disposition of the *Christliche Welt* to show more cordiality toward the radicals of the history-of-religions school than to "positive" theologians. He therefore appeals to Rade and his friends to combat that radicalism, which no longer recognizes an historical revelation in Christ; to strive to overcome the unbridled subjectivism which threatens to dissolve the essential nature of the church; and to hold themselves aloof from all dangerous alliances in church activities. Ecke will hardly succeed in calling the *Christliche Welt* back again. The bent of the paper seems to be ever toward the left, though it began twenty years ago with a rather conservative (though Ritschlian) tendency. Nevertheless, the incident serves to show how very much there is in common between the moderately conservative and the moderately liberal parties in Germany. And of course these parties include a very great majority of the professors and clergy.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

A Ministerial Waiting List. It is a trifle difficult for an American, and especially for an American Methodist, to understand the situation of the theological graduate in Germany. In order to be admitted into the ranks of the state church clergy he must spend a certain number of semesters at the university and pass a rigid examination. It is far from certain that when he is through with this he will find a pastorate. In fact, it is quite certain that he will not. There is so little demand for ministers on account of the fewness of the parishes—the parishes being generally large—that the average waiting time for a theological graduate, or candidate, as he is called, is about ten years. Meantime he is teaching, or tutoring, or anything else he can find to do. A better device for cooling the ardor of the young preacher could scarcely be imagined.

Opposition to the Papal Index. During the current year measures were taken by the more prominent leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, especially among the laity, to secure some relief from the oppression of the *Index librarum prohibitorum*. The plan of campaign was to be a direct appeal to the Pope against the Congregation of the Index. The chief part in the movement was to be taken by the laity, and as secrecy was considered a prime necessity it was proposed to gather the Roman Catholic laity of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and England into a society something like that of the Masons. The matter was well under way, and the necessary printing was being done, when an Italian clerical newspaper got hold of the proofs and exposed the whole scheme. The men engaged in the movement were such loyal Roman Catholics that nothing could be said against their motives. Their judgment was that by the Index the Germans, at least, were greatly hampered, and so they sought relief. As soon as the project became known measures were taken to suppress the efforts, and apparently with success.

Tercentenary of the University of Geissen. Though one of the smaller universities of Germany Geissen has done some fine work. At the recent tercentenary it distinguished itself by conferring the doctorate on a considerable number of scholars in different countries. Some were pastors, as Wilhelm Weber, noted for his studies in hymnology and liturgies, and Johannos Waitz, distinguished for his knowledge of early Christian literature. Those acquainted with German theologians will be glad to know that Albert Eichhorn, of Kiel, and Rudolf Otto, of Göttingen, were included in the list, which also contains the name of Paul Wendland, of Breslau, whose studies in the Græco-Roman civilization have done much to illuminate the early history of Christianity. One Englishman, F. C. Conybeare, and one American, Henry Charles Lea, were also honored. Of Frenchmen Jean Réville and Paul Sabatier were given the doctor's degree. It will please many to learn that Friedrich Paulsen, of Berlin, was not forgotten. The Dekan, in announcing these promotions, reminded those honored that "we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth," and that "the truth makes us free."

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

AN unusually strong, stirring, and stimulating number is The Hibbert Journal for April. The first article, entitled "Credo," is remarkable, and is copyrighted though unsigned. We cannot call it adequate and complete, but in its measure it is superb. We invite attention to this sample extract, not to pilfer but to advertise: "Before the overwhelming immensities of the universe, religion alone remains unabashed. The doom of earth is written in the sky; human life, through uncounted generations, is but a breath breathed forth into voids of endless time; the sun and the planets short-lived as a dance of fireflies on a summer night. All is as nothing. To an imagination like Carlyle's, which has opened its arms to the terrors of time and space, or looked upon the littleness of man, as Dante's did, from the empyrean height, there comes a moment when hope and faith shrivel out of being and the very will to live expires. The soul is on the point of total collapse beneath the weight of the Everlasting No. Then it is, when all seems lost, that the mighty heart of religion begins to beat. She knows that her hour has come: 'Out of the deep, O Lord, I cried unto thee, and thou heardest me.' None save a being infinitely greater than the world would be aware of his own infinite littleness within the world. Religion is the soul of that being. It is the shock of the entire universe of sense that has to be met; the deeps of immensity have poured out their legions, clad in the iron raiment of inexorable law; armies of negation are encamped beneath the walls and battering at the gates. This is the challenge; and well may we say that *all* is needed, and nothing less would suffice, to stir the soul of man into that final act of self-expression which we call religion. Unbroken by the cosmic challenge, religion runs no risk of succumbing to any lesser strain. Summoned to action by the evils of the human lot, she gathers enthusiasm from the magnitude of her task. Just because she is the spirit of the Best she rises to her greatest when she knows the worst. Undisguised in her own majesty, she penetrates every disguise that is used to cover the malignancy of her foe. That evil should be extenuated or proved not to be—that black should be painted white—that the groaning and travailing of creation should be hushed up or put out of sight—this is no prayer of hers. Things are as they are; new names do not alter them; evil is evil, pain is pain, death is death; and it is only by accepting them in their naked reality that religion can be true to herself. Let them be what they are, and she will deal with them. Let the sinner be a sinner and she will put her arms round him; let the sheep be veritably lost and she will recover them; let evil come armed to the battle and she will draw her sword; let the gloom thicken and her radiance shall glow like the noonday; let life be tragic and she will lift it up among the stars.

"When thou hearest the fool rejoicing, and he saith, 'It is over and past,
And the wrong was better than right, and hate turns into love at the last,
And we strove for nothing at all, and the gods are fallen asleep;
For so good is the world agrowing that the evil good shall reap'—
Then loosen thy sword in the scabbard and settle the helm on thine head,
For men betrayed are mighty, and great are the wrongfully dead."

The second article propounds the question, "Is there a Common Christianity?" It answers that there is, and that the essential elements are those which are fundamental in, and common to, all forms of Christianity. A common Christianity is found, under all variations of creed and denomination, in a common principle, a common attitude to the facts of inner and outer experience, a common sense of the relative values of things. "Religion itself has recently been defined as the endeavor to preserve and perpetuate all that is of greatest worth in human life. But the great religions of the world have differed just in the things they have selected to endow with worthship. One of the most striking results of the recent expansion of our outlook over the different ways in which religious consciousness has expressed itself is that we are coming to realize what in particular it is, what the particular scale of values is for which Christianity stands. I select only those features in which it contrasts most strikingly with other creeds. 1. With all the higher forms of religion, both of East and West, Christianity is founded on a belief in an underlying unity in the world. 'Nature and human life are unities in themselves and in relation to each other. But it differs from Buddhism and generally from the religious consciousness of the East in seeking for this unity in life itself and not in withdrawal from it. In this sense it is the religion of the outward. The eyes of its saints and prophets, as Mr. Chesterton puts it, are not closed in drowsy indifference, but open and alert to the world. Its ideal is fullness of knowledge, fullness of life. To Christianity there is nothing common or unclean, for in all things may be seen the expression and the symbol of the Invisible. 2. Like all the higher forms of religion, Christianity believes in some form of spiritual transformation or conversion as a necessary condition of entry into life in the fullest sense. In order to live in the whole, to idealize the temporal, to enter the service of the spirit, we must cease to strive for lordship of the world. But Christianity differs from the highest of these, even from the noble spiritualism of the Greek philosophers, in two respects. It calls for a more complete renunciation. For Christians no contrast short of that between death and life is adequate to express the depth of the change. We must die to live. No compromise, no reservation is possible. We have to put off the old man in its entirety, to be born again. And secondly, this passage to the new life is not one which is open only to a select few or dependent on external advantages. It is open to all—even more open to those who, owing to their circumstances, are least prejudiced by the world's standards, who feel the least security in its conventions. 3. With all forms of religion, Christianity recognizes the limitations of human knowledge. 'Who hath

known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?' is a note that it has in common with them all. But it differs from all forms of agnosticism, whether of the Areopagus or of the Royal Society, in its assurance of the truthfulness of our standards of value and the continuity of what we know and have achieved with what remains to be known and achieved. We may express these beliefs as we choose. We may use the language of religion and theology and call them the belief in God's revelation of himself in nature and human life, in the reality of sin and the need of regeneration, in the intrinsic worth and the equality before God of every human soul, in the veracity of God's word in the heart and in the mind. Or we may dissemble their significance in the language of everyday life and call them the belief that life is worth living; that we are not so good as we might be, and that we shall have to be a great deal better if we are going to be anything worth speaking of at all; that one man is as good as another, and a man's a man for a' that; that our senses don't deceive us, and that when knowledge is so scarce it is stupid to distrust what knowledge we have. But whatever the form we give them, they are the beliefs that all share who have entered by whatever path into the spirit of the Christian world; they are common Christianity." The most stirring paper in the April Hibbert is the Rev. John A. Hutton's on "The Message of Mr. G. K. Chesterton." If any of our readers do not know Chesterton's writings, they should make haste, beginning studiously with his book entitled Orthodoxy; for Chesterton is the sensation of to-day. Amid much talking and writing in doleful minor, he sounds with healthy and masculine sonorousness the virile and exultant major; in which he seems like Robert Browning's younger brother, and a robust champion of faith. He augments the tide of speculative joy and fundamental confidence in life. His writings are a stimulant, an exhilarant, without being an intoxicant. He says that a certain defiant and justifiable joy belongs to belief. Mr. Hutton says that "Chesterton, arriving at the moment when he has arrived, has acquired the quality of greatness. For a great man in these matters is a man who arrives at the right moment, who comes to the rescue of that in man which at the moment is threatened yet which must not be lost. I hail him as a great writer when I consider the great temptation of the hour with which he deals. That man in his measure is a great man whose word has the effect of reassuring us, just as that writer is a bad writer who disposes his readers to *succumb*. Anything is bad which disheartens us on our predestined journey. Anything is bad which raises a suspicion as to the value of our existence. Anything is bad which would lead us to disparage the human enterprise. Anything is bad which would make us let our hands fall and our knees shake, face to face with our elementary duties and responsibilities, and face to face with our own ignorance and the darkness that lies about us. Anything is bad which makes us regret life. All laughter at man is hollow and of the devil. The account of man which is thrust upon us by a hasty and dogmatic materialism is, from the point of view of man's instincts, and from the point of view of the highest words he has ever obeyed, a form of laughter at man. As such it is bad, a

thing it may even be to be put down one day, as witchcraft was put down, and for the same reason—that it is seducing man from his true and natural and normal life." Mr. Hutton goes on: "Chesterton would test every theory or proposition by its fitness to satisfy, or to control for a higher exercise, some ineradicable endowment of man—of man as we know him, in his glory and gloom alike, but above everything in his altogether divine perseverance in life. He would arraign all systems which invade man's sanctuary of feeling and desire and faith, as he would arraign a brother man accused of some crime against man's nature or the social compact—he would arraign them all before a jury of common men. He says: 'The trend of our epoch up to this time has been consistently toward specialism and professionalism. We tend to have trained soldiers because they fight better, trained singers because they sing better, trained dancers because they dance better, especially instructed laughers because they laugh better, and so on and so on. The principle has been applied to law and politics by innumerable modern writers. Many Fabians have insisted that a greater part of our political work should be performed by experts. Many legalists have declared that the untrained jury should be altogether supplanted by the trained judge. Now, if this world of ours were really what is called reasonable, I do not know that there would be any fault to find with this. But the true result of all experience and the true foundation of all religion is this—that the four or five things that it is most practically essential that a man should know are all of them what people call paradoxes. That is to say, that though we all find them in life to be mere plain truths, yet we cannot easily state them in words without being guilty of seeming verbal contradictions. One of them, for instance, is the unimpeachable platitude that the man who finds most pleasure for himself is often the man who least hunts for it. Another is the paradox of courage: the fact that the way to avoid death is not to have too much aversion to it. Whoever is careless enough of his bones to climb some hopeless cliff above the tide may save his bones by that carelessness. Whoever will lose his life, the same shall save it—an entirely practical and prosaic statement. Now, one of these four or five paradoxes which should be taught to every infant prattling at his mother's knee is the following: That the more a man looks at a thing the less he can see it, and the more a man learns a thing the less he knows it. The Fabian argument of the expert, that the man who is trained should be the man who is trusted, would be absolutely unanswerable if it were really true that a man who studied a thing and practiced it every day went on seeing more and more of its significance. But he does not. He goes on seeing less and less of its significance. In the same way, alas! we all go on every day, unless we are continually goading ourselves into gratitude and humility, seeing less and less of the significance of the sky or the stones. Now, it is a terrible business to mark a man out for the vengeance of men. But it is a thing to which a man can grow accustomed, as he can to other terrible things: he can even grow accustomed to the sun. And the horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about all

judges, magistrates, barristers, detectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent)—it is simply that they have got used to it. Strictly, they do not see the prisoner in the dock: all they see is the usual man in the usual place. They do not see the awful court of judgment: they only see their own workshop. Therefore the instinct of Christian civilization has most wisely declared that into their judgments there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the street. Men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd, the coarse faces of the policemen and the professional criminals, the wasted faces of the wastrels, the unreal faces of the gesticulating counsel, and see it all as one sees a new picture or a ballet hitherto unvisited. Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. If it wishes for light upon that awful matter it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can feel the things that I felt in the jury-box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity.' Mr. Chesterton has a faultless eye for the moment when any tendency is beginning to assail the abiding interest of man. Therefore he has been compelled to deliver his message in the way of criticism and opposition to tendencies in thought or speculation, and in life, which seem to him likely to seduce man from the main highway of healthy and natural and believing life on which alone he is equal to himself and secure. Even as the angel measured the foundations of the heavenly Jerusalem, so Chesterton measures and tests the principles, the effects for man's present moral practice and his outlook, of certain ways of looking at life—he tests them all 'according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.' And therein also lies his confidence. The human soul he sees too firmly rooted in essential things, too firmly persuaded of the essential good of life, to be disturbed for more than a period from its true career. Man has seen what he has seen; and never can he be as though he had not seen it. And, Chesterton would add, man has seen Christ; and would rejoice with the dying Marius in Pater's great work that in Jesus Christ there has been erected in this world a plea, a standard, which mankind will always have in reserve against any wholly mean or mechanical theory of himself and his conditions. . . . Number Nine of the King's Regulations for Officers of the Navy contains these words: 'Every officer is to refrain from making remarks or passing criticisms on the conduct or orders of his superiors which may tend to bring them into contempt, and is to avoid saying or doing anything which might discourage the men or render them dissatisfied with their condition or with the service on which they are or may be employed.' Chesterton sees the human soul, arrived thus far—not without difficulty. He sees that any fundamental health which we have is

due to the power (which is still within us) of the Christian tradition as it gives an issue and a consecration to the fountain of our natural life. And anyone who seriously interferes with the foundations of the soul, with the particular kind of hardihood which has become intertwined for ever with the cross of Christ, Chesterton sees as a rebel or a traitor—as a heretic in the sublime sense. And because as such he is poisoning the wells of all sane and hearty living, and cutting man off from his Source, Chesterton, like the great Florentine, would appoint him a place in hell." Among the book reviews in the current issue of The Hibbert, H. W. Garrod, of Oxford, notices H. G. Wells's First and Last Things: A Confession of Faith and Rule of Life. Part of the notice runs as follows: "First and Last Things is an impressive book. Uneven in quality and containing a great deal that was not worth saying, it, nevertheless, has so much in it that is penetrating, first-hand, human, poignant—there is such an absence of anything factitious or pretentious, that a critic must be very cold indeed whom it does not again and again warm and touch. It is a book which has grown, as Mr. Wells says, out of its writer's experience. . . . 'Getting near to the keen edge of life'—that is a phrase of Mr. Wells's own (p. 103) which caught me in passing. It is a pretty good description of what Mr. Wells is after, in this book and others. In a collapse of beliefs he believes in life. That is what he is driving at in everything he says. 'Much more to me than the desire to live is the desire to taste life. I am not happy till I have done and felt things. I want to get as near as I can to the thrill of a dog going into a fight or the delight of a bird in the air. And not simply in the heroic field of war and air do I want to understand. I want to know something of the jolly, wholesome satisfaction that a hungry pig must find in its wash' (pp. 59, 60). There is no doubt extravagance, revolt, whimsicality in all that. Yet it is somehow biting and salted and finely cogent. It has the note of a healthy howling against humbug. 'Howling' is perhaps not the word. Nietzsche howls, Shaw howls—and both unhealthily—against humbug. Mr. Wells whoops with something between wrath and delight. He has got his teeth into life, where other men are pawing and fumbling it. He is going to have no nonsense. He has seen more kinds of life than most men who take to literature; and when he uses words they are going to stand for things that he has felt or known or suspected. I have said that Mr. Wells is not like Nietzsche or Shaw. Nor, again, is he like Plato; and I am sorry to find that he has rather begun to think that he is. Let me mention one or two persons whom he is like. First, he is rather like Moses. 'God said unto Moses, I am that I am; and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto you.' Well, Mr. Wells slays a few Egyptians, and is, like Moses, often perhaps overhasty in a good many things. But he has taken the shoes from off his feet reverently upon really holy ground; and above all he seems to have been sent to a world that hates facts by 'I am.' 'I am' hath sent him; and he is necessarily worth listening to. Secondly, he reminds me, oddly enough, of Lord Chesterfield. Never able to

transcend class prejudice, with a keen eye for surface values, yet fundamentally sincere and free from cant, with an assured knowledge of the kind of life he speaks of, with a touch of genuine chivalry—to these qualities, which he shares with a writer whom he probably despises, Mr. Wells adds, as Chesterfield does, one yet more important—the desire to relate literature to actual life. 'I wish,' says Lord Chesterfield to his son, 'to combine in you two things rarely combined in any of my countrymen—books and the world.' Mr. Wells is a fine democratic combination of those two things. And then, of course, Mr. Wells reminds me of two friends of his, of whom he speaks in this book tenderly and affectingly (pp. 238-241)—Stevenson and Henley. He has not Stevenson's infinite delicacy; on the other hand, his optimism is less of a literary artifice, is more downright and real. He has not a certain titanic quality that Henley had; but then he tears himself less upon the bars of life, he is less mangled. But he is in the straight line of development from these two; he is making towards a more natural and quickened life. I have mentioned Plato. Has Mr. Wells ever read the Greater Hippias? There is a sentence of Hippias, in any case, in that dialogue which is a fair summary of Mr. Wells's Credo. I offer it to Mr. Wells as a motto for his second edition: 'I say, then, that always for every man everywhere this is the finest effect: to have enough to live on, to have good health, to be respected by one's fellow citizens—and having all that, to come to old age, and having given noble burial to one's parents, to be buried at last oneself by one's children with honor and circumstance.' To many, no doubt, that seems a pagan and rather thin ideal. Yet that particular sentence, with its direct and unsophisticated thought, always blows up to me like a clear breeze from the sea, freshening the conventional shore-atmosphere of our flaccid modern moralizing."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Orthodoxy. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. 12mo, pp. 299. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THIS is the book referred to at length in last January's issue of this REVIEW in the editorial entitled "An Agnostic's Confession." The author's aim is not to discuss whether the Christian faith can be believed, but only to explain how he personally and unexpectedly has come to believe it. The book deals first with his own mental wanderings, his long and varied questionings, his solitary and sincere speculations, and then with the startling way in which all his perplexities and problems were suddenly satisfied by the Christian Theology. Mr. Chesterton regards it as amounting to a convincing creed. One critic comments on the volume as follows: "The triumphant masterpiece of this exuberant journalist is his reconciliation of himself with Christianity, the account of which is set forth in Orthodoxy. Daily engaged in the thick of popular intellectual libertinism and vaunting his familiarity with the latest moral and religious heresies, Mr. Chesterton, overhauling his fundamental beliefs, discovers with a shock of surprise that he is body and soul a Christian, and plunges into apologetics. His argument, interwoven with the story of his religious experience, is a series of bluish crackling sparks, which breaks at intervals into a steady glow, illuminating perfectly rational and consistent pragmatic positions. His point of departure is what he regards as the *'actual fact that the central Christian theology is the best root of energy and sound ethics.'* Various neologies have had their innings and have failed to comfort, guide, or inspire. One has abolished heaven and hell; another, vice and virtue; and a third, everything else but the ego—they have ended in sentimentality, paralysis of the will, moral anarchy, and the madhouse. The age of interrogation has accomplished its mission: modern thought lies in apathy and despair under the gray evening twilight of philosophic freedom. In this awful juncture Mr. Chesterton discovers Christianity—sees that for every ill it contains the cure. With its vivid sense of sin it rouses men to the violent loves and hates that make life worth while. 'There must at any given moment be an abstract right and wrong if any blow is to be struck; there must be something eternal if there is to be anything sudden.' Christianity with its emphasis upon free will leads a man to choose a path and sends him down it like a thunderbolt. With its sharp distinction between flesh and spirit and its belief in a divine ruler outside the universe it lifts up the heart from self-contemplation and fills it with wonder and joy in the contemplation of its Creator. The right Christian is neither optimist nor pessimist, but both at once in the highest degree of each; his predominant mood, however, is a kind of loyalty to the universe—he is a 'cosmic patriot.' He is not troubled

by minor miracles, for he knows, with Carlyle, that the whole universe is a miracle. Mr. Chesterton does not stand for half-measures; he justifies even the Trinity on the grounds of 'practical reason.' His eye fixed upon the goal, he balks at nothing to get there; he tramples history, Darwinism, anthropology, under foot with fine mirth and bravado. But in morals he is as sound as Moses, and his religion has a ring of chivalry and sincerity. You may be startled, even shocked, by this novel book; but you must admit that the heart of this witty Philistine is in the right place." For one thing, Chesterton is a thoroughly convinced Trinitarian. One of his definite rejections of Unitarianism is sequent upon his assertion that evangelical theology is the central source of sound ethics and the fountain of the energies of all reform, whether social, political, or religious. Contending that the self-renewing energies of Western civilization are found in the old theology and not in the new, he says: "If we want reform we must adhere to orthodoxy, especially in one matter (so much disputed in the counsels of R. J. Campbell)—the matter of insisting on the immanent or the transcendent Deity. By insisting specially on the immanence of God we get introspection, self-isolation, quietism, social indifference—Thibet. By insisting specially on the transcendence of God we get wonder, curiosity, moral and political adventure, righteous indignation—Christendom. Insisting that God is inside man, man is always inside himself. By insisting that God transcends man, man has transcended himself. If we take any other doctrine that has been called old-fashioned we shall find the case the same. It is the same, for instance, in the deep matter of the Trinity. Unitarians are often reformers by the accident that throws so many small sects into such an attitude. But there is nothing in the least liberal or akin to reform in the substitution of pure monotheism for the Trinity. The complex God of the Athanasian Creed may be an enigma for the intellect, but he is far less likely to gather the mystery and cruelty of a Sultan than the lonely god of Omar or Mohammed. The god who is a mere awful unity is not only a king but an Eastern king. The *heart* of humanity, especially of European humanity, is certainly much more satisfied by the hints and symbols that gather round the Trinitarian idea, the image of a council at which mercy pleads as well as justice, the conception of a sort of liberty and variety existing even in the inmost chamber of the world. For Western religion has always felt keenly the idea 'it is not well for man to be alone.' The social instinct asserted itself everywhere, as when the Eastern idea of hermits was practically expelled by the Western idea of monks. So even asceticism became brotherly; and the Trappists were sociable even when they were silent. If this love of a living complexity be our test, it is certainly healthier to have the Trinitarian religion than the Unitarian. For to us Trinitarians (if I may say it with reverence)—to us God himself is a society. It is indeed a fathomless mystery of theology, and even if I were theologian enough to deal with it directly, it would not be relevant to do so here. Suffice it to say here that this triple enigma is as comforting and open as an English fireside; that this thing that bewilders the intellect

utterly quiets the heart: but out of the desert, from the dry places and the dreadful suns, come the cruel children of the lonely God; the Mohammedans, who are the real Unitarians, have, with scimitar in hand, laid waste the world." After contending that orthodoxy is the only safe guardian of morality and order, and also the only logical guardian of liberty, innovation, and advance, Chesterton goes on as follows: "If we wish to pull down the prosperous oppressor, we cannot do it with the new doctrine of human perfectibility; we can do it with the old doctrine of original sin. If we want to uproot inherent cruelties or lift up lost populations, we cannot do it with the scientific theory that matter precedes mind; we can do it with the supernatural theory that mind precedes matter. If we wish specially to awaken people to social vigilance and tireless pursuit of practice, we cannot help it much by insisting on the Immanent God and the Inner Light, for these are at best reasons for contentment; we can help it much by insisting on the transcendent God and the flying and escaping gleam, for that means divine discontent. If we wish particularly to assert the idea of a generous balance against that of a dreadful autocracy, we shall instinctively be Trinitarian rather than Unitarian. If we desire our modern civilization to be a raid and a rescue, we shall insist rather that souls are in real peril than that their peril is ultimately unreal. And if we wish to exalt the outcast and the crucified, we shall rather wish to think that a veritable God was crucified, rather than a mere sage or hero." Recently great claims have been made by the high priest of American Unitarianism for his diminutive denomination. His statements were made in public, were widely published, and invite and justify reply. No one can count it improper for the vast and mighty evangelical churches to say what they think of Unitarianism; nor need they be overawed by the lofty intellectualism of that body. To us it seems an excessively and too exclusively cerebral faith. It contributes criticism and diminishes decision and aggressive power. Its effect is dilution and disablement. It refrigerates the emotions which generate motive energy. Its pulse and its temperature are subnormal. It is not sufficiently robust and muscular. Its theology lacks red blood, the blood of the crucified Son of God, the blood of atonement. Its chief antipathy is aimed against the evangelical doctrine of atonement. It belittles the cross. And the cross is the corner stone of the entire system of Christian doctrine, as it is the center of the human world. Calvary is the elevation from which all the kingdoms of the world can be surveyed, and the throne from which they can be subdued and ruled. A system of belief which ignores the need, and denies the fact, of atonement disables itself from being an efficient power in the salvation of the world. It fails to interest mankind. Not being evangelical, it has no real evangel—no news good enough, surprising enough, to make the world take notice. Whatever spiritual power it may have shown anywhere seems to us due principally to the intrusive presence of some element of thought or feeling which is not native to its system—something that crept in while the doctrinal doorkeeper was off duty. There have been what some describe as evangelical Unitarians—

evangelical in sentiment and feeling. A generation or two ago there were H. W. Bellows, Thomas Hill, A. P. Peabody, and a few others like them; but they seem to have few successors. A prominent Unitarian preacher recently announced a sermon on "The Positive Doctrines of Unitarianism." One who went to listen and learn found the discourse made up predominantly of negations—denials of the positive affirmations of Evangelicals. It was largely a discourse of demur—"What we don't believe." Nothing can go forward very fast or very forcefully or very far by the driving power of negations. Compared with the Evangelical churches, Unitarianism seems to us to put itself in the category of things ineffectual. It thinks and thinks and reasons, but fails to attain any superior clarity or sanity. It reminds us of one of Chesterton's saying about insanity: "The madman is not the man who has lost his reason; the madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason. The lunatic is often a keen reasoner and can beat you in an argument." With all its intellectuality Unitarianism does not succeed in being convincing. Its adherents are few. In the Christian world it is not among the powers that be. In the wide view of Christendom and in the count of working forces it is almost a negligible quantity. Where are its evangelists, its revivals, its missionaries, its enlightening and converting campaigns and agencies among the heathen at home or in foreign lands? How large is the list of its practical benevolences—hospitals, asylums, orphanages, homes for the aged, and the like? How much practical work for the saving of the world, in the various forms of needed salvation, are the Unitarians as a body doing? Because of its small ability to propagate its faith, or to make converts to its doctrines, or to carry on aggressively and with sustained enthusiasm the work of redemption and rescue, the Unitarian system seems to us a futility. Therefore, with all due respect for intellectual honesty and moral sincerity (in which, however, Unitarians in no degree exceed Evangelicals), with all respect for the purity, elevation, and beneficence of individual characters and lives (in comparison with which, however, evangelical religion shows its calendar of true saints, inferior at no point, and in point of numbers overwhelmingly greater), with all due recognition of whatever Arnoldian "sweetness and light" is diffused and shining in Unitarian circles, we yet must regard it as a truncated and inadequate form, a torso, of Christianity. Chesterton is responsible for starting this characterization of Unitarianism. As to miracles, the actual objective occurrence of the supernatural, our author says: "My belief that miracles have happened in human history is not a mystical belief at all; I believe in them upon human evidences as I do in the discovery of America. Upon this point there is a misconception that needs to be corrected. Somehow or other an extraordinary idea has arisen that the disbelievers in miracles consider them coldly and fairly and that believers in miracles accept them only in connection with some dogma. The fact is quite the other way. The believers in miracles accept them because they have *evidence for* them. The disbelievers in miracles deny them because they have *a doctrine against* them. You

affirm the impossibility of miracle? You have a perfect right to do so; but in that case you are the dogmatist. It is we Christians who *accept all actual evidence*—it is you rationalists who *refuse actual evidence*, being constrained to do so by your creed. But I am not constrained in the matter by any creed, and looking impartially into the evidence concerning certain miracles, I have come to the conclusion that they occurred." About the agnostic he says this: "The ordinary agnostic has got his facts all wrong. He is a nonbeliever for a multitude of reasons; but they are untrue reasons. He doubts because the Middle Ages were barbaric, but they weren't; because Darwinism is demonstrated, but it isn't; because miracles do not happen, but they do; because monks were lazy, but they were very industrious; because nuns are unhappy, but they are particularly cheerful; because Christian art was sad and pale, but it was picked out in peculiarly bright colors and gay with gold; because modern science is moving away from the supernatural, but it isn't; it is moving toward the supernatural with the rapidity of a railway train." This book is as telling as it is startling and sensational.

Quiet Talks with World Winners. By S. D. Gordon. 12mo, pp. 280. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Of Gordon's "Quiet Talks" about Jesus, and about Power, and about Personal Problems, and on other themes, over three hundred thousand copies have been sold. All the "Talks" are illumined by interesting illustrative incidents. The general subject of the book now before us is foreign missions, and its aim is to make the winning of the world for Christ the gripping purpose of every religious man, and to make the humblest feel that he can help swing the world up to God. The two specimen passages which we excerpt as samples of the book's quality, are not, however, exclusively pertinent to foreign missions. Our first selection is called "A Human Picture of God." Gordon says that homely illustrations of God from our common life are never full, and must not be taken too literally, but are sometimes helpful in a suggestive way; and anything that makes God seem real, and brings him near to simple minds and humble hearts, is helpful. And here follows his illustration: "A few years ago I heard a simple story of real life from the lips of a New England clergyman. It was told of a brother clergyman of the same denomination and stationed in the same city with the man who told me. This clergyman had a son, about fourteen years of age, who, of course, was going to school. One day the boy's teacher called at the house and asked for the father. When they met he said: 'Is your son sick?' 'No; why?' 'He was not at school to-day.' 'You don't mean it!' 'Nor yesterday.' 'Indeed!' 'Nor the day before.' 'Well!' 'And I supposed he was sick.' 'No, he's not sick.' 'Well, I thought I should tell you.' And the father thanked him, and the teacher left. The father sat thinking about his son, and those three days. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming in. So he went to the door to meet

him at once. And the boy knew as he looked up that the father knew about those three days. And the father said, 'Come into the library, Phil.' And Phil went and the door was shut. Then the father said very quietly, 'Phil, your teacher was here a little while ago. He tells me you were not at school to-day, nor yesterday, nor the day before. And we thought you were. You let us think you were. And you don't know how bad I feel about this. I have always said I could trust my boy Phil. I always have trusted you. And here you have been a living lie for three whole days. I can't tell you how bad I feel about it.' Well, it was hard on the boy to be talked to in that gentle way. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or had taken him out to the woodshed, in the rear of the dwelling, it wouldn't have been nearly so hard. Then the father said, 'We'll get down and pray.' And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. Most people don't about that time. And they got down on their knees, side by side. And the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy listened. Somehow he saw himself in the looking-glass of his knee-joints as he hadn't before. It is queer about that mirror of the knee-joints, the things you see in it. Most people don't like to use it much. And they got up from their knees. The father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said: 'My boy, there's a law of life, that where there is sin there is suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Wherever there is suffering there has been sin, somewhere, by somebody. And wherever there is sin there will be suffering, for some one, somewhere; and likely most for those closest to you. Now,' he said, 'my boy, you have done wrong. So we'll do this. You go upstairs to the attic. I'll make a little bed for you there in the corner. We'll bring your meals up to you at the usual times. And you stay up in the attic three days and three nights, as long as you've been a living lie.' And the boy didn't say a word. They climbed the attic steps. The father kissed his boy, and left him alone. Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking of their son. The longer they chewed on the food the bigger and drier it got in their mouths. And swallowing was clear out of the question. And the mother said, 'Why don't you eat?' And he said softly, 'Why don't *you* eat?' And, with a catch in her throat, she said, 'I can't, for thinking of Phil.' And he said, 'That's what's bothering me.' And they rose from the supper table, and went into the sitting room. He took up the evening paper, and she began sewing. His eyesight was not very good. He wore glasses, and to-night they seemed to blur up. He couldn't see the print distinctly. It must have been the glasses, of course. So he took them off, and wiped them with great care, and then found the paper was up-side-down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the thread into the needle again. How we all reveal ourselves in just such details! By and by the clock struck ten, their usual hour of retiring. But they made no move to go. And the mother said quietly, 'Aren't you going to bed?' And he said, 'I'm not sleepy, I think I'll

sit up a while longer; you go.' 'No, I guess I'll wait a while too.' And the clock struck eleven; then the hands clicked around close to twelve. And they arose, and went to bed; but not to sleep. Each one pretended to be asleep. And each knew the other was not asleep. After a bit she said—woman is always the keener—'Why don't you sleep?' And he said softly, 'How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?' And she said, with that same queer catch in her voice, 'I can't, for thinking of Phil.' He said, 'That's the bother with me.' And the clock struck one; and then two; still no sleep. At last the father said, 'Mother, I can't stand this. *I'm going upstairs with Phil.*' And he took his pillow, and went softly out of the room; climbed the attic steps softly, and pressed the latch softly so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across to the corner by the window. There the boy lay, wide-awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down between the sheets, and they got their arms around each other's necks, for they had always been the best of friends, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks—you couldn't have told which were the father's and which the son's. Then they slept together until the morning light broke. When sleep-time came the second night the father said, 'Good-night, mother. I'm going up with Phil again.' And the second night he shared his boy's punishment in the attic. And the third night when sleep-time came again, again he said, 'Mother, good-night. I'm going up with the boy.' And the third night he shared his son's punishment with him. That boy, now a man grown, in the thews of his strength, my acquaintance told me, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue of fire and life of flame out in the heart of China. Do you know, I think that is the best picture of God I have ever run across in any gallery of life? It is not a perfect picture. No human picture of God is perfect, except, of course, the Jesus human picture. The boy's punishment was arbitrarily chosen by the father, unlike God's dealings with our sin. But it is the tenderest and most real of any that has come to me. God couldn't take away sin. It's here. Very plainly it is here. And he couldn't take away suffering, out of kindness to us. For suffering is sin's index-finger pointing out danger. It is sin's voice calling loudly, 'Look out! there's something wrong.' So He came down in the person of his Son, Jesus, and lay down alongside of man for three days and nights, in the place where sin drove man. That's God! And that suggests graphically the great passion of his heart. Sin was not ignored. Its lines stood sharply out. The boy in the garret had two things burned into his memory, never to be erased: the wrong of his own sin, and the strength of his father's love. Jesus is God coming down into our midst and giving his own very life, and then, more, giving it out in death, that he might make us hate sin, and might woo and win the whole world, away from sin, back to the intimacies of the old family circle again." Our second selection is about telling the story of Christ: "Now, how shall we best tell men of Jesus? Well, the modern newspaperman's rule in his work is this: 'Make it a story.' This is his leading rule in all his

writing work. Whatever the occasion may be, whether a meeting of scholars or an accident on the street, it is to be put into story form. That is the ideal toward which he works. All the descriptions, and quotations, and information, and philosophizings are to be woven into this web. They know that a story is the easiest thing to read and to listen to, and also the hardest to tell well. That should be our rule here: *Make it a story about Jesus.* When it comes to talking the gospel to a group of people, large or small, in New York or Shanghai, make it a story. Wherever you may begin the story, see that its purpose is to lead up to Jesus. You may use twenty-five minutes in getting your story out, and then put the Jesus touch in the last five minutes. But as they go away that last five has given its flavor to the whole half-hour's talk. Or, you may begin with him, and so run through. But the rule should be: Make it a simple, natural, attractive story, such as people will want to listen to, because it interests them. The Bible is an Oriental book in its way of putting things. Its story is built upon the habits of those Eastern peoples. While it is full of simple teaching easily understood, one needs to understand those habits to get the real meat of the meaning. This means a habit of hard work for him who would be a winner of men. He should have an ambition to know the Bible story thoroughly, and to get it from the Bible itself. Whatever your particular message may be at any time, let it lead up by a straight road to Jesus. Follow the rule of the Book itself here. The Old Testament all points to Jesus. It can be understood only as he is understood. And the New is aflame with his presence. Tell the story of Jesus to men. They never tire of that. Tell it accurately. Tell it simply. Tell it with endless variety. Put it in simple, everyday words, so they think about the story and not about you or your words. Tell Jesus's life, his characteristics, how he mingled among men, and talked with them. Take up the gospel incidents, and give them their natural flavoring and coloring in present-day speech. Tell of the Nazareth life, in home and carpenter shop and village. Go through those wondrous three and a half years, bit by bit. Go into the temptation wilderness, out on the blue waters of Galilee, and into Gethsemane's olive grove. Climb that bit of a rise of ground called Calvary. Wherever you are in that story, make sure that the coloring of Calvary gets distinctly in, by word or phrase or climax or somehow. Now, of course, there will be some theology in your telling. You will make comments and explanations. And preachers call that theology. That is unavoidable. That is the place for such teaching, as it naturally grows out of the story. But the story should be the main thing. Men should be sent away thinking about a Man, Jesus; not about a theory of doctrine. I remember very distinctly one time Mr. Moody was speaking at the Ohio Sunday School Convention in Cleveland. He was saying that teachers should open up the Bible and make it attractive. Then he told the story of how, in 1884, in London, he was talking with a lawyer friend who had just come down from Edinburgh. He had been hearing Andrew Bonar preach up there, and was greatly taken with his way of preaching. Mr. Moody told the

story something like this: Bonar was preaching in Galatians, where it says that Paul went to Jerusalem to see Peter, and he said that he could imagine Peter saying to Paul, 'Would you like to take a walk?' and Paul said he would, so they went down through the streets of Jerusalem, over the brook Kidron, arm in arm, and Peter stopped and said: 'Look, Paul, this is the very spot where he wrestled and where he suffered, and sweat great drops of blood. There is the very spot where John and James fell asleep, right there. And right here is the very spot where I fell asleep. I don't think I should have denied him if I hadn't gone to sleep, but I was overcome. I remember the last thing I heard him say before I fell asleep was, "Father, let this cup pass from me if it is thy will." And when I awoke an angel stood right there where you are standing, talking to him, and I saw great drops of blood come from his pores and trickle down his cheeks. It wasn't long before Judas came to betray him. And I heard him say to Judas, so kindly, "Betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?" And then they bound him and led him away. And that night when he was on trial I denied him.' He pictured the whole scene. And the next day Peter turned again to Paul and said, 'Wouldn't you like to take another walk to-day?' and Paul said he would. That day they went to Calvary. And when they got on the hill Peter said: 'Here, Paul, this is the very spot where he died for you and me. See that hole right there? That is where his cross stood. The believing thief hung there, and the unbelieving thief there on the other side. Mary Magdalene and Mary, his mother, stood there, and I stood away on the outskirts of the crowd. The night before, when I denied him, he looked at me so lovingly that it broke my heart, and I couldn't bear to get near enough to see him. That was the darkest hour of my life. I was in hopes that God would intercede and take him from the cross. I kept listening, and I thought I would hear his voice.' And he pictured the whole scene, how they drove the spear into his side, and put the crown of thorns on his brow, and all that took place. And the next day Peter turned to Paul again and asked him if he wouldn't take another walk. And Paul said he would. Again they passed down the streets of Jerusalem, over the brook Kidron, over Mount Olivet, up to Bethphage, and over to the slope near Bethany. All at once Peter stopped and said: 'Here, Paul, this is the last place where I ever saw him. I never heard him speak so sweetly as he did that day. It was right here he delivered his last message to us, and all at once I noticed that his feet didn't touch the ground. He arose and went up. All at once there came a cloud and received him out of sight. I stood right here gazing up into the heavens, in hopes I might see him again and hear him speak. And two men dressed in white dropped down by our sides and stood there and said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."' Then Mr. Moody said: 'My friends, I want to ask you this question: Do you believe that picture is overdrawn? Do you believe Peter had Paul as his guest and didn't take him to Gethsem-

ane, didn't take him to Calvary and Mount Olivet? I myself spent eight days in Jerusalem, and every morning I wanted to steal down into the garden where my Lord sweat great drops of blood. Every day I climbed Mount Olivet and looked up into the blue sky where he went to his father. I have no doubt Peter took Paul out on those three walks. If there had been a man that could have taken me to the very spot where the Master sweat those great drops of blood, do you think I would not have asked him to take me there? Now, you ministers, don't you believe the people want preaching like that? They do. They want to hear about the Lord.' I remember that I was sitting in that convention where I could easily see the faces of the people. It was a sight not to be forgotten. I remember that sea of eager upturned faces as distinctly as I remember Mr. Moody's talk. The people sat so still, as though in a spell, with eyes big and shining with something wet, and occasionally a slight twitching of emotion and a handkerchief called into service. Mr. Moody talked in that natural way of his, so quiet and yet so intense in its quietness. That's what people want—Jesus brought to them, simply and naturally. And Moody knew it. It took years of hard self-discipline for him to be able to talk as he did. Such talking takes study and hard work. But it's all worth while if we can make Jesus plain to men in all his wondrous winsomeness."

A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D., with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE, D.D. Vol. II, Labor–Zion, with Appendix and Indexes. 1908. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $6 per volume.

THIS second volume of 912 closely printed pages again emphasizes the fact that Christ and his Gospels are fast bringing all thought into subjection. The very first article on Labor takes up the ever vital question of Christ's attitude toward toil and toward its rewards. "The question of his Galilæan neighbors who were familiar with the circumstances of Jesus's early life, 'Is not this the worker in wood?' shows clearly how fully he adopted the principle that human life in all its phases is at best a life of service. . . . No student of modern problems can fail to note how completely the future of the Christian Church is bound up with her attitude toward the labor question. . . . Nor can there be any serious doubt in the mind of a loyal subject of 'the kingdom of the incarnation' that in the true interests of Christian development and progress a real active harmony of aims and aspirations between capital and labor must be established." The "Language of Christ" heads another stimulating and informing article. Hebrew had ceased to be spoken in Palestine, and Aramaic, a closely cognate tongue, had taken its place. The saying in Acts 1. 19, that the field of Judas's burial "was called in their own dialect Akeldama," is proof that Aramaic was the popular language even of Jerusalem. Yet Hebrew was the language of sacred literature and continued to be read with an accompanying translation into Aramaic in the synagogues and to be diligently studied by the professional interpreters of the Scriptures. It is, therefore, quite possible that Christ possessed a knowledge of Hebrew

and had thus access to the Scriptures in the original. The subject of learning, especially in its relation to Christ and his apostles, is treated in a most helpful way. The Jews of the Dispersion were at home in the Greek language and had immediate access to Greek literature. Culture was thus widespread, and at least two Jews, Philo and Josephus, belong to general literature. In every Jewish village was a synagogue and in connection with every synagogue an elementary school was ultimately opened. The training of the young was a duty enjoined upon parents. Education in Jesus's day was compulsory and the instruction of the schools is spoken of by such men as Dr. Ramsay as superior to that of Greece or any other ancient land. The standard of intelligence was high. Christ's disciples were not ignorant men. On the contrary, they were men of keen intelligence and ardent spirit who had been cherishing the Messianic hope and found in Jesus the realization of their dreams. It may be confidently said that the New Testament writings are not the work of unlearned men, and the charge of the Pharisees against Christ and his apostles to this effect is but the technical description of men who had not studied Jewish theology at any of the great rabbinical schools. Their insight into the Old Testament and thorough knowledge of its letter and expository skill in its application compel constant tribute from their enemies and admirers alike. The Rev. G. H. Gwilliams's article on the "Last Supper" renders a great service to New Testament readers in stating so clearly the only satisfactory explanation of the apparant discrepancy on this subject between the synoptics and John. He shows with convincing force that the Last Supper of our Lord and the passover supper were two distinct and separate events. Perhaps the treatment of the mental characteristics of Christ is at the same time as reverently appreciative and scientifically stated as any in this particular field, and we urge all preachers to thoughtfully read and consider at least the last two matters mentioned, namely, Jesus's characteristic outlook upon life and his method as the Saviour of the world. The copyrighted articles on "Reconciliation" and "Redemption," by Dr. James Orr, and that on "Regeneration," by Dr. Denny, are peculiarly rich and suggestive. Those on the three synoptic Gospels are also very fresh and valuable.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Park Street Papers. By Bliss Perry. 12mo, pp. 277. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, cloth. $1.25, net.

This book begins with five "Atlantic Prologues," with which in recent years the editor of The Atlantic Monthly has introduced each January number of that venerable magazine. The first prologue is entitled "Number 4 Park Street" and mildly protests that the Atlantic, while not provincial but national in spirit and aim, is content and proud in its old building, haunted by high history and rich memories of its line of distinguished editors and all the brilliant contributors who began and have

sustained its splendid fame. When a genial journal irreverently remarked that "the venerable Park Street publication has bats in its belfry," the gentle editor replied: "Very likely, for is not its habitation just back of the steeple of Park Street Church? And do not its rear windows look out upon a graveyard, and its front windows upon that sorriest symbol of New England sterility, a fountain which long since forgot how to flow?" It may be, the editor goes on to admit, that The Atlantic is affected by its environment as the New Englander is by his. "He, poor soul, struggles to be friendly with all the world, but he cannot learn that trick of the 'glad hand,' so easily acquired elsewhere. The New Englander would like to be hospitable, but somehow his fountains do not spontaneously bubble with oil and wine. By nature he is no hater of his kind, and yet heaven has placed him in a climate best described by Cotton Mather: '*New England*, a country where splenetic Maladies are prevailing and pernicious, hath afforded numberless instances of even pious people who have contracted these *Melancholy Indispositions*, which have unhinged them from all service and comfort; yea, not a few persons have been hurried thereby to lay *Violent Hands* upon themselves at the last. These are among the *unsearchable Judgments* of God.'" The Atlantic Monthly rejoices that Park Street is somewhat apart from the insane whirl which is miscalled "progress," for it thinks that the vortex of the mob is not the best place wherein to observe and comment upon the growth of our civilization. Its soul is like a star, and dwells apart, and from the loopholes of its high retreat it contemplates and criticises life. Yet it protests it is no mere magazine of "Frogpondium," as the envious and profane have intimated. Its outlook is over the whole earth, and its lines are gone out to the ends thereof. And, as to its environment, it seems to pride itself most of all on the fact that Saint Gaudens's masterpiece, the memorial to Robert Gould Shaw and his men, is before its windows, to keep high heroism and human liberty in mind, and to protect the grand old magazine from the sordid and pestilent delusion that commercial supremacy and worldly luxury are the noblest ideals of an American citizen. This eleven-years editor gives some humorous episodes of the editorial office. An earnest Southerner was exasperated at a "color-line" story in The Atlantic, and wrote the editor, indignantly asking, "Why can't you Northerners be decent?" The enraged correspondent learned from the editor's reply that the article was written by a Southerner, born in the objector's own county. Another critic complained of the "silly ignorant twaddle" of a certain anonymous article, and averred that the Atlantic would never have printed it in the good old editorial days of Aldrich or Howells, when, as the Playful Fates would have it, the article was from the faultless pen of T. B. Aldrich himself. One day the editor was cheered by an approving letter from a Wyoming sheep-ranchman, who wrote: "I would like you to know that you have one subscriber who has no kick coming, and who thinks the Atantic is a readable proposition all right." The encouraged editor went in the strength of that meat forty days. Once in an overland train, whirling down the slopes of the Sierras, through the Bret Harte country, the editor saw a certain bishop reading The Smart Set, and a

muddy-trousered miner reading the Atlantic Monthly. At this the editor from Number 4 Park Street wondered much, and set it down as a demonstrated certainty that a grimy miner might be superior to a bishop. The editor adds that very often the superior persons who pay their precious four dollars for the Atlantic Monthly are found in side streets and in hall bedrooms and lonely farm houses. These Park Street Papers say that our Puritan ancestors were so much in danger of levitation by reason of their elevating and mounting ideals that they had to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to keep from being translated. Sometimes and in some places there was nothing to hold fast to *but* huckleberry bushes. It is said here that two of the most readable of newspapers are the New York Sun and the Springfield Republican, but that neither can be read without wrath. The trouble with one of them is its venomousness, illustrated by the malignancy with which it pursued, stinging incessantly like a viper, such men as Rutherford B. Hayes, Grover Cleveland, and Theodore Roosevelt. Noting how quickly the fickle public forgets its momentary favorites, the editor recalls how, a few years after The Red Badge of Courage had been published, Frank Stockton asked, "Who was that young fellow who went up and came down again like a stick? Was his name *William* Crane?" All our little rockets come down pretty quick. Already there are persons who ask, "Who was Frank Stockton?—or was his name Thomas?" Speaking of the true lovers of poetry, whose instincts penetrate to the heart of it, Bliss Perry says: "There are some very highly organized persons who amuse themselves with poetry as they would with chess, or Comparative Religion, or The Shaving of Shagpat. They can criticise and expound verses, and invent theories of poetics, and compile anthologies. But these valuable members of the intellectual community are not the real readers of poetry. To find the true audience of a Heine, a Tennyson, a Longfellow, you are not to look in the Social Register. You must seek out the shy boy and girl who live on dull streets and hill roads—no matter where, so long as the road to dreamland leads from their gate; you must seek the working girls and shopkeepers, the 'school-teachers and country ministers' who put and kept Longfellow's friend Sumner in the Senate; you must make a census of the lonely, uncounted souls who possess the treasures of the humble. These readers are sadly ignorant of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Fogazzaro; but when the conversation shifts to Shakespeare they brighten up. They know their Shakespeare, and they know Longfellow. They are sometimes described as the intellectual 'middle class'; but a poet may well say, as a President of the United States once said of a camp meeting at Ocean Grove, 'Give me the support of those people, and I can snap my fingers at the rest.'" Of Longfellow Mr. Perry says: "There are poets whose strength of wing and fiery energy of imagination are beyond him; but no truer poet ever lived." No one of these Park Street Papers is more engaging than the one on that vivid and delightful personality, T. B. Aldrich. Writing of Aldrich's longer stories, our author notes that they are wrought out in their details with the artistry of a poet. "Ride out of Rivermouth," he says, "on a June morning with Edward Lynde. 'Now and then as he passed a farm house, a young girl hanging out clothes

in the front yard—for it was Monday—would pause with a *shapeless snowdrift* in her hand to gaze curiously at the apparition of a gallant young horseman.' You are no longer in New Hampshire; you are in Arcadia. Some connoisseur of women ought to collect the adorable vignettes that are scattered everywhere through Aldrich's prose: Marjorie Daw in the hammock, swaying 'like a pond lily in the golden afternoon'; Martha Hilton, 'with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a tea-rose'; Margaret Slocum's eyes, 'fringed with such heavy lashes that the girl seemed to be always in half-mourning'; Mrs. Rose Mason, with her 'long tan-colored gloves—Rue de la Paix—in the chill and gloom of the Naples cathedral'; Anglice, 'a blonde girl, with great eyes and a voice like the soft notes of a vesper hymn'; or young Mrs. Newbury, 'looking distractingly cool and edible—something like celery—in her widow's weeds.' All of Aldrich, save what is disclosed upon the highest levels of his poetry, is in that witty, charming, delicate description of young Mrs. Newbury. No other prose written in his generation has quite the same exquisite combination of qualities, though Alphonse Daudet might have been a rival if he had been born in Portsmouth and compelled to write for a decorous Boston magazine." Of Aldrich's experiences in the editorship Bliss Perry says: "Some of the unkindly necessities incident to his vocation naturally irritated him. He disliked to give pain. 'Here goes for making twenty more enemies,' he was wont to say as he sat down in the morning at his desk. When urged by the present editor to prepare some account of his editorship for the fiftieth anniversary number of the Atlantic, he said that if he told anything he would like to tell the story of the warlike contributor who once threatened him with personal violence, but who, upon being challenged by the editor to appear at Park Street to make good his threat, failed to come to time." Here is the would-be contributor's letter: "SIR: On the 24th of February and again on the 7th instant, I gave you opportunity to apologize for the willfully offensive manner in which you treated me in relation to my manuscript entitled *Shakespeare's Viola.* You retained that manuscript *nearly seven weeks.* Then you returned it and expressed your *regret that you could not accept it.* That is to say, you intended to deceive me by inference that the *manuscript was declined on its merits.* The truth was and is you did not read it. And you lied when you said you regretted to decline it. You decline to apologize. My robust nature abhors your disgusting duplicity. You are a vulgar, unblushing Rascal and an impudent audacious *Liar.* Which I am prepared to maintain any *where,* any *time.* You ought to be publicly horsewhipped. Nothing would gratify me more than to give you a sounder thrashing than any *you have yet received.* Moreover, I am determined that the Literary Public shall know what a putrid *scoundrel* and *Liar* you *are.*" At the bottom of this ferocious letter, Aldrich penciled: "The gentleman with the 'robust nature' was politely invited to call at No. 4 Park Street on any day that week between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.; but the 'robust nature' failed to materialize." Aldrich had not, when editor of the Atlantic, any contributor who could write more perfectly than he; his chief fame is not as an editor but as a writer. And Edward

FitzGerald said: "The power of writing one fine line transcends all the Able-Editor ability in this ably edited universe." In similar spirit Bliss Perry once wrote: "A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence." The paper on Hawthorne is marked by penetrating discrimination and richly beautiful appreciation. One story is that, when death entered the home of a neighbor at Concord, Hawthorne picked the finest sunflower from his garden, and sent it to the mourners by Mrs. Hawthorne with this message: "Tell them that the sunflower is a symbol of the sun, and that the sun is a symbol of the glory of God." On this Bliss Perry comments: "A shy simple act of neighborly kindness, yet treasured in one memory for over forty years; and how much of Hawthorne there is in it! The quaint, big flower from an old-fashioned garden, the delicate sympathy, the perfect phrase, the faith in the power of a symbol to turn the perplexed soul to God!"

Studies in Christianity. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. 8vo, pp. 400. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

IN this book one of the greatest philosophical thinkers in the modern world appears as both philosopher and theologian, and a past master in both. To be sure, Dr. Bowne, with Cæsarean modesty, tries to put away the theological crown, disclaiming any intention of instructing the theologians, saying that his essays are written not to inform specialists, "but solely to relieve some of the difficulties under which popular religious thought labors because of misunderstanding." Professor Bowne may refuse to his heart's content to regard himself as a theologian, but if he does not stop writing such books as Studies in Christianity he will be liable to be called one of the keenest and profoundest of theologians. And let no one make the mistake, because parts of three of these studies have appeared before in booklet form, and because of the title of the book, that these essays are simply the by-product of a philosophical workshop. Within these four hundred pages a powerful mind has packed the results of its best thinking on the highest and most important truths that concern men. The multitude of disciples now expounding Dr. Bowne's philosophy in classrooms, and the greater multitude of preachers scattered all over the world who learned to interpret the profound truths of the religion of Christ in the light of that philosophy, will rejoice that the flashes of insight on sacred themes that appeared in the old classroom are now woven into systematic form and given to the world. They will not be so surprised at the appearance of this volume. Indeed, those who have grasped his teaching best are not surprised to find Dr. Bowne among the prophets. For they know that he is too good a philosopher not to know that philosophical theism alone has little or no practical religious value, and that he is too good a Christian not to use the rich material of the Christian revelation which alone can complete the theistic argument and give it practical religious value. Sooner or later such a book as Studies in Christianity was sure to follow his Theism. One of the Doctor's guiding principles is that life is larger than logic, and thus it was to be expected that he should fill

up the lack of philosophy with the riches of the truths of the gospel. Most suggestive and helpful is his treatment of the fact of the revelation founded in the Bible. Rejecting the idea of verbal inspiration and an infallible Bible, he shows that even apart from a consideration of the contents of the Bible infallibility is out of the question. He would probably say that psychologically infallibility is impossible. Inspiration is the Holy Spirit moving and inspiring holy men to speak. This influence of the divine Mind upon the human mind is a great mystery; but so is the influence of one human mind upon another. He would have us remember two things. First, the mental, moral, and religious development of the individual limits the influence of the Spirit. This must be so; for it is useless to inspire a man beyond his capacity, for in its truest sense, "a revelation is not made until it is understood." Secondly, inspiration must be tested by its product. Revelation must be judged by what revelation does. We reject the Asiatic religions because of what they have done and have failed to do for Asia; we hold the religion of Christ as precious because it brings unspeakable comfort to the individual life, and it is the only religion compatible with progress. As Dr. Bowne shows, the choice for modern thought is between Christianity and irreligion. The Christian revelation is historical and progressive. "It was completed in Christ." But this is true only of its objective manifestation. "The revelation of that revelation is still going on." He sees a providential place for the other historic faiths, but they are but "broken lights" of the fullness of him that filleth all in all. This essay will help him who finds it hard to hold the old religion with the modern view of the Bible. Nothing is so precious to the devout Christian as the person and work of the Redeemer and nothing seems more difficult to understand. Dr. Bowne's treatment of the atonement is an admission of these two facts. He replaces all theories of the atonement with one of his own, but does not press his own overmuch. But he does lay great weight upon the fact of the precious work of our Lord in coming to live among men and dying for them in order that they might know the purpose of God concerning them. If we were asked to recommend something that would reveal Dr. Bowne at his best, we might say his discussion of the person of Christ. This prince of thinkers, who in the opinion of many is without a peer, has brought the strength of his great mind to show that a clear-cut philosophy of the God-man puts the idea of the incarnation upon as firm a rational basis as any idea in philosophy or religion; that it alone reveals God as love, and, finally, that the doctrine of the Trinity, upon which it rests, is much better off than any Unitarian idea of God. After having in his masterly way worked through the metaphysics of the incarnation, he discusses its practical and religious value. This makes excellent devotional reading. Professor Bowne has often told his friends that he is a Trinitarian of the Trinitarians. One can well believe it after reading in this volume his exposition of the metaphysics of the person of our Lord. The remainder of the book is taken up with the practical problems of believers. First he discusses and clears up a swarm of difficulties of the individual. Then he passes to

Christianity as the one thing needed to combine the beneficent results of all departments of knowledge, and thus solve our perplexing social problems. No review, unless it were almost as long as the book itself, could give a clear idea of the multitude of subjects touched upon, and always in an illuminating way. Just to give a list of the subjects in philosophy, theology, religion, morals, history, and sociology would require much space. The Christian Church in general and Methodism in particular are to be congratulated in having a champion who knows how to put the essential truths of orthodoxy in such a compact, vigorous, and masterly manner. Inspired with the spirit of helpfulness, the author has brought to his work long philosophical training, unusual intellectual acuteness, rare power of expression, and a rich Christian experience. The result is we have a book that is sure to influence theological thinking and religious living.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson), Author of Alice in Wonderland. By STUART DODGSON COLLINGWOOD, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford. 6vo, pp. 448; 100 illustrations. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, $2.50.

LITTLE girls are responsible for many things. On the dedication leaf of George A. Birmingham's latest book, Spanish Gold, are the words, "To Theodosia and Althea, who asked me to write a story about treasure buried on an island." The demand of two little girls drew out from him a talent he did not know he possessed, and from being a writer on Irish political problems, he dawned on the world as an entertaining humorist and story-teller, for which his readers owe thanks to those small young ladies. In like manner the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, a grave mathematician in Oxford University, was led into a sort of literary immortality all undreamed of by anybody, through his friendship with three little girls, children of Dean Liddell, of Greek lexicon fame, who lived in the same college quadrangle with Mr. Dodgson. The record in his diary on July 4, 1862, reads: "Made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells. We had tea on the bank there, and did not get back to Christ Church till 8.30." It was his habit to manufacture stories and fairy tales for these children, and on that hot summer day he spun out of his head, to their great delight, a fairy tale which he called Alice's Adventures Underground. He promised Alice Liddell, the second of the three, to write it out for her. And this is how that nonsense-story, Alice In Wonderland, captivating to children and to childlike grown-ups, came to be written and published by him under the pen name of "Lewis Carroll." Children's heads have been full of that book for several generations. When six-year-old Walter said at the table, "Auntie will you please give me some bread?" and his aunt replied, "Yes, but don't stuff your mouth so full. You look like a chipmunk," the hungry little boy, fuller of Lewis Carroll's "Wonderland" than he was of bread, soberly quoted, "The hatter's only reply was, 'Butter me another slice.'" Doubtless, there are solemn and worthy persons of all ages, colors, sexes, and conditions of servitude, who would

fail to appreciate such childish literature, and some might austerely disapprove. Mr. Locke, being told that the hero in his story of Septimus was not a sensible person, wrote in reply: "Once in the days of my inexperience I tried to develop a love for reading in the soul of a Scotch lad, to whom I presented a copy of Alice in Wonderland. When I saw the boy again I asked him if he had read the book and how he liked it. 'Sir,' responded the lad, staring at me for some time like a granite owl, 'there are a number of untruths in that book.'" Though Lewis Carroll lived to be an old man, he never married; but one friend spoke for many in laying on his casket this tribute, "The sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes." His Life and Letters are filled with confirmation of that tribute. Take the first bit we open on—one of many letters to his many little friends: "May you treat me as a perfect friend and write anything you like to me, and ask my advice? Why, *of course* you may, my child. What else am I good for? But O, my dear child-friend, you cannot guess how such words sound to *me!* That any one should look up to *me*, or think of asking *my* advice, makes me feel humble in remembering, however well others think of me, what I really *am* in myself. Well, I won't talk about myself; it is not a wholesome topic. I went up to town and fetched Phœbe down here on Friday, and we spent most of Saturday on the beach—Phœbe wading and digging, and 'as happy as a bird upon the wing' (to quote the song she sang when I first saw her). I am lonely, now she is gone home. She is a very sweet child, and thoughtful, too. We had a little Bible-reading every day; I tried to remember that my little friend had a soul to be cared for, as well as a body. It was very touching to see the far-away look in her eyes when we talked of God and of heaven, as if her angel, who beholds His face continually, were whispering to her. Of course there isn't *much* companionship possible between an old man's mind and a little child's, but what there is is sweet and wholesome, I think." When another little friend said something about his being "very clever" he wrote: "Really, I must ask you not to say such things; they are not wholesome for me. I send you a fable. It is this: The cold, frosty, bracing air is the treatment one gets from the world generally—such as contempt, or blame, or neglect; all those are very wholesome. And the hot dry air, that you breathe when you rush to the fire, is the praise that one gets from one's young, happy, rosy, I may even say, *florid* friends. And that's very bad for me, and gives pride-fever and conceit-cough and such like diseases. Now, I'm sure you don't want me laid up with all these diseases; so please don't praise me *any* more!" C. L. Dodgson, though a regular instructor in mathematics, preached occasionally. He was fond of preaching to the college servants on Sunday evenings, and some of his last sermons were to a congregation of children. He told them of the love and compassion of the Good Shepherd with such deep emotion that he could scarcely control his voice. Religion consecrated all his talents, and the example of such a man, so gifted, so witty, so brilliant, so successful, and so full of faith, consecrated in Oxford the very conception of religion, and made it seem exceedingly beautiful. He had a taste of the fine candor of children when, asking a little girl if she had

read his two books, he received this reply: "O, yes, I've read both of them, and I think Through The Looking Glass is more stupid than Alice In Wonderland. Don't you think so?" He tells of a four-year-old boy who, after listening attentively to the story of Lot's wife, asked, "Where does salt come from that's *not* made of ladies?" It is said in this book that childish talk is a thing which a grown-up person cannot possibly *invent*. He can only listen to the actual things the children say, and record them. In Oxford University, where he spent his life, Dodgson stoutly opposed the modern tendency to dispense with the classics, Latin and Greek, and to substitute natural sciences. Here is some of his irony in an address: "In the dark ages of our University (some five and twenty years ago), while we still believed in classics and mathematics as constituting a liberal education, Natural Science sat weeping at our gates. 'Ah, let me in,' she moaned; 'why cram reluctant youth with your unsatisfying lore? Are they not hungering for bones, yea, panting for sulphureted hydrogen?' And we heard and we pitied her. We let her in and housed her royally; we adorned her palace with reagents and retorts, and made it a very charnel house of bones; and we cried to the undergraduates, 'Lo, the feast of Science is spread! Eat, drink, and be merry!' But they would not. They fingered the bones and thought them dry. They sniffed at the hydrogen and turned away. Yet for all that, Science ceased not to cry, 'More gold, more gold!' And her three fair daughters, Chemistry, Biology, and Physics, ceased not to plead, 'Give, give!' and we gave. We poured forth our wealth like water (I beg pardon, like H O), and we could not help thinking there was something weird and uncanny in the ghoullike facility with which she absorbed it." Concerning a proposed series of articles on "Religious Difficulties," he said: "I do not want to deal with any such difficulties, *unless* they tend to affect *life*. *Speculative* difficulties which do not affect conduct lie outside my scope. I intend to proceed upon the following axioms: 1. Human conduct is capable of being *right* and of being *wrong*. 2. I possess free will, and am able to choose between right and wrong. 3. I have in some cases chosen wrong. 4. I am responsible for choosing wrong. 5. I am responsible to a Person. 6. This Person is perfectly good. I call these axioms." In one of the last years of his life, Mr. Dodgson wrote to his sister: "It is getting immensely difficult now to remember *which* of my friends remain alive and *which* have gone over to the great majority. The fact of death is getting less dreamlike to me now, and I sometimes think what a grand thing it will be to be able to say to oneself pretty soon, 'Death is *over* now; and there is not *that* experience to be faced again.'" On the Sunday after this man's death Professor Sanday said in the pulpit of Christ Church, Oxford: "Lewis Carroll opened in literature a new and delightful vein which added at once mirth and refinement to life. From our Christ Church courts there has flowed into the literature of our time a rill, bright and sparkling, health-giving and purifying, wherever its waters extend." In a letter to a friend he once wrote: "I am a member of the English Church, and have taken deacon's orders, but did not think fit (for reasons I need not go into) to take priest's orders. My dear father was what is called a 'High

Churchman,' and I naturally adopted those views, but have always felt repelled by the yet higher development called 'Ritualism.' But I doubt if I am a 'High Churchman' now. I find that as life slips away (I am over fifty now), and the life on the other side of the great river becomes more and more the reality, of which *this* is only a shadow, that the petty distinctions of the many creeds of Christendom tend to slip away as well—leaving only the great truths which all Christians believe alike. More and more, as I read of the Christian religion, as Christ preached it, I stand amazed at the forms men have given to it, and the fictitious barriers they have built up between themselves and their brethren. I believe that when you and I come to lie down for the last time, if only we can keep firm hold of the great truths Christ taught us—our own utter worthlessness and his infinite worth, and that he has brought us back to our one Father, and made us his brethren, and so brethren to one another—we shall have all we need to guide us through the shadows. Most assuredly I accept to the full the doctrines you refer to—that Christ died to save us, that we have no other way of salvation open to us but through his death, and that it is by faith in him, and through no merit of ours, that we are reconciled to God; and most assuredly I can cordially say, 'I owe all to him who loved me, and died on the cross of Calvary.'" Because the METHODIST REVIEW ought not to be without some record of so rarely beautiful a spirit, we put this notice here.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Commentary on the Holy Bible. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. J. R. DUMMELOW, M.A., Queens College, Cambridge. Complete in one volume, with General Articles and Maps. Large octavo, pp. cliii and 1092. Price, cloth, $2.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THERE have been one-volume commentaries on the whole Bible before, but it is perfectly safe to say that there has never been one which could claim comparison with this. In solid learning, in wide range of view, in thoroughly admirable religious spirit it is unsurpassed. It has been written by a large body of experts, some of them men of very high rank in scholarship, but it is all anonymous. No article and no comment is signed. For this kind of a book the plan is admirable. It makes real editing possible, without doing injury to the personal views of any scholar, and though many men of many minds have conspired to produce the material, it is all put forth with one stamp and as of one spirit. The amount of labor involved in the production of such a book is greater than can even be imagined by any man who has never undertaken to edit the work of others. The best known contributors to the volume are probably the following: Professors E. L. Curtis, of Yale; W. T. Davison, of Richmond, England; R. Kennett, of Cambridge; C. F. Kent, of Yale; J. E. McFadyen, of Toronto; L. B. Paton, of Hartford; G. L. Robinson, of Chicago; G. W. Wade, of Lampeter, Wales; F. H. Woods, of Bainton; W. F. Adeney, of Manchester; G. G. Findlay, of Leeds; A. S. Peake, of Manchester; J. H. Ropes, of Harvard, and Colonel R. E. Conder. The book begins with one hundred and fifty pages of

"General Articles" of which the following are representative titles: "General Introduction to the Bible," "Hebrew History to the Exile," "Introduction to the Pentateuch," "The Creation Story and Science," "Genesis and the Babylonian Inscriptions," "The Laws of Hammurabi," "Heathen Religions Referred to in the Bible," "Introduction to Hebrew Prophecy," "The Messianic Hope," "The History, Literature and Religious Development of the Jews in the Period between the Testaments," "The Life of Jesus Christ," "The Teaching of Jesus Christ," "The Synoptic Problem," "The Dynasty of the Herods," "The Life and Work of Saint Paul," "Survey of the Epistles of Saint Paul," "Belief in God," "The Person of Jesus Christ," "The Trinity," "Miracle," "The Resurrection," "The Atonement and Inspiration." This list shows how extraordinarily comprehensive is the introductory material. The comments on the books are equally comprehensive. They are brief indeed, but they really make an effort not to escape but to meet difficulties. The spirit of the entire work is wholly commendable. It accepts the modern criticism within carefully set bounds, it is positively religious, it carefully conserves the great central doctrines of universal Christianity, and is everywhere set to remove difficulties and not to make them. The book is capable of enlarging biblical knowledge, and is equally capable of stimulating the spiritual life, and it deserves a wide circulation. Its cheapness is nothing short of a marvel.

A Heathen. A Poem. By Lois Mathild Buck, B.L. Introduction by William V. Kelley. 16mo, pp. 42. New York: Press of Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, with portrait, 50 cents.

To the dear and beautiful memory of Lois Buck and to all true missionaries, Dr. Kelley offers, in his introduction, his profound and affectionate respect. He says: "The privilege of furnishing this introduction to a missionary girl's poem was solicited by the writer. The desire to do it rose out of an enthusiastic, because deliberate, estimate of the dignity and worth of foreign missions, and also out of an admiring respect for typical missionary families in which very often one generation follows another in devotion to the missionary life. . . . A fine and noble strain indeed it is, that missionary strain in family blood. If pure ethics and high altruism breed and mark the superior race, then are such families the very cream and flower of human kind, the sure progenitors of *Der Uebermensch*, if such a being is ever to appear on earth. In the august presence of Christian ideals we cannot help believing that such families are of those whom the Maker and Master of men called the salt of the earth and the light of the world. To be capable of the missionary impulse is proof of the image of God in man, and to be loyal to that impulse is to be enrolled among the nobility of a kingdom that is everlasting. We soberly believe that real Christian missionaries are, as Bishop Andrews once said of a typical missionary family, 'the very tippest-toppest sort of people on the earth.' Having seen a few royal personages, kings, queens, emperors, empresses and popes, we do not so readily lift our hat to them as to the best sort of missionaries. Standing one blue-and-gold Genevan day where the Shah of

Persia, glittering with jewels, passed within three feet of us, we had no such sense of something royal going by as we have when a genuine Christian missionary comes our way, for then we mentally stand at attention and salute. By heredity, environment, inclination, preparation, consecration, and well-begun service, Lois Mathild Buck, Bachelor of Literature from Ohio Wesleyan University, daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Philo M. Buck, of India, was missionary, all missionary, pure missionary. . . . At her translation to heaven on April 17, 1907, this young missionary left in manuscript a slightly unfinished poem of seven or eight hundred lines, entitled 'A Heathen.' Of this poem the editor of the METHODIST REVIEW says: 'It is an embodiment of the impression made by paganism on a refined and educated Christian girl, the natural reaction of the normal and healthy Christian mind to the grimy, uncanny, degraded, and altogether unwholesome spectacle given by heathenism. In style of thought and expression the poem is somewhat Browningesque, showing no little strength and vivid dramatic power. It is an intellectual and spiritual study of the pagan mind and heart. . . . Concern for the heathen exhales like the odor of precious ointment from every line of this intense and lofty poem. . . . In its measure it monuments a character and a life which in beauty and in lasting influence make the Taj Mahal seem, in a moral universe, paltry and perishable.'" Of this fine booklet the accomplished wife of a great editor says: "The poem and the introduction will be uplift and outlook to missionaries, and not only to them but to those who but dimly perceive the grandeur of the vocation. I shall order other copies, for it is a book which one cannot read without wanting to share it with one's friends."

"*How a Man Grows.*" By JOHN R. T. LATHROP, D.D. 12mo, pp. 283. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, $1.25.

IN eleven essays grouped together harmoniously under a fitting title, Dr. Lathrop gives to us the report of a wide-extended vision. He has looked backward and speaks of "The Forces in Man's Becoming." He has looked far forward and tells of "The Religion of the Future." He has peered into the very depths of the human soul and speaks of the "Data of Philosophy," saying that "the primary source of knowledge lies not without but within consciousness." He has traveled far in his thought, yet remains loyal to Jesus Christ, whose teachings he accepts as final. "What religion," asks he, "will the most satisfactorily and quickly stimulate and direct man's choices, faith and struggle? There is just one answer: The religion of Jesus Christ, . . . the only religion that brings a man in written word that which is written in his nature and the cosmos concerning him. . . . It gives to him a Person, Jesus Christ, in whom all ethical and religious truths are perfected. . . . Christianity only is worthy of man, for it alone understands him. Under that he has become and is yet becoming." Dr. Lathrop has covered a broad field. He has suggested much, analyzed many a subject with lucidity and strength, and given evidence on every page of mature thought.